# FILM THREAT

COLLECTOR'S EDITION 5 YEAR ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL

22

$4.95 U.S.
$5.95 CAN
£5.00 U.K.

FORGET THE
**ROB LOWE**
VIDEO CHECK OUT
*The Go-Gos*

*Animal Attraction*

LOVE WITH A DONKEY?

*Night of the Living Dead*
**THE REMAKE**

*Plus!*
**HUNTER S. THOMPSON**
**THE DOCTOR IS IN AND ON VIDEO!**

# EXCLUSIVE DOUBLE OFFER!

**Not Available Anywhere Else!**

***Hunter S.Thompson's***

# "The Crazy Never Die"

***VIDEOTAPE!***

*Never before seen footage of America's most crazed and controversial Gonzo journalist! VHS Format Only*

***$89.00*** *each*

***T-SHIRT!***

*Ralph Steadman Original Design, Full color T-Shirt 100% Cotton, white, short sleeved, M,L,XL*

***$19.00*** *each*

*T-SHIRT ART AS SHOWN ABOVE IN FULL COLOR*

**FOR VIDEO & T-SHIRT SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:**
**CINEMA 7, INC. 895 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco, California 94109 (California Residents add sales tax.)**
**MASTER CARD / VISA ORDERS CALL: 1(415) 441-1930**

# WE MOVED!!!

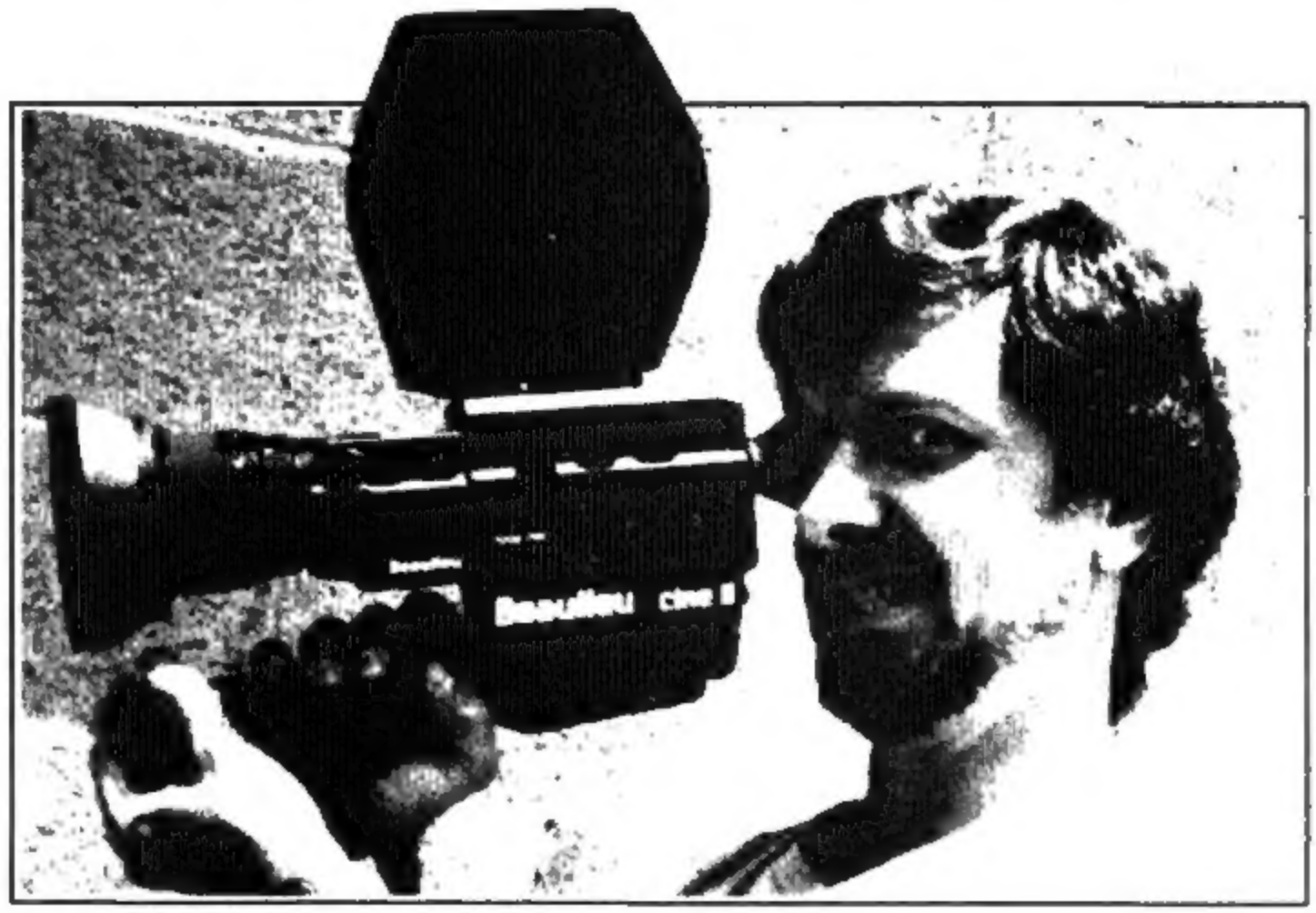
**HERE'S ANOTHER REMINDER THAT WE MOVED!**
**All editorial, hate mail and ad inquiries should be sent to our luxurious corporate offices on beautiful Hollywood Boulevard.**

**FILM THREAT INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS**
**6646 Hollywood Blvd, suite 205**
**Los Angeles, CA 90028 USA**

**OUR NEW MAIL ORDER ADDRESS!!!**
**All subscription, t-shirts, videos, back issues and review materials should be sent to our new PO Box:**

**FILM THREAT**
**PO Box 3170**
**Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170**

# A lot of people talk about making a feature film.



*

# You should be talking to us.

# (818) 848-5522

**Let us tell you how you can make it happen.**

2805 W. Magnolia Blvd., Burbank, CA 91505
(818) 848-5522

95 Harvey St., Cambridge, MA 02140
(617) 876-5876

***Mark Pirro** writer/director of A Polish Vampire in Burbank & Curse of the Queerwolf.

# Table of Contents


6 HATE MAIL
*The best way to make someone look stupid is to print their letter!*

10 EDITORIAL
*A fond farewell!*

11 NEWSREEL
*Our final report.*

17 SHORTS
*Tantalizing video reviews & more!*

21 **REBEL WITHOUT A CENT**
*OUR FIVE-YEAR ANNIVERSARY!*
*by Steve Raymond*

34 **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD**
My Personal Account of Being on the Set of the Remake of the Classic Film
*by Chris Gore*

40 **ALEJANDRO JODOROWSKY** INTERVIEW
*by Dave Williams*

49 AL "GRAMPA" LEWIS
*From Plasma-Sucker to Pasta-Maker*
*by Dean Lamanna*

52 SLACKER: *A Film for the 90s*
*by Chris Gore*

54 FILM THREAT INVADES L.A. PARTY
*What is a Threatie?*

56 **ANIMAL ATTRACTION**
*A Student Film Controversy Gone Mad!!!*
*by Todd Longwell*

66 TOTALLY WACKED OUT ON VIDEO WITH, LIKE, **THE GO GOS**
*by Skully*

73 CINQUE N' SCREAMIN'
*by Richard Feren & Hal Kelly*

77 THE LONG AWAITED RESULTS OF OUR 1ST ANNUAL READER SURVEY
*by Dave Williams & the entire staff*

82 OBITUARY
*Nick Zedd dies... the truth comes out.*

84 LOADS OF ADS
*We gotta pay the bills.*

90 FILM THREAT VIDEO ADS
*Don't just read about these films, buy them!*



**PUBLISHER/EDITOR**
Christian Gore

**ASSOCIATE EDITORS**
Dave Williams
Todd Longwell

**CONTRIBUTING EDITORS**
Tim Caldwell
Dave Linabury
Paul Zimmerman

**ART DEPARTMENT**
Gary Arnett (Ads)
Rick Morris (Dept.)
Paul Zimmerman (Features)

**ART DIRECTOR**
Micki Weidner

**FILM THREAT RADIO**
Rich Feren

**SPLATTER EDITOR**
Creepy Rick

**STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS**
C.M. Linabury
Joe Sopkowicz
Ladi Von Jansky

**CONTRIBUTORS**
Naomi Alper, John Berado, Berko, Dennis Daniel, Kenny DeMartines, Robert Hurwitz, Dean Lamanna, Steve Raymond, Jack Stevenson & some others.

**THE LAST COVER**
Getting Rid of Bullshit.
By Glenn Barr.

**ADVERTISING INQUIRIES, BREAKING STORIES? CALL US!**
(213) 467-4673
(213) 467-2043 FAX



Entire contents © 1990 FILM THREAT, INC. ISSN # 0896-6389 Threats, submissions and free promo-type stuff should be sent to FILM THREAT INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS, 6646 Hollywood Blvd. Suite #205, Los Angeles, CA 90028. PH# (213) 467-4673, FAX # (213) 467-2043. Call or send for our new ad rates for 1991. Send all merchandise orders to: FILM THREAT MAIL ORDER, PO Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170. Only U.S. funds accepted. ATTENTION BOOK STORES! If the distributor in your area does not carry FILM THREAT, deal with us direct. Write for details. Any unsolicited material is considered ours to use in the mag. All letters sent become property of FILM THREAT, INC. Videos, movies, books, and other mags are considered for review and are also real cool 'cause we like to get things for FREE. Remember, we don't use lawyers. We'll just find you & hurt you. THE NEW FILM THREAT COMES OUT IN 1991 WITH A VENGEANCE! WATCH OUT YOU FUCKS!!!!!!!!

# HATE MAIL

## DEATH & MARRIAGE

Dear Dudes,

Compliments on your stylish magazine! Enjoyed the "Karen Carpenter" story ("Hey, Karen, try this dynamite sansimilla! Hope you don't get the munchies!) the "Dr. Caligari" remake review and "The Films of Irving Klaw" which "Bitchin' Beautiful Betty Page" was bound! Yum, yum! Tasty cheesecake, indeed!

Which leads me to a perplexing question: My girlfriend and I have an everyday ritual. Everyday after work she greets me at the door wearing a black garterbelt, matching stockings and six-inch high heels. I carry her into the bedroom, fuck her brains out, then she cooks dinner for me. On weekends, she cleans the entire house, wash and waxes the cars while I watch MTV, fucks MY brains out several times while wearing the above mentioned outfit(Sometimes she lets me tie her up Betty Page style.) then cooks breakfast!

The question is: do you think I should marry her? Enclosed is a tittie photo suitable for your very high class magazine.

Enjoy,

WHITNEY BAIN
2225 Ocean Park Blvd. #2
Santa Monica, CA. 90405

*Whitney,*
*Don't you watch television? You should know that marriage is a one way ticket to hell. Stay out at all costs.*

## EAT SHIT

RE: G.G. Allin 12·10·89

EXCUSE THE HELL OUT OF ME BUT DO YOU HAVE TO EAT YOUR OWN TURDS TO BE SUBVERSIVE?!

George Hanale

*George,*
*No. But it helps.*

## NICK'S LAST LETTER

ASSHOLES:

IF YOU REALLY FIND THE UNDERGROUND FILM BULLETIN SO DULL, WHY DO YOU REPRINT ARTICLES FROM IT IN YOUR MAGAZINE A YEAR LATER WITHOUT MY PERMISSION? (Michael Wolfe Asks- What Do Davey, The Jickets, & The Animation Brainwash Theory Have In Common?)? PERHAPS YOU'RE TWICE AS DULL.

ALSO, THE NEXT TIME YOU DECIDE TO RUN AN AD FOR NOIR LEATHER WITH A PHOTO OF ME COVERED IN OBSCENE GRAFITTI DO YOU THINK YOU COULD SEND ME A COPY FIRST?
I'D LIKE MY LAWYER TO SEE IT BEFORE TAKING LEGAL ACTION.

YOURS TRULY,
Nick Zedd
NICK ZEDD

*Nick,*
*You're dead so anything you say pretty much doesn't matter now, huh? If you're turning in your grave right now and you care to know I got permission from Michael Wolfe to reprint that article since I don't need permission from you. So there. Get back to your rotting.*

## I THINK I LOVE L.A.

Hi Chris!

Here's the photos. Glad to see a good time was had by all. So, how do you like S. Cal, where the only cultural advantage is that you can turn right on a red light?!

Do you believe this fucking Nazi bullshit about Blockhead Video? Who died and left them the keys to the video kingdom!

VIDEO NAZIS MUST DIE!!

*Video Nazi,*
*My editorial in issue #21 gave many people the impression that I hate Los Angeles. It absolutely isn't true. It seems to be much easier for me to pick out the bad things and ignore the good things. So, right now I really can't think of any good things but I'm sure if I spent some time I could.*

## WE WANT TO SELL OUT!

Film Threat,

You lousy sell-out flashpans - how dare you leave beautiful and diverse Royal Oak, MI to go to the plastic, corrupt realm of Smog Hollow (LA). How is it possible for you to have both in one issue an article about the Ghoul and then also tell your readers of the exodus from the Midwest? (By the way I have this great, old Ghoul T-shirt). I am a USC film student and cannot wait to get the hell out of this wretched city and go back to that fear inspiring city called Detroit and its euphoric north-west suburbs. But I am glad to see you have already learned to loath this farcical and two-dimensional metropolis call Los Angeles.

So why don't you do yourself a integrity favor, by sticking it out and struggling with the rest of us Midwesterners who prefer to breath clean air and women who don't perpetually wear pastel spandex!

Eric Porter

Eric Porter
Los Angeles - aka HELL

*Eric,*
*I would have sold out long ago but I've never had any offers. FILM THREAT is not a big company, even though some people have that impression. We're just a bunch of relatively normal people in a cramped office trying to dump out an issue every couple of months.*

## ART SCHOOL DROPOUT

Christian;

I am an "artist," thoroughly disgusted by what mindless filth these Men of Business disguised as artists spoon so happily into the eager, drooling mauls of the People of the World, so content to accept this wiggling gruel. Where is the relative danger so desperately required that is the essence of creation?

I would, for a very small figure, gleefully burn down every building on the main campus of that Great Institution of Higher Education, The Pennsylvania State University (save the Visual Arts Building, as its mirrored studios provided an aesthetic as well as functional retreat from the stifling sexual situation being graced with a Disagreable Roommate can create).Had I known of the existence of underground film and FT back in "film school," I wouldn't even ask for that small motivational fee (perhaps small change for one Flikko lighter would do).

Bad taste in my mouth? You bet. Worshipping the Almighty Three-Act Structure while watching "fellow filmmakers" take that extreme depth of penile implantation inexplicably inward utilizing their supreme (though somewhat narrow and dusty) creative orifice doesn't leave for a sweet taste of strawberries. I surrendered to, at the very least, an obsession for the psychology of the 'cult" film, the formalism of Noir. I did acknowledge the structuralism and politics inherent in conventional cinema, but opted to strive for a more personal, pristine method of self-expression.

Keep up the good work.

MAN X

*Man X,*
*Your letter used too many BIG words for our readers to understand but I know where you're coming from, man.*

## NEW YORK NEVER BEEN

CRISS GORE;

Your letter arrived. It said: "like your photos but would rather have your money. I'm tired of doing deadbeats from NYC favors."

I mean, how would you like it if I called you a wimpy ass fag wallowing in & profiteering from a scene plagued by mixed up groupies & bad films? I wouldn't do that because I don't judge you. Besides, I know that what you are doing is vital & cool. Don't forget all the photos you illustrated your mag with that I provided for free back when your mag didn't pander to Batman shit. Forget I ever asked you anything. Forget everything.

Fuck you.
Send the pics back ASAP. Prove that you are honest.
KERN - Send my photos back.

*Richard,*
*Your incoherent letter arrived and I was amused that you were so upset by my sense of humor. Since you're not even up to the level of being a has-been; living out the rest of your life as a never-been is going to be tough. Good luck, you're going to need it.*

## DOESN'T GET LAID

DEAR MR. GORE,

I DROPPED BY YOUR PARTY ON MELROSE THE OTHER NIGHT. WHAT A WASTE. FIVE BUCKS TO GET IN, AND NOTHING GOING ON BUT SOME REALLY AVERAGE MUSIC AND CHEEZE CRACKERS. IT FELT LIKE THE WHOLE AFFAIR WAS DESIGNED TO SOUND GOOD IF YOU DESCRIBED IT TO SOMEONE WHO WASN'T THERE. THE ONLY ADVANTAGE IS THAT I WAS ABLE TO PICK UP A FEW COPIES OF #21, BEFORE THEY HIT THE NEWS STANDS. BUT THE WHOLE ISSUE IS ON GLOSSY PAPER! IF YOU'VE GOT THAT MUCH EXTRA MONEY TO BURN, WHY NOT MAKE A FILM, CHUMP?

REGRETFULLY YOURS,

STEVEN WELLER
PROGRAM COORDINATOR,
CHILDREN'S FILM AND
TELEVISION CENTER OF AMERICA

*Steven,*
*If I didn't get laid that night I would probably be as upset as you are.*

# KIRK & SPOCK IN LOVE?

Dear Chris,

Thought you might enjoy this. My adviser at the University of Rochester, Constance Penley, has been work doing research on K/S erotica for over a year. If you want more information let me know

Sue Schroeder
157 Fairfield Dr
Rochester, NY 14620

***Sue,***
***I didn't know there were so many sick minds in the world. To be heavily into Star Trek is bad enough, but to actually fantasize about the characters having sex with one another and spend time doing illustrations of it–that's taking it as far as it can go.***

HEY THEATERS!
WHY DON'T YOU GUYS
DO ONE OF THOSE
YEAR END IN AND OUT
LISTS? THANKS,
HENRY KRINKLE
154 HOPPER AVE.
FAREWELL, NJ 61052

# letter of the month

*Henry,*
*I think **IN & OUT** lists are for lazy writers who can't think up better ideas. But now that you mentioned it, since it wouldn't be a lot of effort and we have a lot of space to fill this issue. Here it is–*

## IN OUT

**Threaties**

**FILM THREAT**

| | |
|---|---|
| Fur | Bob Barker |
| **Saying Yes** | **Date Rape** |
| Wacky Charts | In and Out Lists |
| **Dishman** | **Batman** |
| Nelson Mandela | Jesus Christ |
| **Women** | **Complaining, whiney, castrating feminists (aka Lydia Lunch)** |
| Muppet Babies | 30-Something Babies |
| **Oat Bran** | **Well-formed stools** |
| Whites who have barely anything to feel guilty about (People who contributed to Jesse Jackson's campaign but still chuckled at Amos n' Andy) | Spike Lee |
| **Silicone tits** | **Naturally large hooters** |
| James Brown | Todd Bridges |
| **Pure unadulterated speed** | **Crack** |
| Rambo | Preachin' parapalegic Viet Nam vets who have major motion pictures made about them and then seek political office |
| **Male pattern baldness** | **Big hair** |
| Veggies rule | Meat is bogus |
| **Fat money-grubbing capitalist opportunist (not unlike Paul McCartney)** | **Rock n' Rollers for causes (not unlike U2)** |
| Honesty | Politically correct |
| **Shaved Beav** | **Beav with moustache (or Wally for that matter)** |
| Slightly ajar exit doors | $7.50 a movie ticket |

## IN & OUT

**Tori Welles**

Noriega & his pal George

**Victoria Paris**

John Holmes and worms

**U.S. Invasion forces in Panama**

## TIT FOR SHIRT

FELLOW CHRISTIAN,
WORD HAS IT THAT BARED BREASTS RECEIVE
A FREE FILM THREAT T-SHIRT. SO HERE'S
A PIC MY GIRLFRIEND TOOK BEFORE SHE
TICKLED ME TO WITHIN AN INCH OF MY LIFE.
REGARDS; KRISTINE

*Kristine,*
*Todd lost your phone number but nights at the FILM THREAT office sometimes get lonely. Call, babe.*
*P.S. Free shirt is on the way!*

# THE LAST EDITORIAL?

Welcome to FILM THREAT's Five-Year Anniversary Special. I'm sorry to say it's our fifth and final year but, that's how the cookie crumbles in the world of publishing. So many magazines start and fail within the first six months, I guess I should feel lucky that I lasted this long (evading creditors).

Although we have never come out on time, or even put out as many issues per year as we claim, I have done my best to maintain a degree of integrity and credibility. (Only to you, the readers. Everyone else can eat shit.) Goodbye to the old FILM THREAT, it's been fun. Too bad it wasn't profitable.

### THE INEVITABLE TRUTH

People who don't actually read this entire editorial (and there will be quite a few) are not going to know what's really going on.

FILM THREAT is taking a much-needed rest. I am going to spend the next six months redesigning the magazine. You might call it the *new and improved* FILM THREAT. The reason for the "Last Issue" scam is to keep the assholes wondering. Most people won't get past reading the cover lines or the heading of this editorial, and they will just assume we're out of business. Let them. The world is filled with idiots who spread rumors and half-truths, it's all for our entertainment!

Look for the new version of FILM THREAT in February of 1991.

### A NOTE TO ALL SUBSCRIBERS

No matter what the status of your subscription, whether it just ran out or you just subscribed, everyone will receive the new FILM THREAT for the first year FREE. Makes everyone else wish they had subscribed, now doesn't it?

### A FINAL SPECIAL THANKS

I'd like to thank all the people who have been involved over the years–to the crusaders who wrote for the magazine in the early days back at Wayne State. Although most of them are doing absolutely nothing now, I'm sure they are at least *happy*. To the *free-lancers* who were paid practically nothing: if this new format thing really works, you can expect to actually get paid. To the filmmakers themselves who allowed me to write ridiculing and embarrassing statements (i.e., the truth and not press release B.S.). To the stars we interviewed, for letting me reduce them to the level of normal humans and revealing that their shit stinks as bad as ours. To the lawyers, for letting us settle out of court (thanks Premiere!). And especially to you readers, for having bought the magazine, keeping the petty complaints to a minimum and continuing to send us money even after we screwed you. Thanks.

It's been a great five years, but it's just the beginning of a new attitude at the movies; one that says that anyone can make a film and have it seen by a great number of people. The only place you can read about these unusual films is right here in this magazine. Stay tuned–the best is yet to come. Our next issue will prove who is really on top of what's going on in movies–not *Film Comment, Cineaste, American Film,* or *Premiere* but... **FILM THREAT!**

Goodbye for now,

Christian Gore

*The old magazine is finally put to rest.*

# NEWS REEL

BEAUTIFUL ZEENA SUCKS BLOOD.

**NUDIST COLONY OF THE DEAD** is the new feature film by Mark Pirro. "The best time I've ever had casting a film," says Mark. I guess he's finally putting that old couch to use... **Satanic priestess Zeena LaVey stars in a new horror film**, QUEEN OF THE VAMPIRES. This will be the screen debut for Zeena, whose father, Anton LaVey, founded the church of Satan. You may have seen the blonde seductress on shows like *Geraldo* and *Sally Jesse Raphael* defending the merits of her father's church. Go get 'em Zeena! **DON'T THINK OF ANYTHING ORIGINAL–JUST BLATANTLY STEAL IT!** The June '90 issue of the yuppie/boomer targeted movie magazine, PREMIERE, featured a creative piece called *An Usher's Life for Me* by Jack Barth. Jack thought it would be neat to pose as an usher at a movie theater. Very innovative; unless you read FILM THREAT #21, which came out in December '89 & contained the article *Get A Job: Undercover as an Usher.* **READ THE FINE PRINT FIRST**–Jeff Hilton of Section 8 Video reminded us that as part of their deal to buy the ad space on the back cover of FILM THREAT, we must run an article on their video, A MAN CALLED... RAINBO. Because we're so busy just completing this issue, we didn't bother to read the fine print. Since we would never renege on a deal, here's the article, printed in its entirety below. •

*Jeff Hilton & Sly as a hippie for peace.*

## "A MAN CALLED...RAINBO" STALLONE'S SLYLY RECONSTRUCTED STARRING ROLE

by The Anonymous Rebel Filmmakers (A.R.F.)

*THE PAST.* "NO PLACE TO HIDE," was a painfully earnest early-seventies film starring Sylvester Stallone as a late-sixties Weatherman-like terrorist who plots to blow up a building, but blows up his Peacenik Hippie girlfriend, instead. He plays the sort of left-wing creep, "Law 'n' Order" Stallone would later blow-away in "COBRA." This sounds more interesting than the film really was. Other than featuring black men with huge Afros and Sylvester Stallone as a wilted flowerchild who drives a VW Bug, the film was notable for one technical reason; it was the first feature film shot in the then-new Super 16 format, a process where the film camera aperture was widened from the regular sixteen millimeter frame to a ratio closer to the 1.85 non-anamorphic wide-screen standard. Since then, this hippy-pic, along with nearly 6 miles of outtakes, has been collecting dust in the original Producer/Director's basement, having long exhausted whatever commercial value it had, including an embarrassing late-seventies re-release as *"REBEL,"* intended to cash in on Stallone's "ROCKY" fame.

*THE PRESENT.* Enter A.R.F., a wily gang of underground filmmakers that see the potential to turn this "heavy" drama into an outrageous comedy, along the same lines as Woody Allen's classic 1966 Japanese "James Bond" spoof, "WHAT'S UP, TIGER LILY?" They license the rights and set to work, "slicing" and "dicing" poor, helpless Sylvester Stallone, painstakingly reassembling the pieces into its new incarnation as, "A MAN CALLED...RAINBO."

The movie is made, for the most part, from the aforementioned outtakes, which are rendered down to only the "choicest" shots; Stallone stumbling, Stallone mumbling, Stallone wiping his runny nose on his sleeve.. A.R.F. splices these together, then transfers them to 1" video, the first filmmakers ever to utilize Rank Cintel's Super 16 gate. In fact, Rank lends them the special gate free of charge, in exchange for a technical report on its operation. Simultaneously, the 1" transfer is dropped down to VHS with a time code window. A video printer is then used to print "hard copy" of every scene onto paper. These printouts in turn are mixed and matched, rearranged into various combinations 'til A.R.F. hits upon a new and absurd story, one in which Stallone's character, among other things, drags poodle poop around on his platform shoe. From this video-printed "storyboard" an entirely new screenplay is written (the exact opposite from the way it usually happens). To fill the visual gaps in the new story, A.R.F. shoots wraparound footage to match Action, Wardrobe and Background. They select a film stock that matches the color saturation and grain density of the original footage so that it will not be too obvious, at least technically, when they cut back and forth between all the elements. There are over 1500 new cuts to the picture elements and over 300 of these are to A.R.F.s new insert shots.

Recreating the sound track is even more involved. Stallone's every footstep, every squeak of every chair or floorboard is recreated. Cartoon sounds (*Boing!, Splaaat! etc.*) are also created from scratch, digitally sampled, and synced to Stallone's countless clumsy blunders. Seventy-two new character voices are recorded, including a Sly soundalike, and carefully cut into the picture one by one. Ultimately, a Macintosh computer running a program called "Q Sheet" is required to keep track of 11 sources during the final mix. Amazingly it all comes together...literally minutes before the scheduled premiere.

Even more amazing, "A MAN CALLED...RAINBO" manages to run away with two Silver Awards; one from the Chicago International Film Festival and one from the Houston International Film Festival.

*THE FUTURE.* A.R.F. still hopes to hear what Sylvester Stallone thinks of his newly constructed starring role. Till they do, do what Joe Bob Briggs recommends. "Check it out!" •

# DR. HUNTER S. THOMPSON

## THE CRAZY NEVER DIE

### *JIM AND ARTIE MITCHELL GO ON THE ROAD TO FIND THE MASTER OF* GONZO

I hate people who try to do articles on or interviews with Hunter S. Thompson. Aside from the rare exceptions, like Timothy Crouse's fine book The Boys on the Bus and passages in Ralph Steadman's retrospective Between the Eyes, the collective works on Hunter S. Thompson and all he encompasses amount to little more than a pitiful parody, as would-be journalists take one of two roads: either a shameless rip-off wherein the writer in question adopts the rambling Thompsonian style or a pandering homage to a man perceived to be both a drunkard and psychotic. The cinema has done little better. Even with millions of dollars and the talents of Bill Murray, Hollywood could do no better than **Where the Buffalo Roam**, a film that lacks even the two dimensions of the Uncle Duke character from Gary Trudeau's grasping *Doonesbury* comic strip.

I have always felt that this complete failure to do justice to one of America's most inventive, inspiring and informed writers is due to the fact that Hunter S. Thompson is, in fact, a very private person. A person who has chosen writing as his form of expression, not due to some egotistic need to see his name in print, but because he is unable to fully express himself by other means. Guns, fast cars and outlandish behavior are all ways by which Thompson communicates, but *writing does the most damage. It's the most permanent.*

With their short film **The Crazy Never Die**, Jim and Artie Mitchell (**Behind the Green Door II**) are somewhat guilty of treading on all too familiar ground as they try to document an evasive subject. Long sequences are devoted to several of Thompson's speaking engagements, artificial events where repressed college kids laugh at anything said by their idol as he mumbles through a series of political comments. Intercut with these sequences are shots of Thompson watching a typically explosive Survival Research Laboratories show, telling stories to his *San Francisco Examiner* editor, having fun on the golf course and generally fucking around.

After my first viewing I generally dismissed the film, disappointed by the lost opportunity it represented. Oddly, though, I repeatedly went back, watching it over and over again, carefully trying to follow what Thompson says in his sometimes garbled voice. Finally I understood my fascination with what, at first glance, appears to be just a simple documentary: the simplicity itself. Without narration, flashy camerawork or even what might be construed as a commercial attitude, **The Crazy Never Die** is a work of honesty. Mixing the mundane with the surreal, coupling the everyday with the unusual, the Mitchell brothers have created what is most easily likened to "truthfulness." A weird-but-true "postcard" kind of film that allows you to see that life is more the sum than the product of its parts.

For the already initiated, this film offers nothing new except a chance to see through the myth and into the man and an occasion to watch his behavior as opposed to laugh at his material. Hunter S. Thompson is a muttering, incoherent, completely spontaneous individual–capable of both great thought and banal observation, whether swilling Wild Turkey in the back of a limo or posing against a pair of half-clad bimbos. With a jittery disposition, Thompson appears ready to lash out at unseen adversaries at any given moment - a physical trait that perfectly parallels his writing. This is the man in this film, and I believe it.

Interestingly, Thompson's private phone number fell into my hands some time ago but since I had no reason to call, I didn't.

ILLUSTRATION BY R. STEADMAN

The phone on the other end began to ring. It was picked up by an attractive-sounding woman, who, upon my asking for Thompson, asked who I was. After telling her only the palest of white lies, she asked for my number so he could call me back. I gave it, hung up, and started to wait. He never called back.

*–Dave Williams*

A Mitchell Bros. Film Group Prod.
Camera - Jim Mitchell / Dono Fuller, Sound- Artie Mitchell, Music- Steve Schuster, Title Illustration - Ralph Steadman, Featuring- Hunter S. Thompson
Color/shot on film 31min.

# DISHMAN?

## COMIC WRITER JOHN MACLEOD SPILLS HIS GUTS

John MacLeod is the creator of the comic character DISHMAN, a would-be superhero whose only special power is the ability to clean dishes by magic. He appears in the independently-published comic book *THE MUNDANE ADVENTURES OF DISHMAN* (Also published in larger format by Eclipse Comics), a very funny chronicle of his misadventures, drawn much like genuine superhero comics. However, Dishman suffers from everyday problems (his tights bunch up under his street clothes, he forgets his keys, etc.) that most superheroes don't seem to have.

*What inspired you to develop this DISHMAN concept?*

I dreamed that, I was making up a comic–very much like what it turned out to be–about a character who had this stupid ability that he has. And when I woke up, I thought, that's not a bad idea. I think I'll really do it. So I did.

*Do you think that DISHMAN would make a good film?*

While it was still in the planning stages, before I had the first issue done, I looked over the whole concept and realized that it would make a good film. So I've had that in mind all along. I think it would make a great one. Sometimes I spend my time trying to cast it.

*Who do you think should be DISHMAN?*

It's really difficult to say now. I know he was modelled on Jack Lemmon in the 50s. Trouble is, we don't have Jack Lemmon in the 50s anymore. But if we could bring him back from the past, that would be absolutely ideal.

*So you really would be interested in working the Dishman story into a script?*

The script is finished. I think it could be shot almost as is, with very few adjustments to it.

*Since young Jack Lemmon's no longer around, what modern actors do you think would be suitable?*

I hope he won't take offense at this, but his son Chris is very reminiscent of Jack when he was younger. He might not be a bad choice. Judge Reinhold is very much the type of person you'd want for this.

*How is the comic selling so far, the combination of both the smaller ones plus the Eclipse collection?*

The Eclipse collection sold not quite 5,000 copies altogether. Which, in terms of the big market, is not good. My version has settled down now to about... I generally start off with a print run of 1000, and that usually lasts me about a year. The earlier issues, I've sold over 5000 copies of each of those. So, in terms of these little self-published things, I'm doing really well. Even though it's the same sales figures, it depends which pond are you talking about as to how big a fish you are.

*If Jesus Christ and Superman got in a fight, who would win?*

Well, obviously, Jesus would win.

*So Superman doesn't fit into the Christian concept?*

If you accept the orthodox standard interpretation of who He is, then there's no contest. •

–*Rich Feren*

*John MacLeod is a mild-mannered resident of Guelph, Ontario. Besides writing and drawing comics, he works in a bureaucratic capacity at the University of Guelph. The curious can write to him at: P.O. Box 671 Guelph, Ontario, Canada N1H 6L3*

# COCKROACH CARTOON

## YOU WON'T EVEN THINK OF KILLING THE REAL INSECTS AFTER YOU SEE THIS FILM. REALLY.

After seeing **Twilight of the Cockroaches** I had a hard time smashing the little buggers the next time I saw one crawl across the kitchen floor. I killed it anyways because I know the difference between a cartoon and reality. This cartoon, however, is more than your usual cat and mouse shit. The ads describe it as *"Kafka meets Roger Rabbit."* The film combines live-action and animation with an incredibly demented flavor.

The story concerns a community of cockroaches who live in the home of Mr. Saito who allows them to roam freely and devour leftover food at will. Neighboring cockroaches are involved in an all-out war with a neat-freak woman who kills them by using chemicals and stepping on them. The story takes a turn for the worst when the woman moves in with Mr. Saito and we find out that they were originally married which explains the cockraches history of oppression.

Hiroaki Yoshida made commercials before writing and directing **Cockroaches** (his first feature). His love of commercials shows in the repeated use of recognizable products in the background of nearly every scene. Yoshida spoke in the San Francisco Chronicle–*"These cockroaches of mine are blindly unaware of the situation in their world. They are living a good life without knowing history. My cockroaches are like today's fourth generation of Japanese [since World War II]. They have no idea of danger, they think the natural thing to do is to live, to eat, to have everything and always have a good time. To suffer from nothing. And that is a dangerous idea, for a cockroach and a Japanese."*

People are portrayed in the film as lumbering giants who shake the earth when they walk. Special sets were constructed to film the live-action. *"Point of view was very important–If I used ordinary angles, it would not have been very exciting. Don't forget, one inch from the floor is the eyeline for the cockroach."*

*"Everyone takes it a little differently. Some Americans, they think it's about Jewish people. Koreans think it's about Koreans. Blacks think it's about Blacks. I'm enjoying all these different interpretations. I had a discussion with young people in Berlin, and they told me it was all about West and East Berlin. If all these people discovering something different, then there must be a lot to discover in my movie. That makes me very happy."*

*–Dry Load*

***Twilight of the Cockroaches** can be seen in limited release across the United States.*

# Decoupage!* with Summer Caprice!*

A sea shell, a cloggy shoe, a dry flower, a wicker bird, glue them all together and welcome to DECOUPAGE!

*Talk show host Summer Caprice with Susan Tyrell.*

I find myself addicted to those Astonish commercials. You know the one with the English cleaning expert and that guy Mike, who always says, *"That's pretty good."* Then there's the Anushka cellulite commercials, with has-been Erin Gray. These talk show format commercials always include a zombie-like audience that will applaud at anything. Some people are offended by these shows because they are blatantly trying to sell something–what do you think guests on *Carson, Letterman* or *Arsenio* are trying to do? They are constantly selling their latest book, movie, comedy act, etc... Perhaps these "showmmercials", as they've been called, are more honest because they make buying simple by providing the phone number to order the merchandise. With that in mind, what else do *Carson* and Astonish, have in common? They've both become boring.

Before I became completely bored with cable, I landed on this talk show with Lana Lloyd, glitter rock queen and groupie (Lana who?). Then I spot this terribly out of date female host dressed in polyester right out of the 70s. Suddenly, I'm laughing my head off!

The 70s is the decade that I feel closest to. I grew up staring back at cereal boxes like Quisp (the alien with the propeller cap), Freakies, King Vitamin and Boo Berry.

The humor smacks of the smarmy wit of early *David Letterman*. It's as if the entire cast of John Water's films had a talk show all to themselves with Summer Caprice as the host. This is the best talk show of the 90s.

Summer is a woman of the 70s and doesn't mind being thought of as such. She smokes Dorals, drinks Sego to lose weight, and until becoming a talk show host, she was an interpretive jazz dancer from Florida. Summer relates: *"The sun is always shining in my life."* The show has featured guests such as Susan Tyrell, Julee Cruise, and obscurities like Vaginal Creme Davis and Alex Winter.

DECOUPAGE! producer Kathe Duba-Noland: *"I want the show to go national and if we can get some backing that might be a possibility."* Kathe explains that being the producer of Decoupage! keeps her on her toes. *"I do a little bit of everything. From co-writing, interviewing prospective guests, obtaining music and art clearances, coordinating the graphics, catering and typing scripts. Sometimes if it's really late and we're shorthanded I'll even run camera on the show."*

Kathe tells me that most of the 70s memorabilia was bought at thrift shops and garage sales. *"Summer and I spent a several weekends rooting through thrift-stores for the quaint/bad art, shag rug, pillows and objects we use on the set, painting frames and chairs and designing the set."*

DECOUPAGE! has received the most fan letters ever at Pasadena Community Television. It's rumored that Summer Caprice is actually a man played by Craig Roose but I have no way (or desire) to confirm this personally. All I know is it's funny and I love it!

There is finally something to be "astonished" by on cable.

*–Chris Gore*

DECOUPAGE! can currently be seen on these cable stations in the Los Angeles area: Sammons, Century, Continental and Cencom.

Cable programmers check it out:
**DECOUPAGE!**
**c/o PCT–PO Box 5427**
**Pasadena, CA 91107**
**(818) 795-5556**

# THE BEST TALK SHOW OF THE 90s IS ALL ABOUT THE 70s

# SHORTS

We apologize for this issue's sparce review section. We just don't have enough space to fit in all the reviews, so check out a future issue. Send your stuff for review:
FILM THREAT SHORT Reviews, PO Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170.

*Filmmakers Pat Tiernay & Eric Saks used the Fisher Price video camera with hauntingly surreal results.*

## VIDEOS

### DON FROM LAKEWOOD

by Eric Saks and Pat Tiernay
$13 (includes shipping) 25 minutes
Now See Now Systems
PO Box 57549, Los Angeles, CA 90017

A classic. All "Don from Lakewood" wants to do is buy a sofa for $10 over the phone. Going beyond the realm of "no budget," this effort succeeds on the strength of original, laugh-producing situations. There are no characters, just paper cut-outs with voices. Shot with a Fisher Price camcorder (which provides haunting black and white, pixel-vision), this surreal collection of an elaborate series of prank phone calls (obviously inspired by the infamous "Red" tapes) is a hoot. It's a great "how to" tape: how to do something great for nothing.

Saks and Tiernay are currently shooting a feature length video using the Fisher Price camcorder. DON is reasonably priced and one of the best underground videos we've ever seen!

*–Rowdy Yates*

### G.G. ALLIN EATS HIS OWN!

Directed by E.R. Predoehl
$ 25.00 ($3.00 shipping/handling)
I.A. Media, PO Box 2430
Santa Clara, CA 95055

G.G. Allin is one of those sick individuals that tend to bring the worst in people. Written up in so many different punk zines, his already sleazy reputation was recently enhanced by his arrest in Ann Arbor. Like maggots to a rotting corpse, his fans seek out his vast output of recorded material.

*G.G. Allin–Man or Mirth?*

Broken up into four distinct segments, this video features the soundcheck (considered some of the best footage EVER by many G.G. Allin fans), a babbling conversation with groupies backstage, the actual stage performance and a recent telephone conversation superimposed with slo-motion replays, home movies and newspaper clippings detailing his recent arrest. The interviews are hilarious at times, the stage show is surreal and the ending is almost poetic. If you want to buy just one videotape of G.G. Allin, this is the one to get.

*–Harry Wanquer*

*Mega-double chin dittos, Rush!*

### RUSH LIMBAUGH

$19.95 • 60 minutes • (800) 451-0303

You might call him the Andrew Dice Clay of talk radio. The only reason for the Clay comparison is because the same groups who despise Clay's comedic assaults seem to hate Rush's brand of humorous, political insights. You know those groups; the AIDS activists, animal rights freaks, environmentalists and all the other people Rush deservedly makes light of. Who is Rush Limbaugh you ask? He is the obnoxious, irreverent and overweight host of the Rush Limbaugh show, a radio program sweeping the AM band (it is the most listened to radio talk show broadcast on over 240 stations). Rush performs "caller abortions" on the air rather than just hanging up. It's unusual and often funny if you've got a sick sense of humor. The hefty Republican of the airwaves presents his broadcast excellence on video and it's pretty dull. The best part is when Rush puts a condom on the microphone so he can talk "safely". If you can get past the Reagan butt-kissing, it's a hot radio show. The video, however, is just lukewarm.

*–Dry Load*

*Alyce Wittenstein–the movie's only good but her tits are great!*

## NO SUCH THING AS GRAVITY

$20 • 45 minutes
Atomique Film International
110-20 71st Road
Forest Hills, NY 11375
(718) 520-0354

Unfortunately, with respect to the money and publicity behind it, this film is a rather lackluster effort. Filled with a woodenness only Nick Zedd can bring to the screen (see **Police State**), Gravity collapses under the weight of mindless exposition and enough subplots to fill ten films of this length.

Continuing with the Post-Mod look of her earlier film, **Betaville**, director Alyce Wittenstein shows style while setting up her tale of industrial science gone awry. The art design and costuming are big fun, mixing Jetsons-like fashion with a mild sense of eroticism to reach an almost Star Trek level of cool tackiness.

Then the slick packaging fell away, and the real film leapt out, grunting and straining its way to an all too predictable climax. Despite the creaky sci-fi plot, Alyce could have pulled this off in several ways: good acting, good action, good...something. Instead, Alyce slit her own throat before a single frame was exposed by casting Zedd as the dramatic lead. Maybe Nick has energy or charisma, but he's a bad actor. Plain bad. A badness matched only by Alyce's own cameo performance as a plastic-titted bimbo architect, and Wendy Wild's unnerving vocal on the end title track.

Everything good about Gravity (from Holly Adams' piercing eyes to the campy space travel/chase scenes) suffers as a result of Zedd's cardboard presence. Directing a film is hard enough without creating obstacles for yourself, and Alyce conjured up a few, including an ill-conceived bit featuring **FILM THREAT** editor Chris Gore that does little but add to the confusion.

Zedd has been widely quoted in print as saying he is disappointed with the film , and Alyce has made it known to **FILM THREAT** that she enjoys the media war with Nick since "he's so easy to make a fool of." Well, Alyce, it's high time to stop fooling. Forget about Nick, and get back to work.

*–David Williams*

## THE AMAZING MR. BICKFORD

Bruce Bickford: Master of Clay Animation–Mail order info: Barfko-Swill Box 5418, N. Hollywood, CA 91616-5418
Zappa Hotline: 818-PUMPKIN

For those of you who think the California Raisins should be flushed down the toilet here is some clay animation for you. Watching this collection of shorts won't make you want to buy something (except maybe some of Mr. Bickford's other videos). The first short is a bunch of white hunters taunting a group of African natives. The hunters randomly shoot the Blacks down in cold blood. The oozing red clay blood really has an impact. Suddenly the natives charge the crowd of white hunters and cut them down in a bloody display. This clay animation is not cute. Expect to be shocked, amazed and grossed out. Frank Zappa does the music. Highly recommended.

*–Dry Load*

## THE 90s

400 North Michigan Avenue #1608
Chicago, IL 60611 (312) 321-9321

A video show that transcends the PBS "politically correct" mentality aired on Chicago cable. This show actually has a beat on what's going on with anyone in their twenties. They are also looking for videos/films to air on their show. Check it out!

*–Dry Load*

*Joe Coleman's art graces the video box.*

## CHARLES MANSON: SUPERSTAR

$49.95 from Video Werewolf
8033 Sunset Blvd., #1313, LA, CA 90046

The best documentary ever on Charles Manson! In the true sense of the term "documentary", this 90 minute video contains none of the predictable editorializing of Manson's career. Nicholas Schreck is a genius at the form and should be a news anchor for the networks. The video begins with the Hiroshima bomb exploding–*"The timeline of August 8 has always been one of chaos."* The narrator then goes on to point out other August dates throughout history including the opening of Disneyland's Haunted Mansion, and leading up to the Manson murders.

Charlie is a master at fucking with people and in this interview he does it without any of the *Geraldo-isms*–you know, sensationalist, bullshit. Not to say that Charlie is not insane, but he is at least entertaining. Five thumbs up!

*–Chris Gore*

"SHORTS" CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

SHORT

*Bob on video?*

## Mystic Fire Video Catalog

$29.95 each VHS/Beta
Mystic Fire, PO Box 9323 Dept. C,
South Burlington, VT. 05403
(800) 727-8433

Mystic Fire Video (MFV) has done us all a service by making an important body of work available to the general population. I don't know how many times I've seen a recent "art" film and said to myself, "Jeez, what a ripoff." Well, now you can do that too. By actually watching a film by Stan Brakhage you can see where 99% of MTV came from. By *actually watching* Kenneth Anger's **Scorpio Rising**, you can see the origins of current gay stereotypes. By *ACTUALLY WATCHING* Maya Deren's **Meshes Of the Afternoon**, you can see that women directors are capable of more than just "talking baby movies" and weak star vehicles for only mildly-talented cult figures.

MFV was kind enough to offer several tapes for review:

## KENNETH ANGER'S MAGICK LANTERN CYCLE

A four-volume collection of Anger's films, including such personal favorites as **Kustom Kar Kommandos** (1965) and **Puce Moment** (1945), the **Lantern Cycle** is an amazing chronology of an artist's growth within a medium. Still-powerful scenes, such as the "mustard rape" in **Scorpio Rising**, and the satanic rituals throughout **Invocation Of My Demon Brother**, make one truly understand what a bunch of pretending poofs today's breed of filmmakers have become. *WAKE UP!! He was doing this stuff 30 years ago!!*

## Maya Deren: Experimental Films & DIVINE HORSEMEN

(Includes **Meshes Of The Afternoon** and **The Very Eye of Night**.)

Despite having made only seven films before her death in 1961, Maya Deren exemplifies the arrival of an independent voice on the American film scene. Starring in her first film, **Meshes of the Afternoon**, Deren dealt with levels of time and space that present-day boneheads like Nick Zedd reduce to a cum shot.

There's no real need for me to go on here, since better writers than myself have devoted entire books to these films. Don't be doomed to repeat the past: learn about it, build on it, improve it. Do it.

*–David Williams*

## FLYBREEDER COMPILATION 1988-89

$15.00 VHS only
7708 1/2 Greenwood Ave.,
Seattle, WA 98103

This small offering from the rainy city of Seattle reminds me of my days in college when my friends and I would get drunk and videotape our escapades, only to watch them a hour later, laugh and go to bed. However, there is a fundamental difference - we were drunk and improvising, whereas these films were obviously scripted.

*–Doogie*

## ARISE: The SubGenius Video

$39.95 VHS 80 minutes.
The SubGenius Foundation, Inc.
P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214
(214) 823-8534

**Arise** is an astounding monument to the Gospel of Slack: a 5-year-in-the-making hodgepodge of 50s movies, psychedelic video effects and an innate hipness that borders on the eerie. Perfect for illiterates, **Arise** presents conspiracy theories that never seemed so real or funny - but now I'm firmly convinced that the Church of the SubGenius is much more than just a bunch of idiots who worship a disembodied, pipe-chomping head. The narration by radio star Hal Robins is at once hilarious and oddly compelling, as it recalls both Bob Dobbs' "erotic life" and "gory death" with a flowing verse that was clearly intended to hypnotize and subdue the viewer while explaining the SubGenius manifesto. Expounding the virtues of violent capitalism and free love, **Arise** is brought to life by a audio/visual attack unparalleled in recent years; making it an essential purchase. The promotional package that came with the tape warns: "You'll spontaneously pyroflatuate!!!!" I did, and it changed my life.

*–Dave Williams*

## 12 O'CLOCK HIGH

Atavistic Video
P.O. Box 578266, Chicago, Ill. 60657

Laying on my back in front of the TV, I could feel my foot cramp up as I (lacking a real remote control)

repeatedly hit the fast forward button with my big toe. A collection of twelve *alternative* music videos which prove unwatchable with the lone exception of director Dave Pirner's clip for the band Soul Asylum. The song "Artificial Heart," from their EP "Clam Dip and Other Delights," is oddly entertaining, as are the inspired (if gruesome) images.

*–Rowd Master D*

### TRAUMA TV

$13 (includes p & h)
PO Box 42405, SF, CA 94142

As an outlet for indie/student films, TTV is mostly hit or miss. Produced in San Francisco, the sample tape offers many high/low lights made by the students at S. F. State University, my alma mater. Choking back my pride, I put down my Mac & Cheese, stretched out my toe and scanned through much of the material. Highlights: Cindy Canejo's short The Blue Room and Fred Lewis' lowbrow animations. Although spotty, the fact that TTV exists is a benefit to us all and watchable in the same way as MTV - you know something decent could be coming up.

*–Rowd Master D*

## ZINES

***reviewed by Dave Williams***

### Psycho Video Magazine

Subscriptions - P.O. Box 7773
Federal Way, WA 98003 USA
Quarterly Four issues - $8.00
Editor - Gary Lesley

Gary dwells on the availability of the female castmember's "tits" or telling the whole plot, so be cautious if you like to be surprised or have any semblance of morality.

### The Village Noize #8

48-54 213 St. Bayside, NY 11364
$1.50 (Back issues - $2.00)

As it was sent with a note that said, "Please, do hate us," I desperately looked for something to be mean about. Unfortunately, The Village Noize offered little to seriously ridicule. Packed with capsule reviews on records, videos and tapes, this music mag has plenty to say, as it takes a taste of everything under the sun: punk, funk, rock and rap. Cartoonist Peter Bagge, Killing Joke and Faith No More are featured. Surprisingly, Village Noize avoids the problem of provincialism that pervades the proponderence of pop publications from the Big Apple area.

## BOOKS

### Watching

By Harlan Ellison
Published by Underwood-Miller
514 pages

Mr. Ellison, I pinch your claw in greeting. Having never previously read your work, I was at once pleased and annoyed upon being tapped to review this thick tome. Tired of reading review-'zines, I thought this task would at least provide a change of pace: a story, characters, maybe even a little suspense. Yes, loyal FT readers, you can probably imagine my bitter disappointment as I found that Watching is A COLLECTION OF FILM REVIEWS. Yakking with dismay, I fingered through the 514 pages and wondered how I could possibly cheat my way through this arduous chore.

Let me mention here that I had (of course) heard of Mr. Ellison prior to this, but only by way of genderless Star Trek buffs who had nothing better to do than argue the physics dilemma created by the Romulan cloaking device, the neurological improbabilities of the faux Vulcan Death Grip and how Joan Collins was one hot babe in the Ellison-penned "The City on the Edge of Forever" episode. I also saw him hawking cars on late-night TV.

I started reading.

I was surprised.

The perfect critic - painfully honest, vocal and anal retentive - Mr. Ellison is a refreshing breeze of literate headshrinking in a blustering gale of pompous, self-serving critics whose power is derived not from intelligence or wit, but good TV looks or years of brown-nosing. Eschewing the tack-on magic of the *language of cinema*, Mr. Ellison writes the open, personal voice of one who has worked on both sides of the screen, as creator and castigator.

*–David Williams*

*LOLITAS!*

### HOLLYWOOD LOLITAS

The Nymphet Syndrome in the Movies
by Marianne Sinclair
Henry Holt & Co. 160 pgs.

Consistently making references to Nabokov's landmark novel, this book charts the changing character of the "Lolita phenomenon," as well as providing scintillating biographical details on the likes of Shirley Temple, Judy Garland, "Lassie"'s pal Liz Taylor, "Baby Doll" Carroll Baker and many more.

Occasionally, the analysis gets laughably deep, but you won't care. It's fun to read, especially for the anecdotes. Fortunately, Sinclair doesn't do much hand-wringing about the "exploitation" of these "vulnerable" girls. In fact, among the 142 beautiful black & white photos are nude shots of Nastassja Kinski and Jodie Foster! Not only a good source of historical information, this book is a must-have for anyone who likes little girls. (But where's Winona?)

*–Richard Feren*

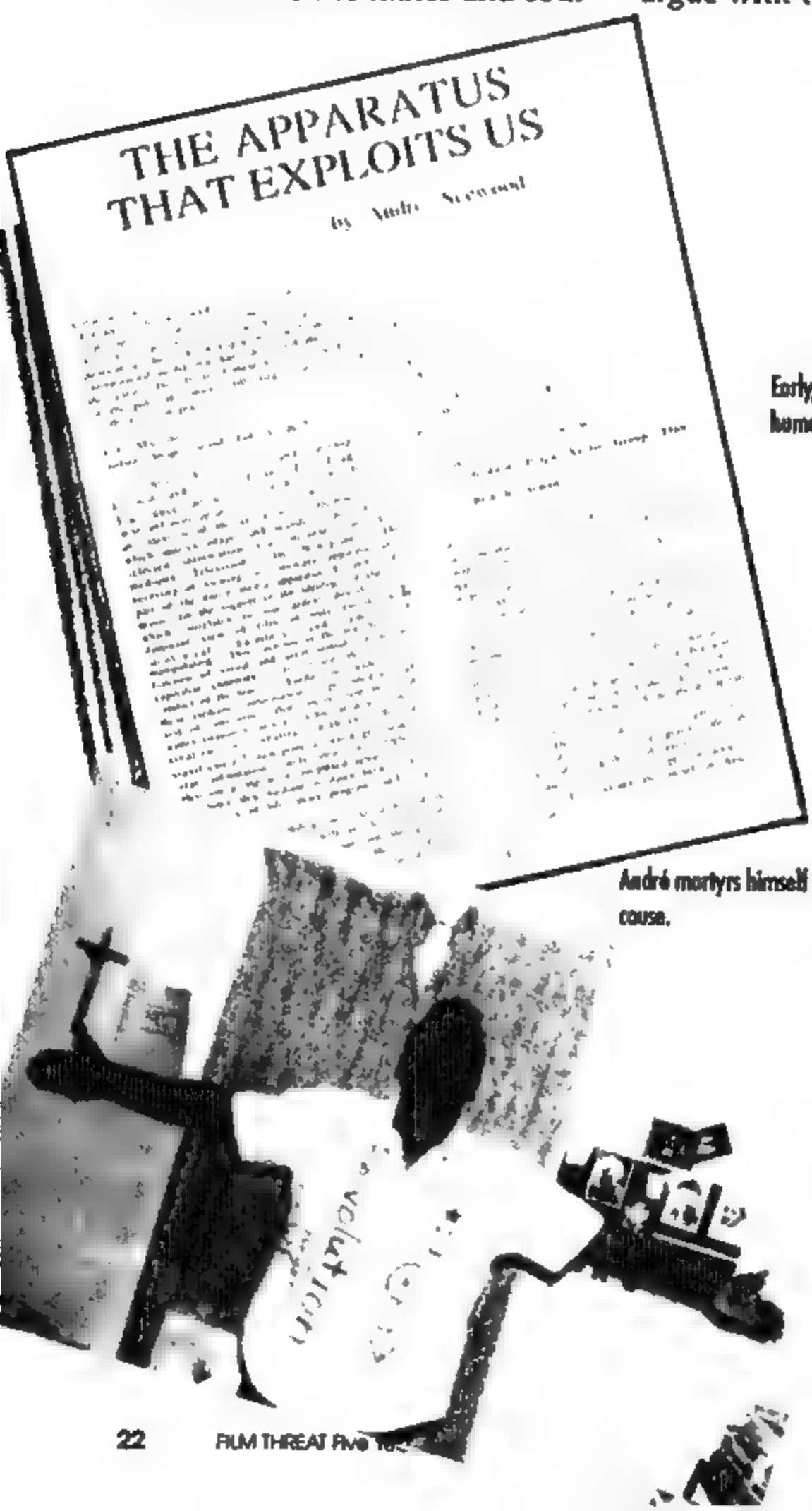
# THE UNTOLD ORIGIN OF FILM THREAT MAGAZINE

photo by Ladi Von Jansky

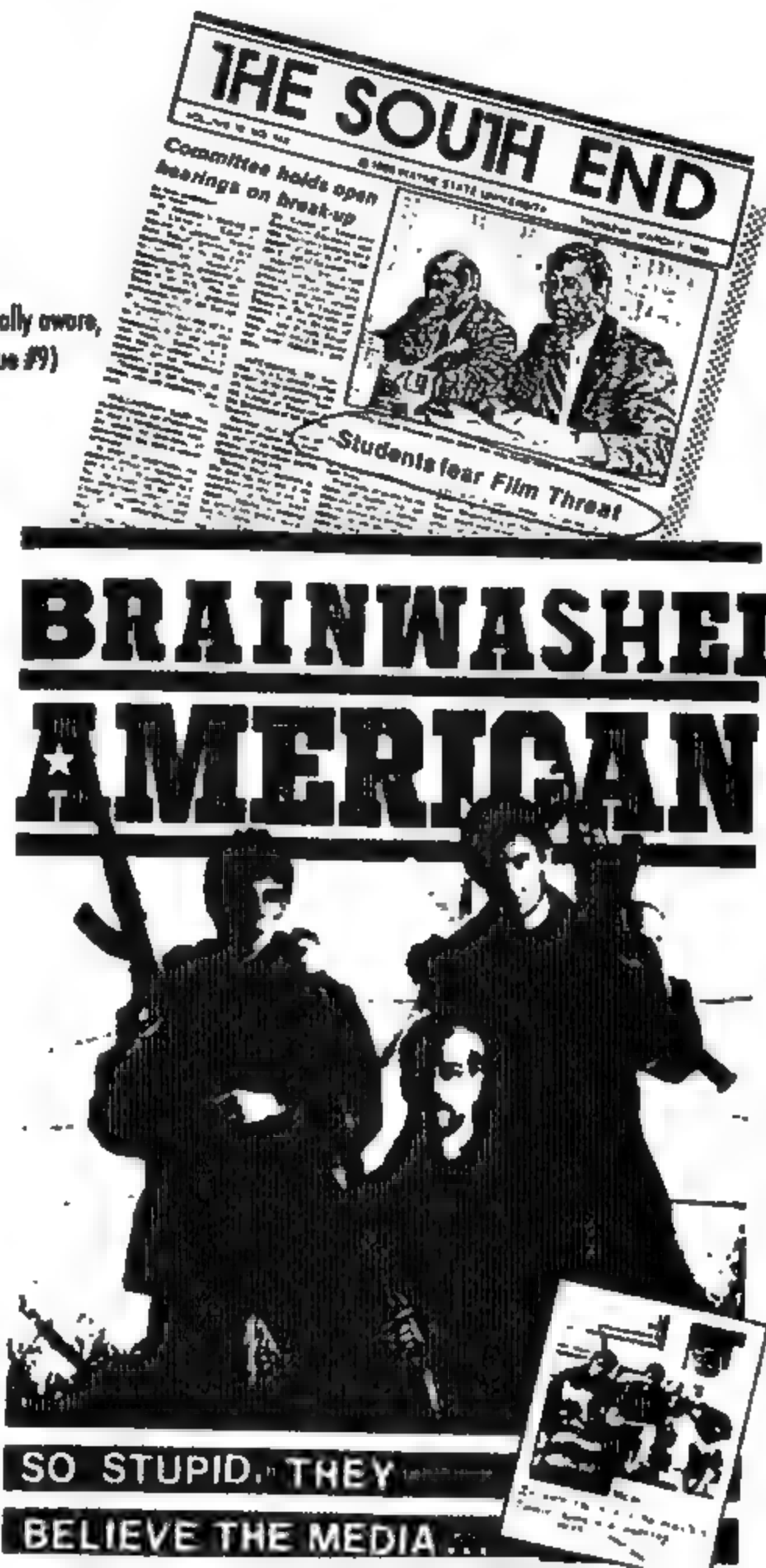
# REBEL without a CENT

*by Steve Raymond*

It's often difficult trying to remember exactly how some people became friends. Either memory fades off toward some indistinct mental horizon, or it crystallizes that first memorable encounter. This phenomenon separates our personal relationships into two categories; the first are life mates and soul companions, forever bound in mutual trust and unconditional love to grow old together. Face it: more often than not, these shmoes are more boring than public television. The other type of friend, however, is a much rarer breed indeed. These devils make us suspicious. We argue with them constantly, and they persuade us to do evil things against our wills. They lie to us convincingly, finding us endlessly gullible. They dazzle us, clobber us, love us and leave us. In short, these intolerable bastards keep us jumping, spiking a little variety into our valueless lives. Our attraction to them grows from some nameless




André martyrs himself for the cause.




Early, politically aware, humor. (issue #9)

primal urge, a drive both purgative and sadomasochistic. The same urge responsible for extended drinking bouts, the joy in a loaded weapon, desperate sex and axe-wielding frenzies. A small dark animal in heat. Like Christian Gore–a necessary element of the human condition.

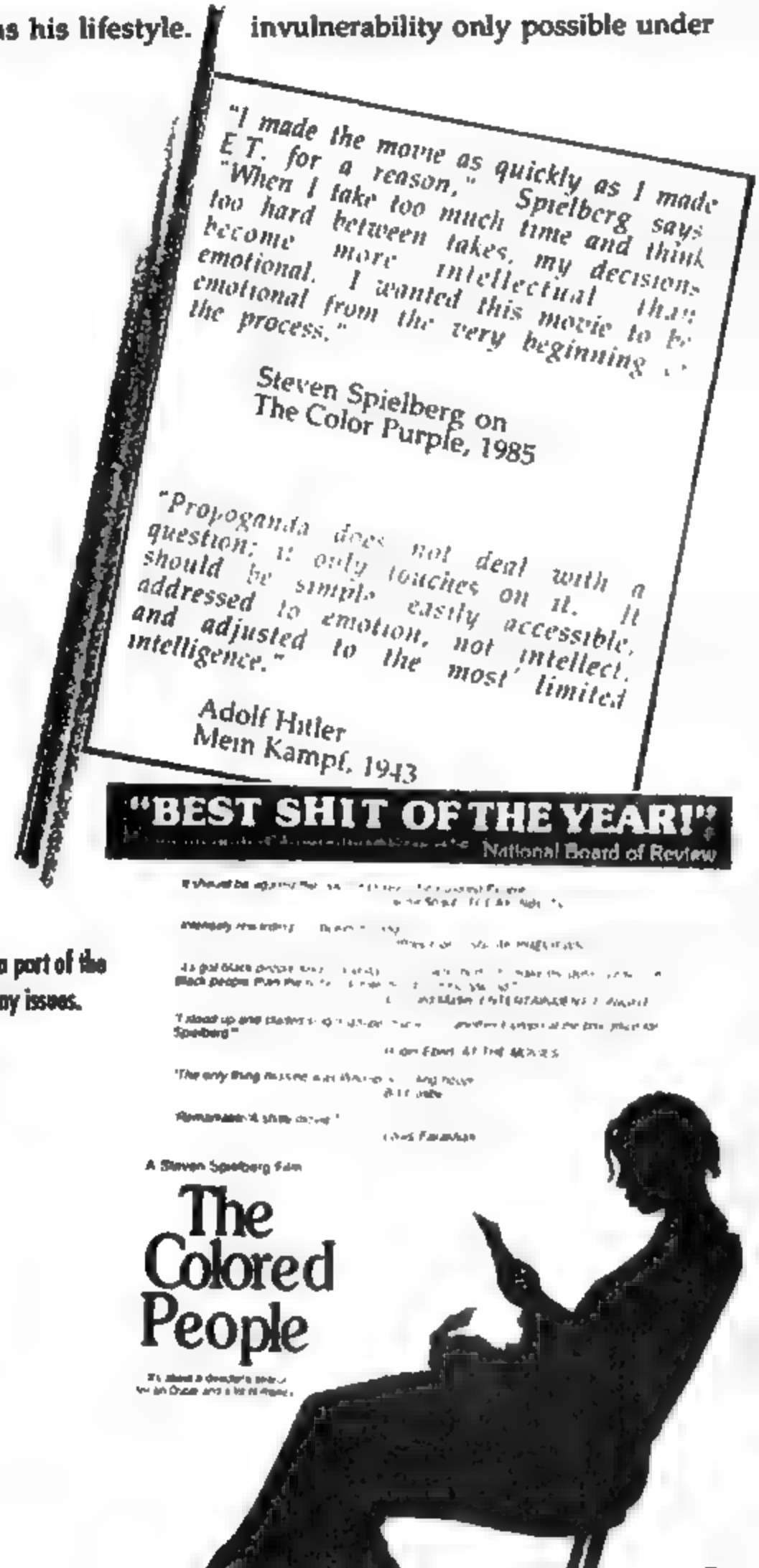
Christian Gore–a name of potentially legendary proportions, sounding somewhere between a bad late-nite horror flick and a long-defunct hardcore band. FILM THREAT is best excused as a natural outgrowth (i.e. tumor) of the rather deranged balancing act Chris prefers to describe as his lifestyle.

# REBEL without a CENT

Lifestyle? A bitter avocation to never work a steady job... an unrelentless wild goose chase to finance his next whim on easy credit terms... a playful sense of invulnerability only possible under

Cartoons of Lydia and Kara. Our artists can even make them look stupid.

Satire was a part of the earlier, funny issues.



conditions of extreme poverty... a broken Buick and a stack of bills for a mattress... this fragile house of cards built to deliver that next sensational issue into your grubby little paws. Lifestyle? More like a dirty ashtray. FILM THREAT is so much more about Chris than anything else–so let's start at the humble beginning.

Pan up from an empty bottle of Thunderbird, past the steering wheel and a faded dashboard statuette of Mother Mary. A woman is lying on her back (partially naked) in the backseat of an old Cadillac, which is parked haphazardly in the front row of the Grand Blanc Drive-In. Tonight's double bill features a rather grainy copy of **Rebel Without A Cause** and a well spliced condensation of **Forbidden Planet**. The woman stares directly out of the windshield, her eyes locked steadily with James Dean, imagining that the man who is pressing against her is actually a

Sam Raimi–talented? Or does he just have money?

Hitchcock comic that got us in big trouble in film school. (issue #13)

movie star. A groan and a quiver. Legions of microscopic spermatozoa flounder upstream. A gong sounds at the moment of conception. Headlights flash and horns sound. Plato is shot. For lack of a condom, Christian Gore is conceived beneath the unearthly glow of the Griffith Observatory.

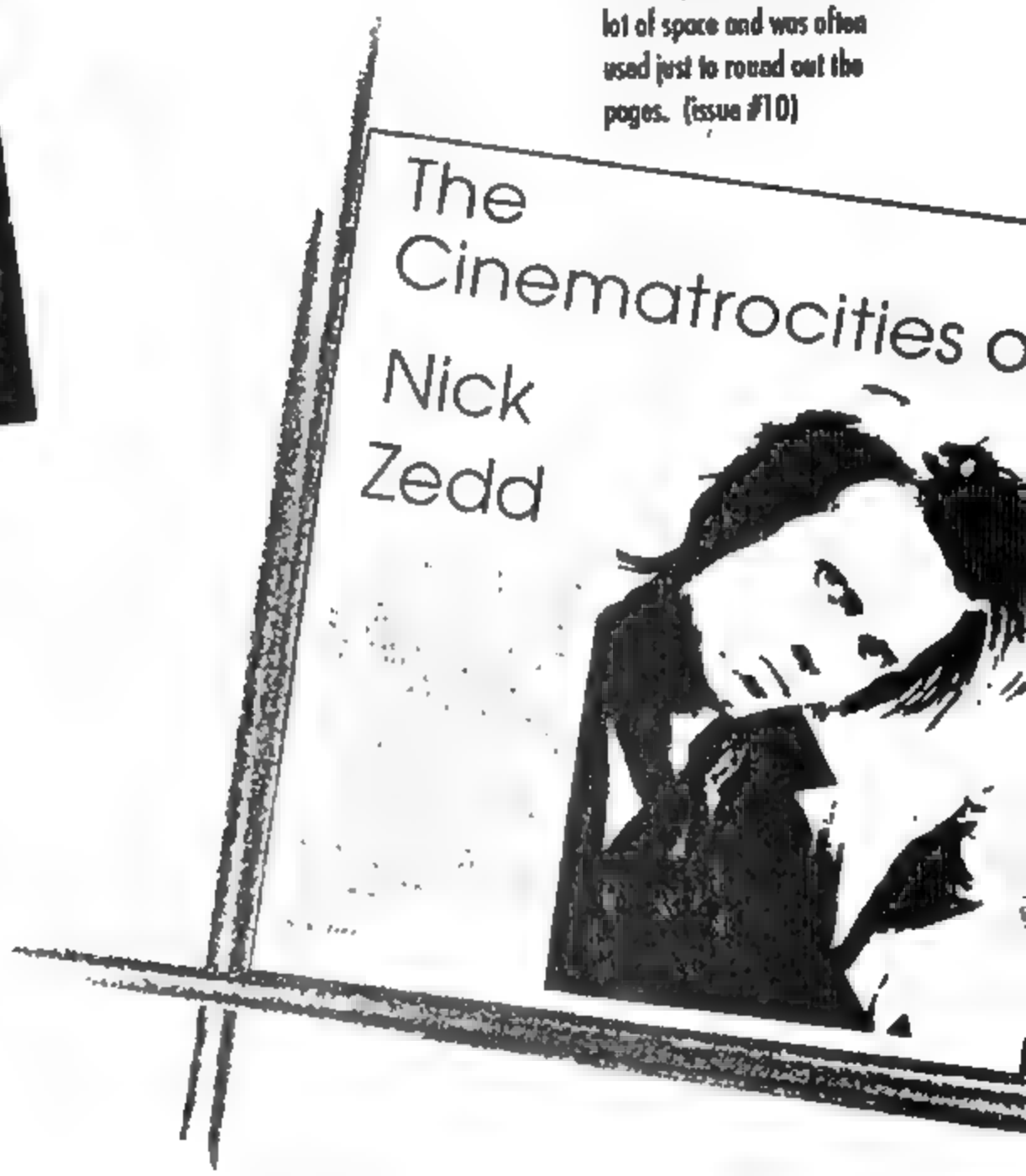
A number of important developmental years pass, during which Chris did many asinine things that he can't remember now. A playground dick and classroom ass-licker from the classic mold, Chris remembers teasing girls until they cried. Chris got kicked out of Cub Scouts for skipping out to

watch Monster Week on the Four O'Clock movie. At some indiscernible point in the fifth grade, Chris discovered the mind-altering effects of inhaling model glue fumes out of a paper sack. Soon after, he

Whatever happened to Punk to Ponder? (issue #11)

Bukowski--a role model for our drinkin' and pukin'. (issue #13)

Much like Sleaze Cinema of the Past, Nick Zedd took up a lot of space and was often used just to round out the pages. (issue #10)



began creating his own 8mm film masterpieces; **The Crawling Foot, Monster From The Outer Limits** and a series of animated features starring **Melting Marvin**, Chris' silent, two-fisted, Anti-Christ version of a Gumby character. His small group of friends who have seen the early films unanimously agree that they are better than any films he later went on to create in high school or college.

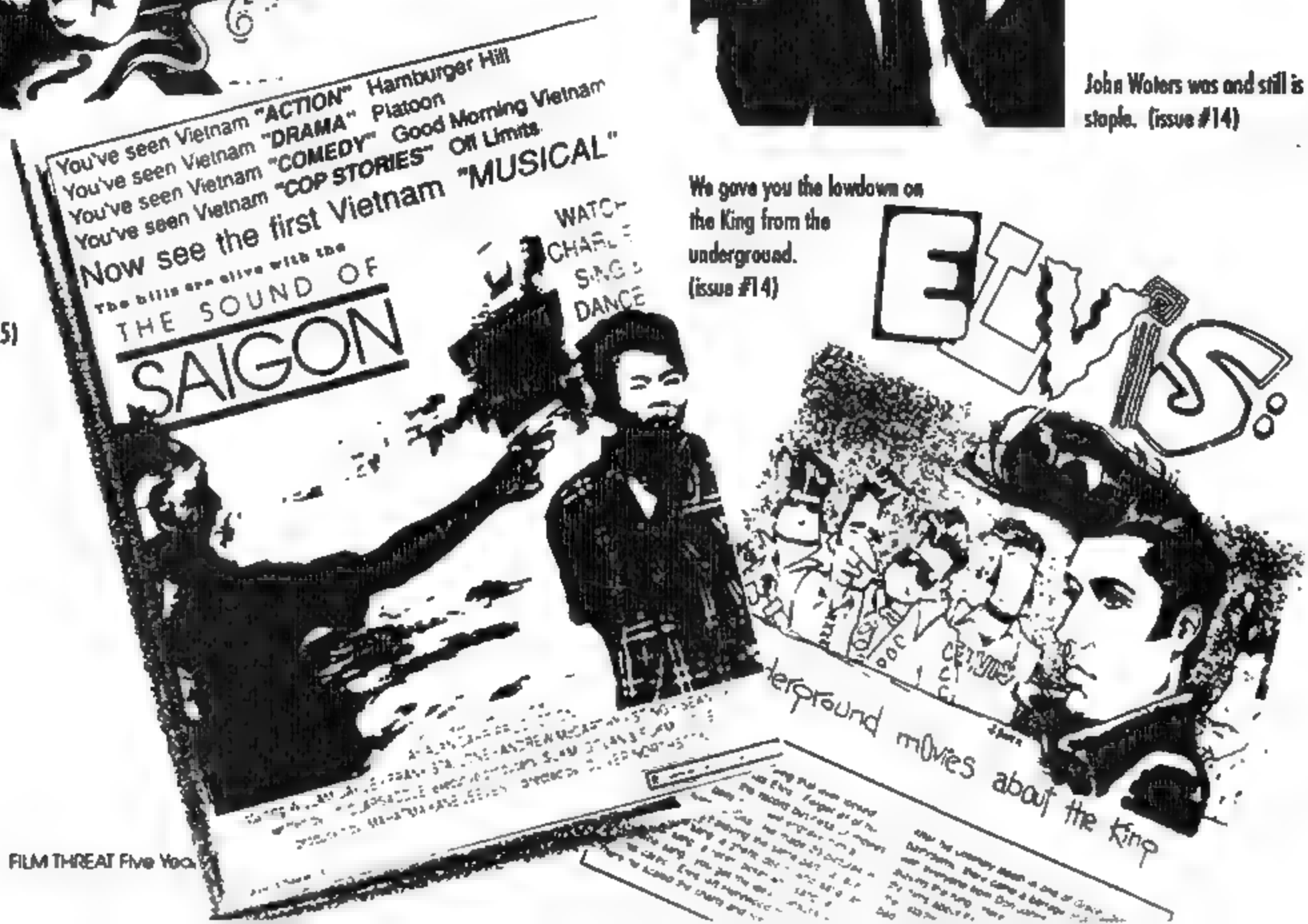
In junior high, Chris filmed a satirical exposé on cafeteria food, which won the school film festival. **Cafeteria Food: The Untold Story** brought about a revolution in the school lunch program. The cafeteria people hated him. This project taught him a valuable lesson: the promise of film immortality could strip a woman faster than you could say prayer ministry. Chris became decidedly more interested in film.

Chris attended Royal Oak Kimball High School, where he

# JOHN WATERS

## The Prince of Puke

John Waters was and still is a staple. (issue #14)




Parodies. (issue #15)

We gave you the lowdown on the King from the underground. (issue #14)

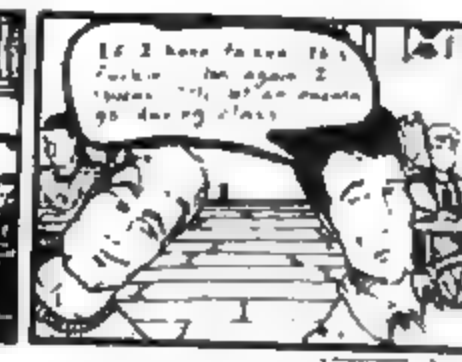
# REBEL without a CENT

continued to encourage girls to participate in a variety of artistic films requiring a "professional" attitude on their parts. Soon, Chris had girls doing things on film they wouldn't even think about in church. Naturally, he borrowed over ten thousand dollars and started his own film production company. Like most brilliant entrepreneurs, Chris quickly went broke. He lost his shirt producing music videos for half-baked local bands who never paid him. Chris learned a bitter lesson: promises and credit are tools used to exploit the weak. Realizing the world needed to be taught a lesson, Chris enrolled in college.

Chris was a somewhat disillusioned student at Wayne State University when he met André Seewood, another egotistic visionary. The pair became nearly

Peeny Weeny made many an appearance.

©'86 NOTORIOUS MITCHELL BROS.



Comics or no comics we still can't decide.

Our first sell out! (issue #11)

Sick lost films were dug up for your perusal.

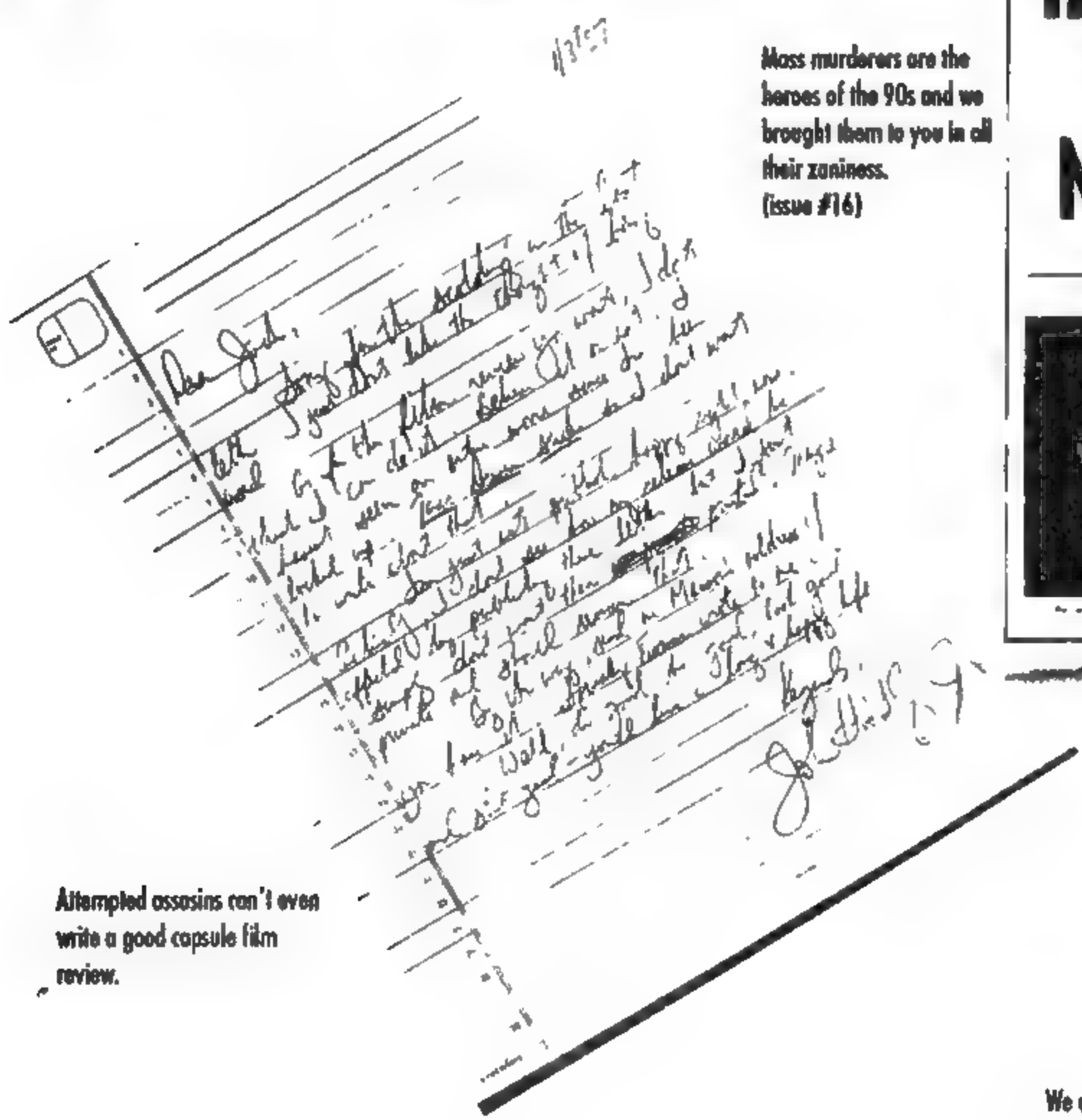
Sleaze Cinema of the Past was a good page waster.

inseparable, spending the majority of their time in Film History 101 explaining the insidious conspiracy of the *Evil Hollywood Empire* to each other, stopping only occasionally for heated hollering matches with their professor. Chris could not be silenced, even after repeated warnings. He argued loudly, claiming stuff like, "money is the auteur" and other heavily-aware epithets. André Seewood had just written some articles for an as-of-yet unpublished 'zine he dreamed of putting out, one that would destroy the credibility of conspiracy dupe films like Beverly Hills Cop forever. So, armed with both an overwhelming general sense of paranoia and a strange constipated desire to "buck the system", Chris and André created–FILM THREAT.

The first issue was six xeroxed pages of worthless, self-congratulating scrotum-lugging that Chris and André handed out to their film classes. All 500 copies were

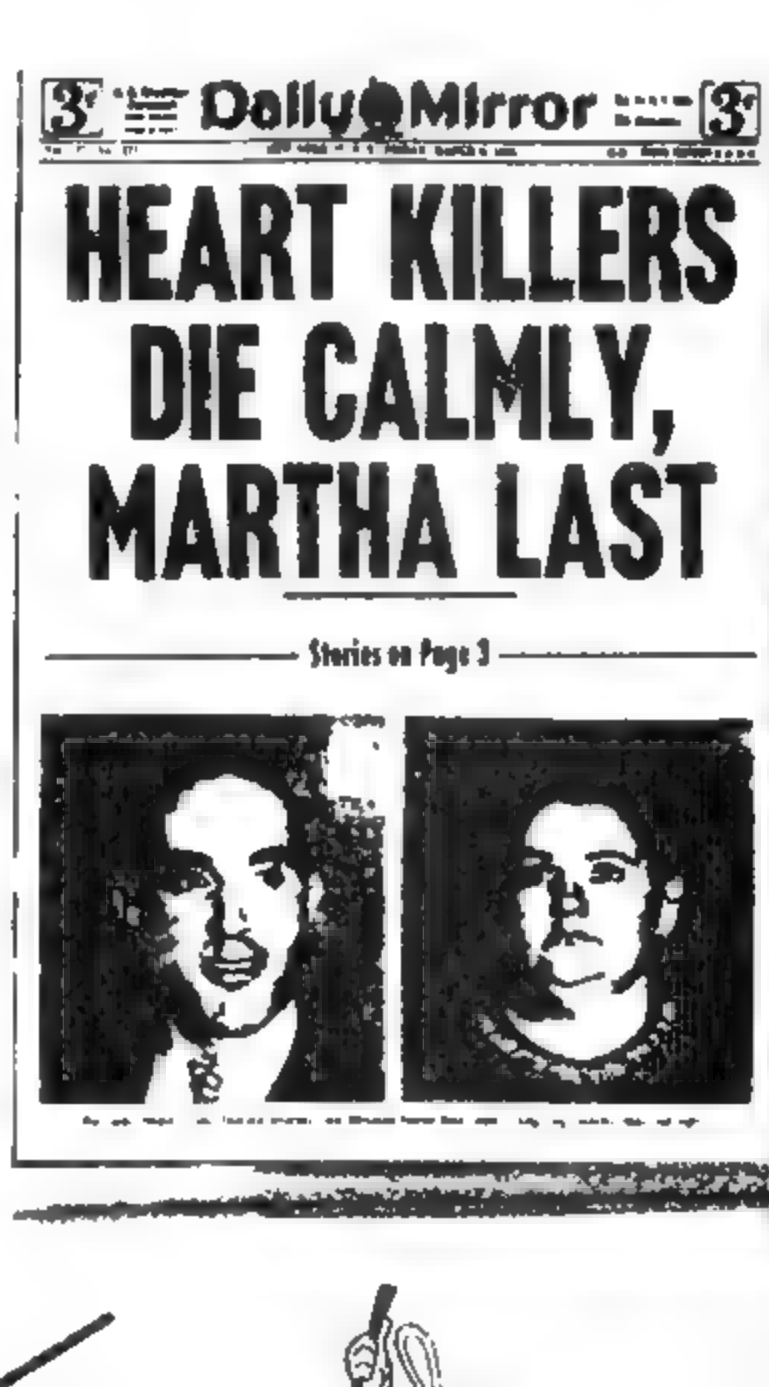
# FILM REVIEWS

by John Hinckley



Attempted assasins can't even write a good capsule film review.

Mass murderers are the heroes of the 90s and we brought them to you in all their zaniness. (issue #16)



3¢ Daily Mirror 3¢

HEART KILLERS DIE CALMLY, MARTHA LAST

Stories on Page 3

We exposed the Roger Rabbit scam, showing Spielberg for the klepto he really is. (issue #19)

paid for with a bad check that Chris wrote to Kinko's copies. The check was so rubbery you could smell the oily lubrication. However poor those early issues were, the other students loved them because they were so radical but mostly because they were free. Chris and André rapidly became the bad boys of Wayne State Cinema, André adopting a beret and Chris dying his hair purple. Wayne State's school newspaper, the *South End* comments, "Nevertheless, read FILM THREAT. You might not agree, but some of their radical, albeit nonsensical, film ideas are often quite interesting. Seewood

and Gore took a stand on what they firmly believe. For that I heartily applaud."

After the embarassing first issue hit the stands, Chris and André had to make up for it any

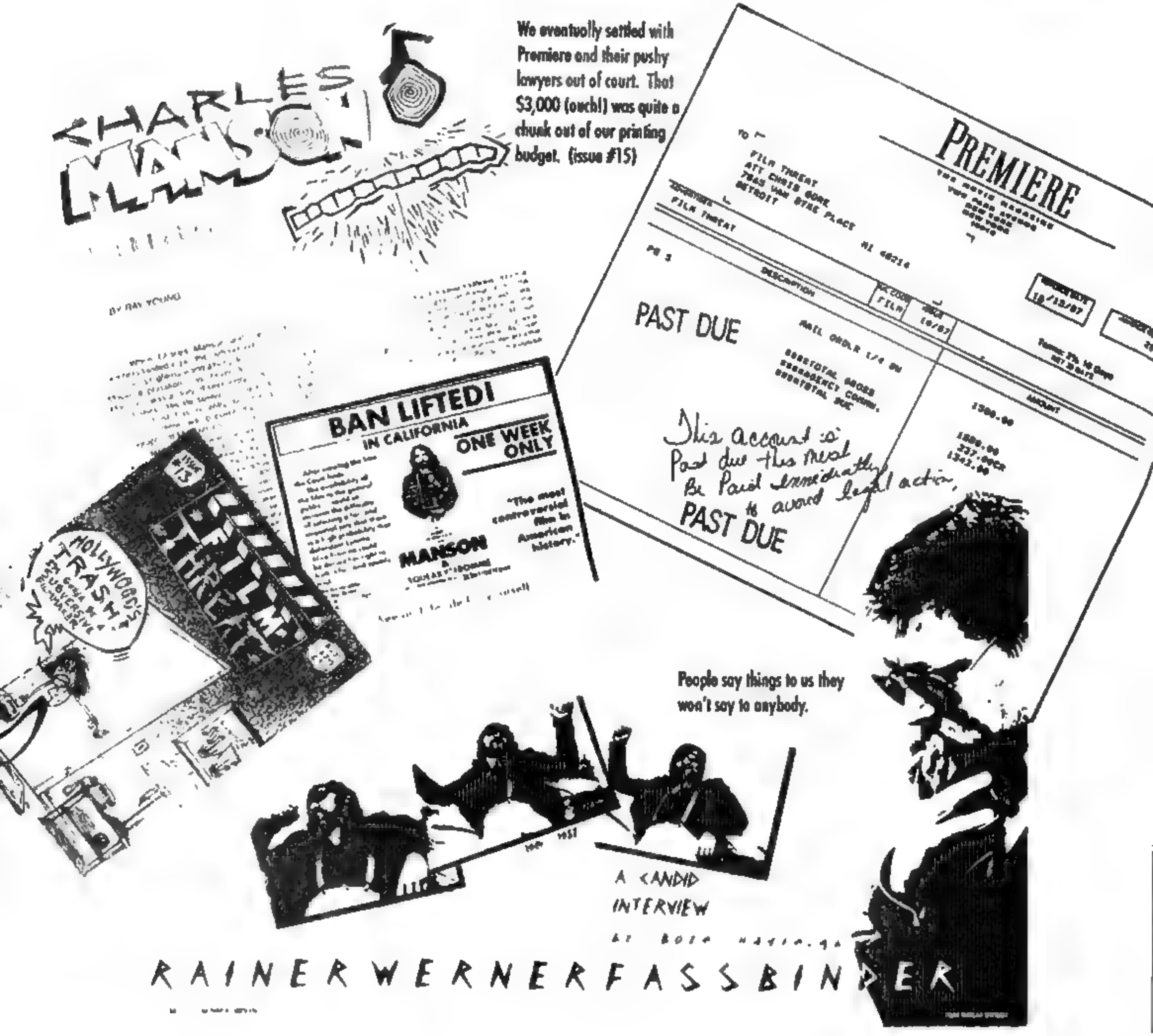
Our "special" relationship with the Toronto Film Fest. (issue #18/21)

We went to the ends of the Mid-West (and underneath it) for an exclusive. (James Dean interview—issue #17)

way they could. Chris decided to make the second issue funny and it was. Readers everywhere were laughing at him.

FILM THREAT pranced into my lap when myself and some other teenage hipsters were compiling 'zine reviews for a now-defunct high school rag called *Poseur Express*. FILM THREAT was a spunky 12 half-size pages by then, chock-full of pretentious scrawlings about how lousy the conventional film industry was. Our review of FILM THREAT imparted: "A boring scrap of dung filled with boring rants and inscrutably small type. Far less humorous than an orphanage fire. Generally unintentionally lacking any interesting themes or topics, FILM THREAT makes up for it with misogyny."

Chris has begged me to relate some more of his outrageous college hi-jinx, and although I'm tempted to prolong this whole "living legend"

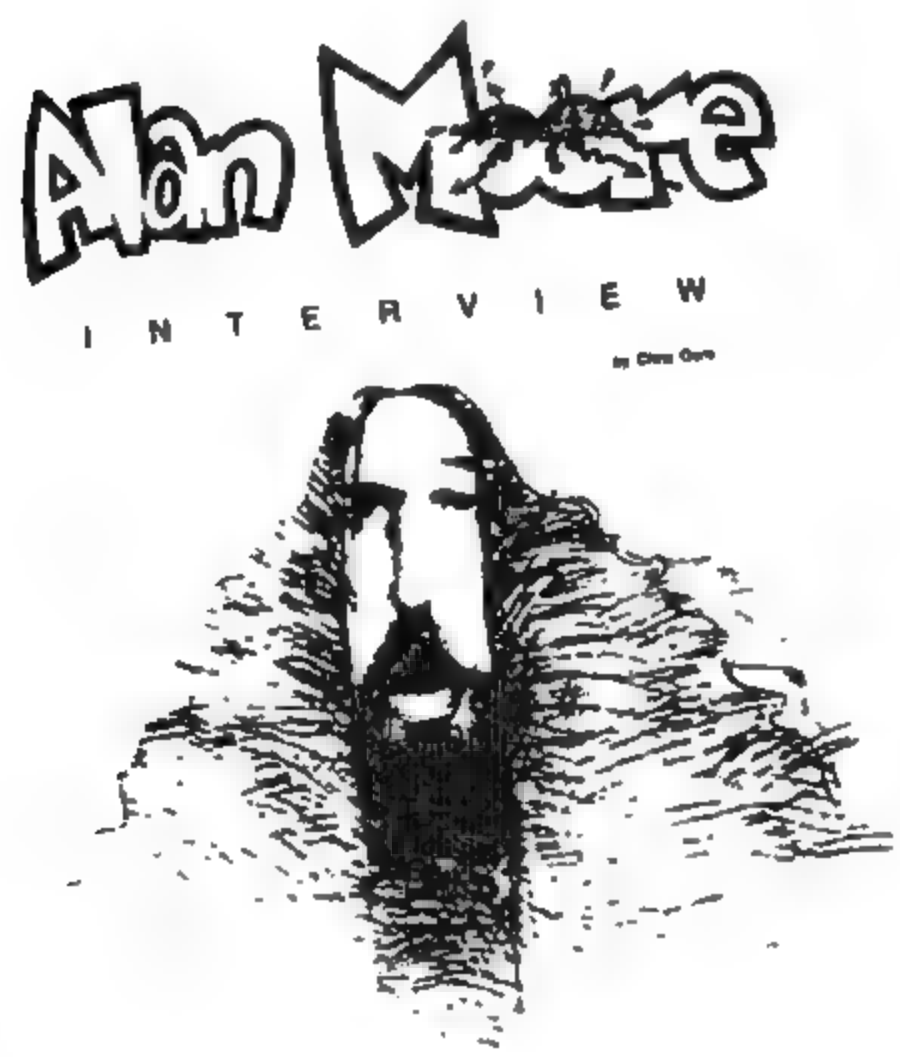



We eventually settled with Premiere and their pushy lawyers out of court. That $3,000 (ouch!) was quite a chunk out of our printing budget. (issue #15)

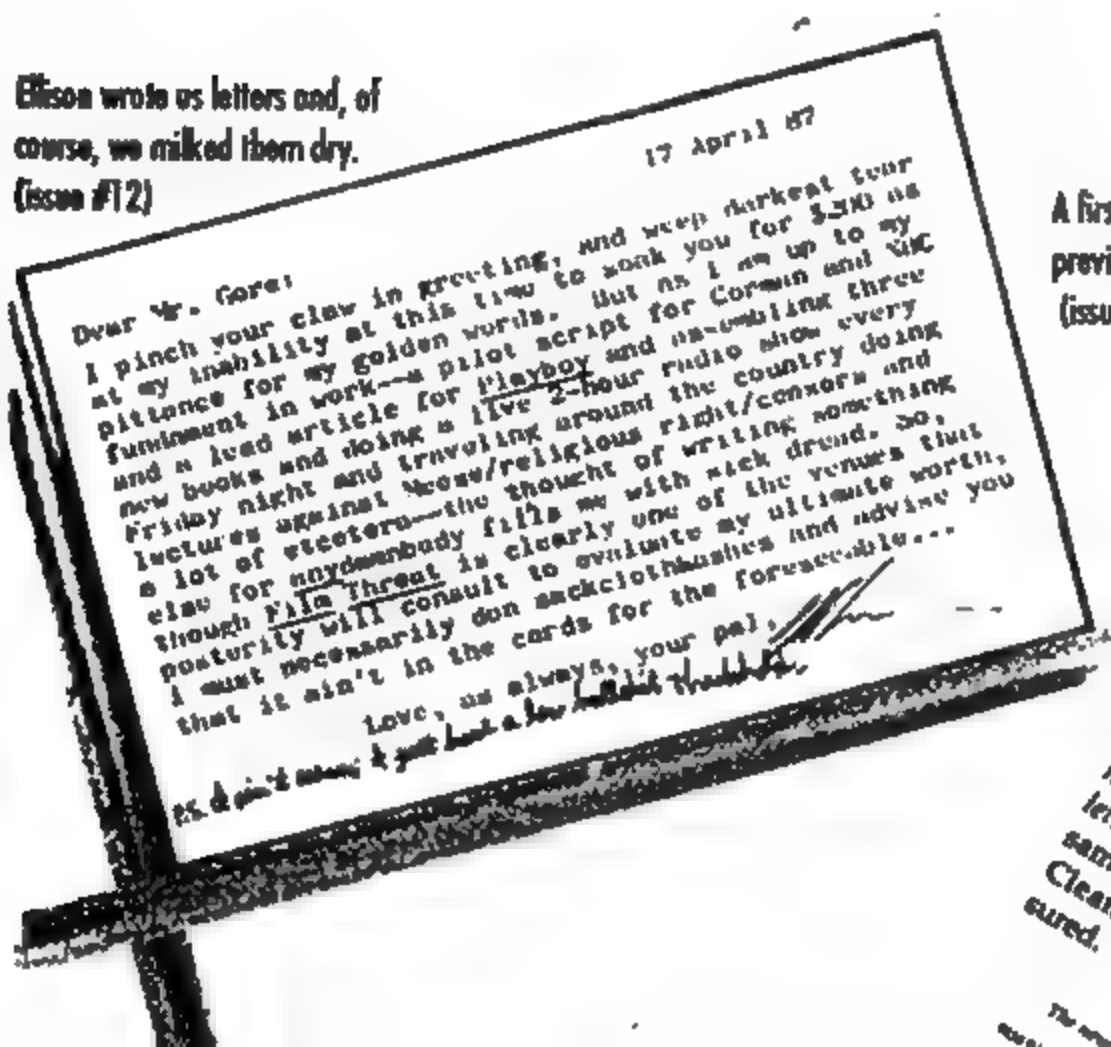
schtick a bit further, the only funny thing Chris ever went on to do was flunk out during his junior year. André and other college chums finally had enough of Chris' scam-of-the-week shenanigans and quit the mag. Rather than admit himself a complete failure, he became "avant-garde" and got a job at a video store, transferring home movies to tape. Locked in a dark room for hours on end, staring at a screen filled with other people's hopes and dreams... There had to be a way out.

Issue number 11 really serves as the premier issue of FILM THREAT as we know it. It was the

first issue Chris actually worked on all by himself. Freshly canned (for the first of many times) from his video-transfer job, Chris bought a Macintosh computer on his favorite terms: credit. Dressed in a five-



Ellison wrote us letters and, of course, we milked them dry. (issue #12)



17 April 87

Dear Mr. Gore:

I pinch your claw in greeting, and weep darkest tear at my inability at this time to sonk you for $300 as pittance for my golden words. But as I am up to my furniment in work--a pilot script for Corman and MGM and a lead article for Playboy and re-editing three new books and doing a live 2-hour radio show every Friday night and traveling around the country doing lectures against Moose/religious right/censors and a lot of steetera--the thought of writing something elsu for anydeanbody fills me with sick dread. So, though Film Threat is clearly one of the venues that posturity will consult to evaluate my ultimate worth, I must necessarily don sackclothbashes and advise you that it ain't in the cards for the foreseeable...

Love, as always, your pal,

PS. [illegible]

A first attempt at an exclusive preview (two months late). (issue #18)

PRESS BLACKOUT

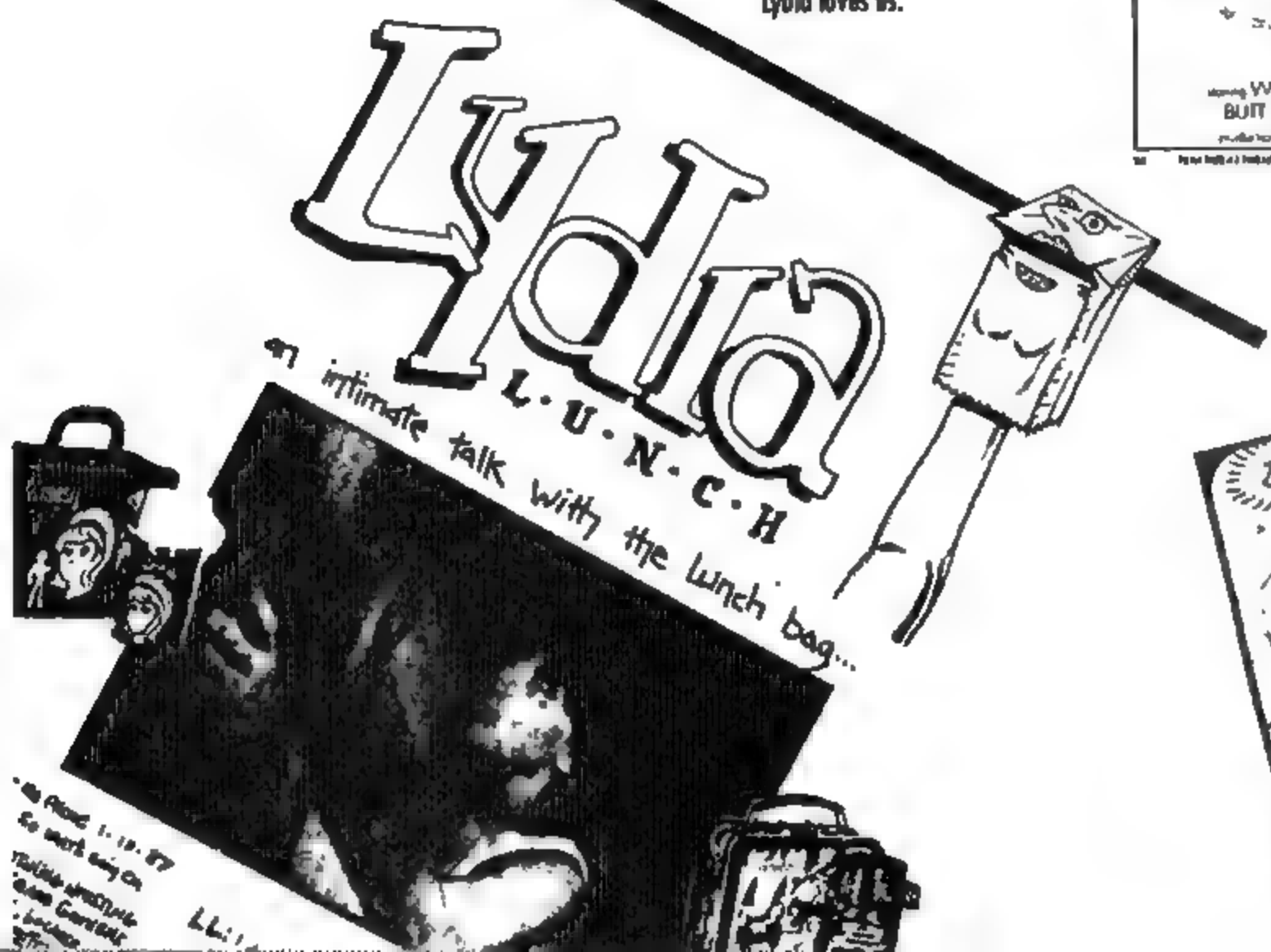
The word on Batman The Movie is "Press Blackout" according to Warner Brothers. no information is being made available on this project. An article on the front page of The Wall Street Journal of all places indicates that Warner stock has dropped --because Batman fans are outraged by the casting of Michael Keaton in the lead role and have started a protest-letter writing campaign." If only those same fans had seen Keaton in Johnny Clean and Sober they would be reassured.

dollar Value Village suit and a borrowed briefcase, he hoodwinked yet another big printer into printing 3,000 copies on–you guessed it–credit. The rest of the story hardly bears repeating. Chris relays his advice to young publishers: "Print on credit, and never use the same printer twice." FILM THREAT swaggered and stumbled from issue to issue, with Chris juggling his debts skillfully enough to dupe a different printer into printing each successive issue.

Finally realizing that Detroit was a cultural wasteland, Chris decided to make an exploratory trip to Los Angeles in the spring of 1989. Discovering a seedy town where even the worst dreck could make it to the screen and an industry run by buffoons, he decided it was time to relocate to the movie capital of the world. Declaring, "We can do more damage here!" Chris triumphantly opened the new FILM THREAT International Headquarters in a

Parodies that pissed people off.

Lydia loves us.



crummy office building smack in the dab of Hollywood.

Which brings us to this, the Special Five Year Anniversary Issue, hallmarking Chris Gore's first tenacious steps toward the curious animal that FILM THREAT is today. Although Chris is a money-grubbing cinemasshole and itinerant, he remains a constant source of amusement to his friends, creditors and the growing audience of FILM THREAT magazine. Like Chris, FILM THREAT has defied all natural laws of evolution, somehow outgrowing its seminal banalities chronicled in this over-priced Anniversary round-up, and mutated

into a potentially influential film journal, distributed from coast to coast and across the globe. Keep it up Chris–and pay me the money you promised to write this article, or I'll start telling the truth about you.•

Divine died and our readers mourned.

We make fun of everyone and still can't get sued.

**SLOGAN EVOLUTION**

**Cashier du Cinema**

**The Angry Film Magazine from the Murder City!!!**

**The Magazine for the Sodomized Consumer.**

**The Magazine that makes Trendy People Shit Blood.**

**Film is the Only Medium Left to DESTROY, and We're Doing It!!!**

**Film for the Blank Generation.**

**The Magazine for the Jaded Movie-goer.**

**The Magazine that's just as Fun as Going to the Movies!**

***Movies and more!***

# Night of the Living Dead

## My personal account of being on the set of the remake of the classic film

by Chris Gore

So I get invited by some friends of mine on the crew of NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD to fly to Pittsburgh to do an "on the set" story. They tell me I might even get the chance to be a zombie in the film. Great! I loved the original NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD. It's one of my all-time favorite films and here they are remakin' it and Tom Savini's directin' it and I'm gonna get to do a story on it.

I land at prestigious Pittsburgh International Airport and I'm picked up by J.J. Hommel. He is one of the drivers on the crew and takes everybody's shit. It seems there is always someone on the crew who gets it.

The fun thing about coming to Pittsburgh was that I would get the chance to take advantage of all the free stuff and become a quiet nuisance. The woman publicist for the film invited everyone in the media. And I mean everyone! Everyone from HBO, Entertainment Tonite, AP, UPI, and even stupid tabloid journalism TV shows like Inside Edition with Nancy Glass. I didn't know if they were makin' a movie or pullin' a publicity stunt but there were journalists everywhere.

*I spent most of my time by the craft services table eating vitamin C pills and donuts and trying to not say the words FILM THREAT too loud so I wouldn't get busted by the publicist who hates my magazine.*

The thing I did know was that FILM THREAT was specifically un-invited. Everyone knows what happens when I feel slighted. I like to show up (undercover, of course). Some people I knew on the crew got me on the set as their "friend". (I can't say who they were because they'd get in big trouble, you understand).

I met up with Dennis Daniel, radio personality and DEAD fan like me. Dennis has written some cool articles for FILM THREAT in the past and it was good to finally meet him in person. (Also, it's true what they say about why people are on the radio.) I also met Dennis' friend Steve Morrison, who is a comedian and kept us all laughing with his rendition of the walking dead. Steve would casually walk like a normal person and drive the assistant director crazy. Gahan Wilson, who does cartoons for PLAYBOY, also came around just because he loves the film.

The cool thing about this remake is they made up the zombies like real dead people. The head of the effects crew is a team called Optic Nerve which are John Vulich and Everett Burrell. They decided that the zombies would look more demented if they had pale yellow skin like corpses do. John and Everett went to a morgue to study real dead bodies so the zombies would be authentic.

*The foreboding house.*

# Filming in Pittsburgh?

TONY TODD–BEN

*I was watching you during one of those scenes–were you ever a stunt man or ever thought about being one?*

Well, you know why, because I'm a quick study and they usually can't find a stunt man who's my height. So the directors always push me into a shot. By the time I got to Savini and Chris and Mike and the rest of the stunt coordinators, I'm sort of used to doing that. I had dance training, but dancing doesn't prepare you for fighting off zombies.

JJ HOMMEL–DRIVER OF THE LIVING DEAD

*You're the driver? Could you explain to us exactly what you do?*

I drive around and go pick up stuff and take people and get very little sleep and get exhausted and drive.

DIANE COLLINS–WARDROBE

*What are some of the goofier deaths that you've costumed?*

One was a shopper who was dragged to death by a car and he had a polyester pant suit that looked beautiful except for the tire marks. We had this nice little Sylvester Stallone guy in suspenders and a tight sweater and of course he got machine gunned.

*Let's say if you look at an average guy like me, how would you think I'd die?*

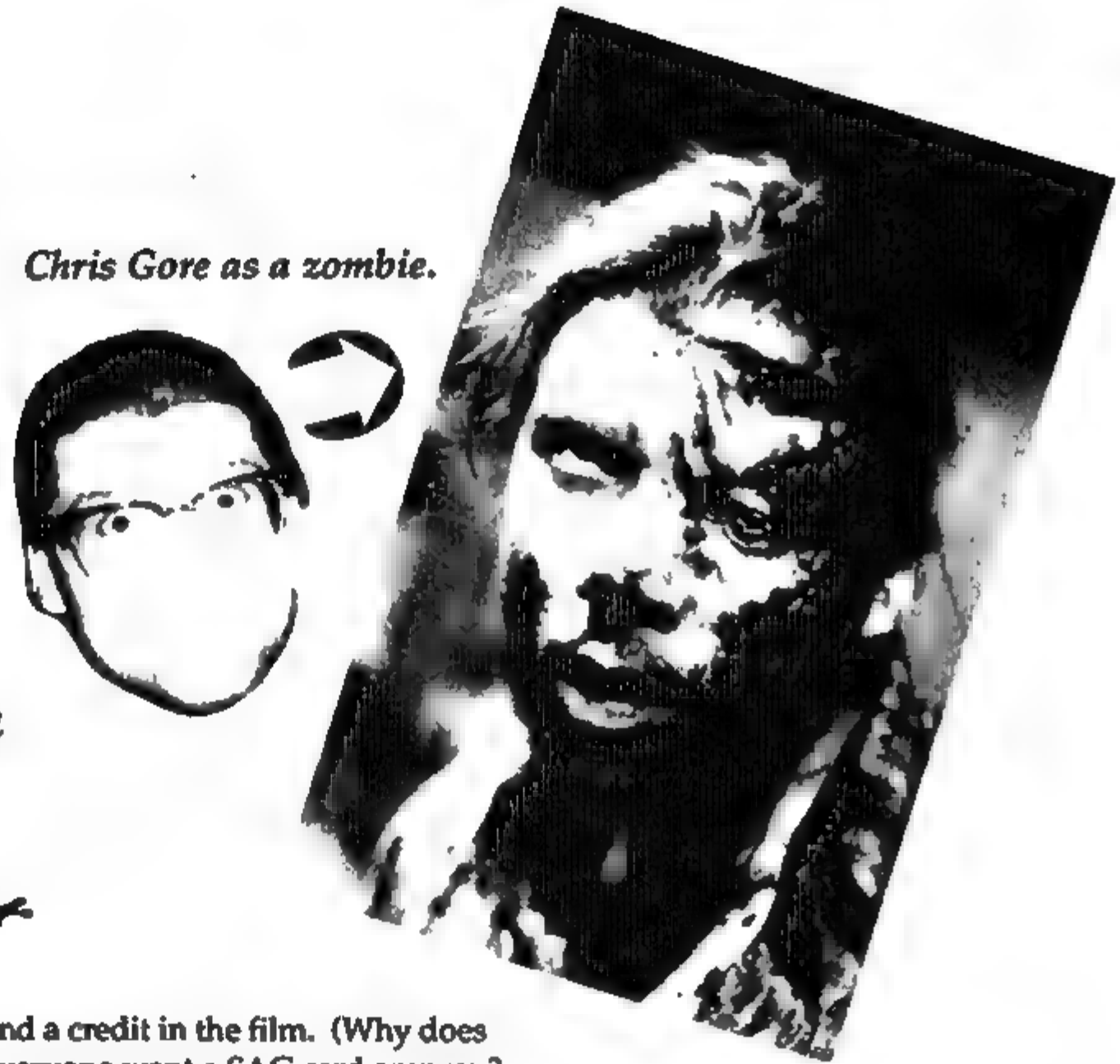
(LONG PAUSE)

Quicksand.

**They decided that the zombies would look cooler if they had yellow skin like real corpses do.**

# I Was a Zombie!

*...the way to act like a zombie is to walk like you've got to take a shit and make a face like you're coming.*



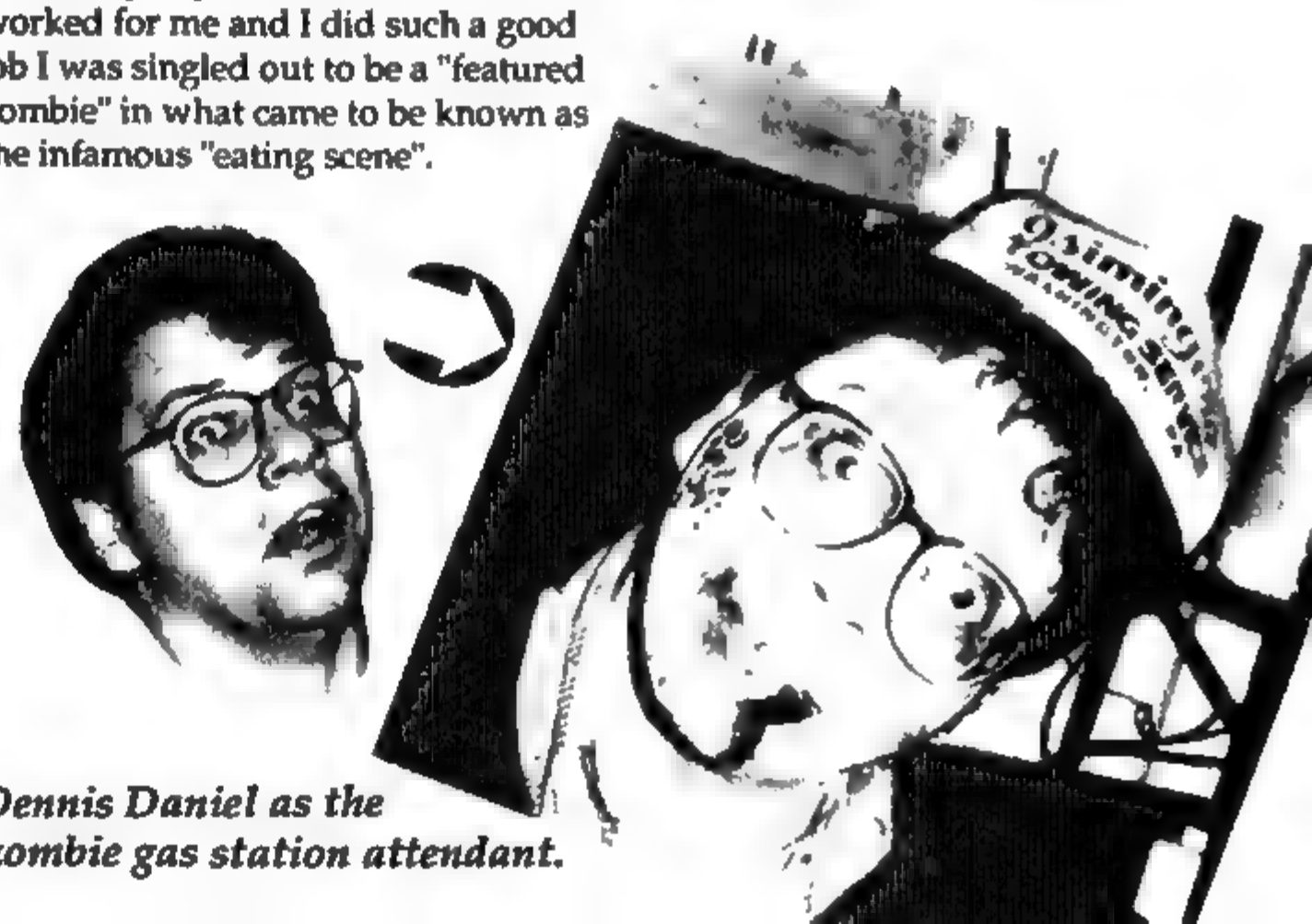
*Chris Gore as a zombie.*

I was there for seven days and the schedule went kind of like this: we would go to the set about 6 p.m. Everyone would meet at a church and be made up as zombies. The zombies would be driven down to the set at about 8 p.m. when it got dark. Filming would go on until midnight when everyone would break for "lunch". No one would want to sit by the zombies. That make up was just too real and sitting by some pale yellow corpse and while trying to down spaghetti just didn't seem to sit well with the crew. After lunch, filming would continue until about 6 a.m. It got exhausting and I wasn't even working. I spent most of my time by the craft services table eating vitamin C pills and donuts and trying to not say the words FILM THREAT too loud so I wouldn't get busted by the publicist who hates my magazine. (Apparently she read the article I wrote on a Pittsburgh film but that film sucked from day one. I've got only good things to say about DEAD.)

If you're a zombie you get paid $40 a day plus you get a free meal with the rest of the crew. WOW! Andy Sands told me this was my big chance to possibly get my SAG card and a credit in the film. (Why does everyone want a SAG card anyway? I don't really care.)

Apparently, before filming began, they cast extras to be zombies and had a "Zombie School" to teach them how to walk, talk act, and eat like a bona-fide ghoul. Well, I didn't show up in time for that, so I kind of had to wing it. From what I observed, the way to act like a zombie is this–walk like you've got to take a shit and make a face like you're coming. This gave you that kind of funny walk and that faintly pleasurable, yet ultimately expressionless face. It worked for me and I did such a good job I was singled out to be a "featured zombie" in what came to be known as the infamous "eating scene".

After the truck blows up with Tom and Judy aboard (oops, I gave something away–look this movie is practically a direct remake so go rent the original or buy the video at 7-11 for $9.00) a bunch of zombies are seen gathering around for a late night barbecued snack. I had the entire left side of my face really fucked up so I could only see with one eye. It was uncomfortable and on top of that I was chosen to "drag the body". The boys at Optic Nerve had constructed a charred-beyond-recognition "Tom"



*Dennis Daniel as the zombie gas station attendant.*

**Did you ever leave on your zombie make-up and go home and have sex with your boyfriend?**

body that was hideous. We ("we" meaning Dennis Daniel, myself and a couple of locals) strategically stuffed pieces of cooked chicken, pork, steak, you name it, in the latex body.

It was time for rehearsal and I'm glad I couldn't see well because there were over a hundred people watching and I didn't want to get nervous and become the Drew Barrymore of the dead. We ran through it a few times and Tom Savini came over to me and related some words of advice. "Drag the body faster." Those four words rang over and over in my head and I hope I did a good job.

The director of photography was kind of a pussy and made sure to light the entire scene from the back so you can't really see much. I think gore-hounds are going to be disappointed with this film. There's not much gore. The scene I'm in (and of course, me personally) is the most gore in the film. So after we ran through the scene a few times Tom also tells us to "...eat the flesh more ferociously, you're zombies." By now the chicken and pork is covered with brightly colored blood with a zesty mint flavor. I grunted and groaned and chewed the meat over and over in my mouth. I'd have to spit it out and chew it some more to make it look realistic. After three takes of this ferocious eating I'm starting to feel ill and I decide to skip dinner. (I may even decide to be a vegitarian, I don't know.) J.J. drives me back to the motel and I get as cleaned up as I possibly can. I spend the night watching shit on cable and sticking to my pillow.

ERIN JENNINGS–ZOMBIE EXTRA

*Have you thought about having wild sex with your zombie makeup on?*

No, it's not lickable enough.

*As a zombie, if you could eat any living star, who would you eat?*

Who's stuffed enough? Michael Jackson's too thin, he'd be an appetizer, or something. I'd probably prefer, I know, Mike Tyson.

*This zombie looked like a dead Laura Palmer from TWIN PEAKS so I had to get a shot of her.*

***Tom Savini came over to me and gave some words of advice. "Drag the body faster."***

*Comedian Steve Morrison cut himself shaving.*

*Some locals didn't need a lot of make-up.*

*"...eat the flesh more ferociously, you're zombies."* Tom Savini

# The Truck Blowed Up Real Good!

*John Vulich applies make-up (not very much) to Gahan Wilson.*

***We were all told to keep back as far away as possible but what was funny was that the zombie actors that were getting paid $40 a day were told to stay in their places when the big fireball went KABOOM!***

The scene that everyone was making a big deal about was the "truck blowing up" scene. Well, at least the director of photography was making a big deal (why is it that all D.O.P.s are such prima donnas?– just a personal observation.)

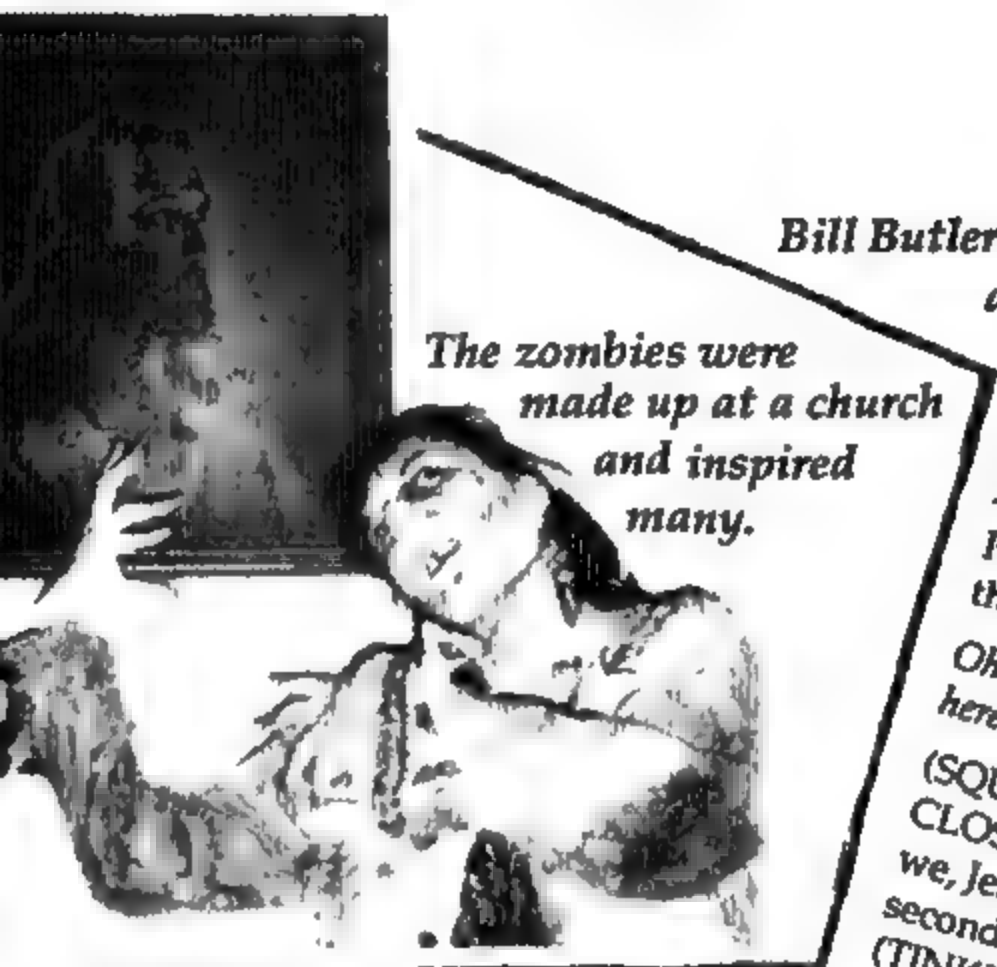
Word of this bigger than fourth of July event must have spread because it brought neighbors out from all of their homes to watch. The fire department was there as well and everyone was as uptight as shit about this scene. We were all told to keep back as far away as possible but what was funny was that the zombie actors that were getting paid $40 a day had to stay in their places when the big fireball went KABOOM!

Just before the thing was about to blow I spotted George Romero. He seemed like such a nice guy. He's kind of like the generic, likeable grampa; tall and always smiling. I wanted to tell him how much I loved the first NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD and how it kept me up with the light on as a kid. He walked by and got a look at my make-up. "Does that hurt?" he asked. I smiled back and said, "No." I was tempted to ask him if he thought about possibly copyrighting this version of the film but I didn't have the heart 'cause he seemed so nice. (The story is that the original distributor of the film forgot to copyright the prints and that's why you see those cheap, shitty versions of the film for $9.00. George got royally screwed and never really made any money.)

*The blonde babe who played Judy Rose and whose name escapes me.*

Tom Towles plays Harry Cooper, the weasel white guy that you hate by the end of the film. Tom played Otis in the brilliant, HENRY: PORTRAIT OF A SERIAL KILLER. How do I know that HENRY was brilliant? Because commie-liberal-do-gooder type magazines like the LA Weekly hated it–that's how I knew it was great. Tom was real cool and I never got the chance to interview him but we hung out and watched videos. I even got the chance to have him watch my film OUCH! It grossed him out so much he had to leave and couldn't finish watching it. I guess I should be proud that the guy who played Otis got too ill and walked out of my own film.

*Tom Towles*



*The zombies were made up at a church and inspired many.*

***Bill Butler as Tom. The old Tom couldn't act his way out of a paper bag. The new Tom drinks out of a paper bag.***

BILL BUTLER–TOM

*If Superman and Jesus Christ got into a fight who would win?*

Probably Jesus Christ, uh, I gotta go to the bathroom. Do you mind if we...

*Oh, we can continue the interview in here...*

(SQUEAKY DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING) I, uh, let's see where were we, Jesus Christ, uh, excuse me just a second, I gotta concentrate.

(TINKLING IN BACKGROUND) Let's see Jesus Christ, yeah Jesus Christ. Superman, that Christopher Reeve guy, he's a fag, so...

*Wait, look at the camera, if you don't mind?*

It's kind of hard, I can't aim if I'm looking at the camera.

*You only got a little spittle on it-Aah! watch my foot!*

(LATER, BACK OUTSIDE)

*Did you ever torture animals as a kid?*

Well, there's this one time I shot a bird with a BB gun, then I put a firecracker in his mouth and blew his brains out, but that really made me sick.

***Patricia Tallman plays Barbara. Her bright-eyed double is next to her. See the resemblance!***

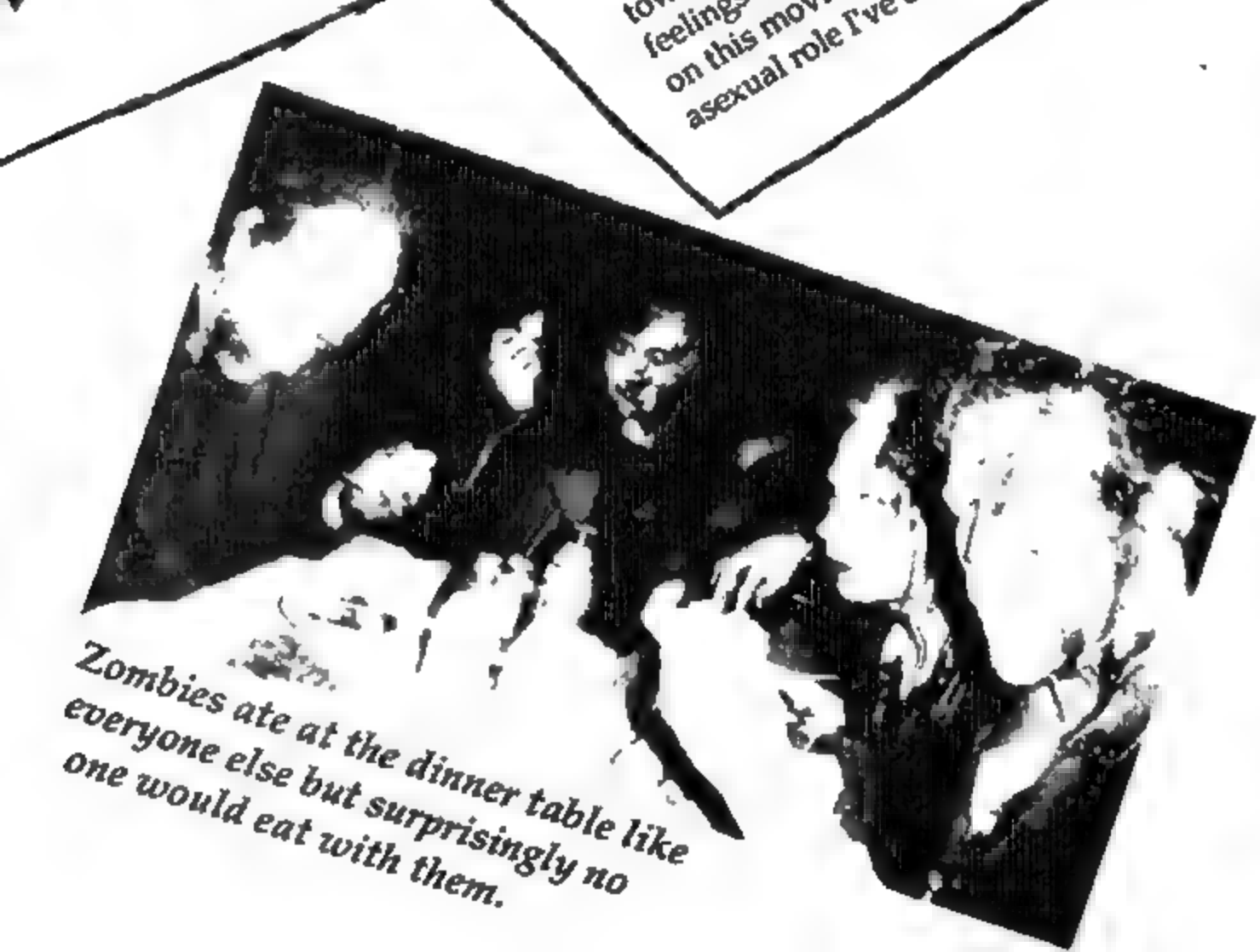
STUNT WOMAN

*Have you ever thought about having sex with one of the zombies?*

No, I haven't had any kinky feelings toward zombies. In fact, my sexual feelings have pretty much died away on this movie. It's been the most asexual role I've ever played.

The big moment was about to come, everyone was quiet and tense and then it blew. Covered by five cameras the truck, let a 60 foot fireball into the air and made us all jump. Ultimately, it was anti-climactic but I got to talk to Romero, a cool guy.

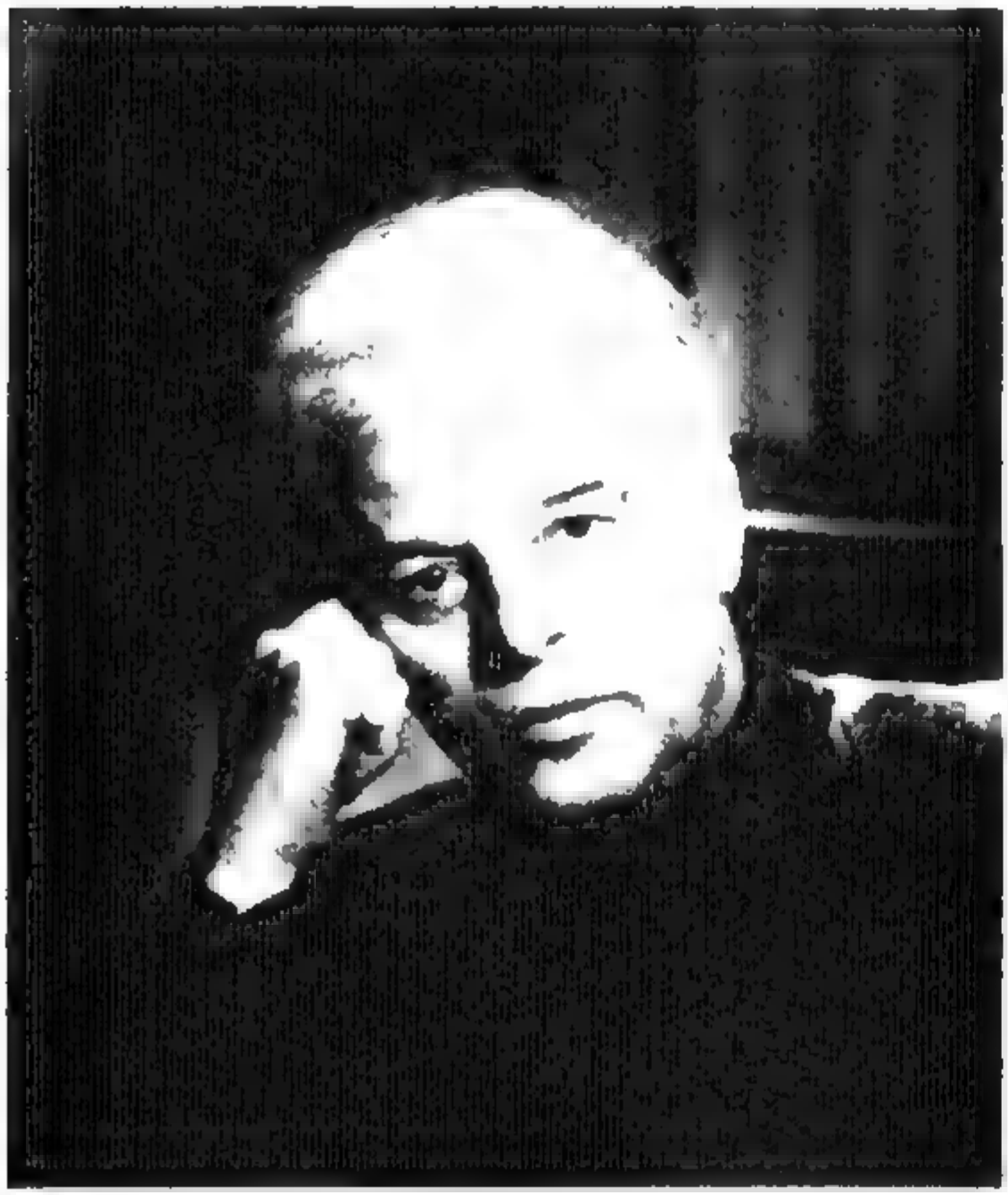
HBO was doing a "making of" special and hung around after the truck explosion scene when that publicist woman spotted me. "Your make-up looks great! Can I borrow you?" How could I refuse. The HBO director put me in front of the camera and told me to say something lame like, "I'm a zombie from NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, Have a Happy Halloween." When the video camera rolled I made sure to add, "And remember to wear your seatbelts kids, or you'll look just like me." Little did that publicist woman know that I was doing her a favor and that I'm really not that bad of a guy and that if she played her cards right, you know, I had a motel room all to myself. Who knows? •



*Zombies ate at the dinner table like everyone else but surprisingly no one would eat with them.*

# THE SACRED BLOOD OF ALEJANDRO JODOROWSKI

**The visionary director of El Topo makes his first film in ten years and in an extensive interview with FILM THREAT, he forgets to talk about the film.**



Driving to the Chateau Marmont for this interview, I felt an odd nervousness about meeting Alejandro Jodorowski. Not that I was star-struck by the idea of meeting the visionary director of **El Topo** and **The Holy Mountain**, but I was actually afraid of the man that might stand behind them. Reading what little I could find on such short notice, I discovered a deeply spiritual man whose experiments with life have directly resulted in the disturbing images that compose his films.

by david williams

I felt prepared as I turned off Sunset Boulevard and drove up the twisting road toward the little bungalows hidden in the hills. Little did I know that I'd soon be questioning my own sexuality, and even life itself.

**Santa Sangre (Sacred Blood)** is Jodorowski's first major film in ten years. As poetic and beautiful as it is horrifying and cruel, this film is the tale of Fenix, a boy who is corrupted by the twisted relationships that surround him. We follow his father Orgo's domination over Fenix's mother; the brutal abuse of Alma, Fenix's young love, at the hand of the exotic Tattooed Woman; and finally, the horrible death of his mother as Orgo shears off her arms with twin razor-like knives, only to slit his own throat before the boy's very eyes.

Jumping 20 years ahead, the film finds Fenix in an insane asylum, incapable of life after the horrors he has seen. Prompted by the armless ghost of his mother, Fenix escapes, only to be possessed by her vengeance and driven to murder. In one shocking scene, Fenix stands behind his mother, his arms taking the place of her missing limbs as she brutally wills him to throw knives at a woman he has bound and hypnotized. His hands under her murderous control, Fenix launches the sharp blades with uncanny accuracy, piercing the unconscious young woman's breast and pinning her to the wall. Her will. His hands. Their murder. Fenix (brilliantly played by the director's son, Axel Jodorowski) faces his own ordeal and regains his identity amid a phantasmagoric world.

As tragic as this all sounds, the film is full of warmth and humor as Jodorowski allows his own life to bleed through the dreamlike story and focus on the emotional elements.

Being led to Jodorowski's lodgings, I am promised better pictures by the publicist (who blames producer Claudio Argento, Dario's brother, for being so cheap), warned that this was the last interview of a long day, and that they would be leaving for France directly afterwards. Walking into the bungalow, I meet the director's beautiful interpreter (to whom I am very grateful), and from the kitchen emerges Jodorowski. Drinking a Coke, he asks in a rolling Hispanic accent, what kind of magazine **FILM THREAT** is. I respond: "Well... we like to think of ourselves as independent with a slant towards the underground." He smiles and says, "Good!" Then we begin.

---

*In reading about you, it was interesting to find out that your real background is in mime, theatre and performance art.*

First, I consider all the other parts of my life to be a preparation to make movies, to make my own world. I didn't just want to make movies. I wanted to write movies, to make the music, to do everything. All of my past is a past of movie-making, but in a very special way, in a very special life. I have two sides; the artistic side and the philosophical side. I not only did theatre, pantomime, dance, painting–all the arts–I was doing this for 40 years when I began in film. I was also studying religion. I was in the East to study with gurus, searching for spiritual experience, searching for my emotional and sexual life, with no limits. These are the parts of my life that are important: my emotional/sexual life, human life and spiritual life.

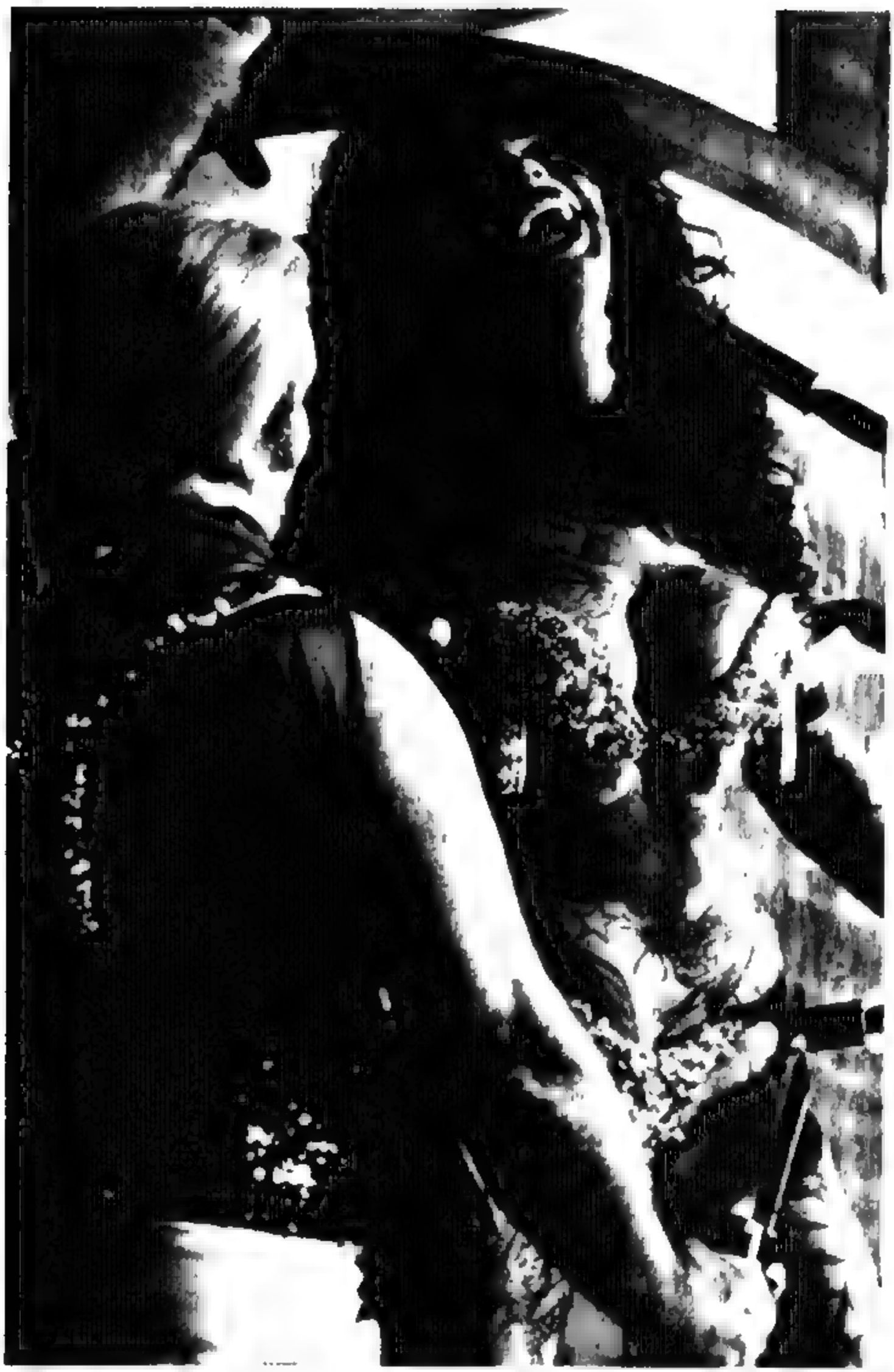
*It seems that you have found a lot of your answers in the East and in Eastern culture. Do you still find them there?*

I went to the East, and now I am here in the West. I am in the whole world. I don't really believe in "East" or "West"–I believe in the human mind.

*People have told me that I can't understand Eastern culture because I'm from the West.*

Wait a second, wait a second....We are from nowhere going, to nowhere. When you are on this planet you are

SOME DAYS I AM VERY SATISFIED WITH MY PENIS



*I suppose that's the same argument you could use to describe men trying to understand women, or women trying to understand men. There are things that are the same, but simply different.*

Like what? How?

*You tell me.*

Some days I am very satisfied with my penis. I have a good orgasm, not so bad, huh? But a vagina! How is it to have that? I have a door, a human door, very sensual, very dark, mysterious... adaptability. Not a clear form...

*Warmth.*

Warmth. Reproduction. Blood. Secretion. Complicated orgasms. I want to have a vagina. Really. [Clasping his hands] Please God, give me a vagina!

*It seems you don't believe the old saying that "the eyes are the doorway to the soul."*

No, no, the vagina. I pray to my God at night, please, in my next life, give me a big vagina.

*In Santa Sangre, sex is obviously at the forefront of everything...*

And what do you think it means? What do you think I am? In my life there is sex, there is emotional life, intellectual life; but what do you think? A human being needs to explore everything, every part of himself.

*Some people think certain kinds of sex are taboo or wrong.*

Wrong? Those people are crazy. Religion is like that, but I am a mystical man. A saint can fuck. He can do it. It is beautiful, beautiful to fuck with God. You put God into your testicles and He will start to speak. Where do we find God if not in sex? Reproduction, that is beautiful. If a priest, or a guru, says

not to make limits on what or where you are. If you are born in the West and you know the West, you go to the East to see what is happening there. You work here or work there, but you need to know every part of the planet. In reality, there is no "West" and no "East". There are only different places with different tastes. Really, humans are the same.

that sex is dirty, I think he must have a piece of shit between his legs. How can God make something dirty?

*Is sex the purest form of human behavior? Is that where people are at their most basic?*

Sex simple? It is the most complicated way. Hurt a woman with sex, and you make her crazy. Cut the testicles off a man, give him premature ejaculation, and all his life is failed. He can do nothing. Sex is the most important spiritual part of a human being. We need to start there, as it is the most complicated relation. We are not cats or dogs. We are animal, but human animal, like an angel. We are very complicated. Like gods. When you have vulgar sex, simple sex, there is evil.

*Is it the duty of men to make sex wonderful for women?*

No. The goal of sex is to make love. If you are a man, it is to make love to a woman, and if you are a woman, it is to find a man. The people (just having sex) are not making love together, but with himself or herself. You will never touch the other. The goal of sexual love is to go to the other, and the other will come to you. If you are two separate spirits, you are not making love, you are masturbating. You are masturbating in her or she is masturbating with you. Real sexual love is very difficult to obtain. It's not the pornographic intercourse that you see in the movies at all. It isn't that simple.

*Seeing that you hold this form of love in such high regard, why is there so little of it in Santa Sangre?*

Because I am showing, at that level, the illness of a person. How the boy (Fenix) becomes ill because they have ill relations. Until the end, (Fenix) is not having sexual relations, he is pretending with his mother. He is not himself, he does not have hands to caress, or to feel another. First you must find yourself. When you do that, then you are able to touch somebody, to caress somebody in the right way.

*To be whole not only physically, but mentally.*

Let me tell you something. I am a man, I can take something normally, [He gently picks up a paper box] with power, [Squeezing the box] with *ARRRRGH !!!!* [Crushes the box] But this is the result; I destroy what I hold. You are a destroyer, because you do not see the other person, only yourself. Spiritual sex is also sex. Real sex, real contact with the other. You have a lover? Someone you love?

*Yes.*

Good. Tomorrow morning, call this woman and ask her exactly, *exactly* what she wants. Tell her, "I will be your servant." Be complete, absolutely complete as a servant, at her service. Don't think about your pleasure at all, don't say anything. Put your hands on her, and ask her exactly what she wants, and in the first moments she will be anguished because she will not know. She will say, "Do me, do me, do me!" But later she will say, "No, not like that! Not like that!" And you will realize that she's not satisfied with you, she doesn't attain what she really wants. Now you have to ask her, now you need to do it. How? Like this? Strong? How do you want to be caressed? Tell me how. Speak. Do. Direct.

*When you direct a film, is that the way you perceive it? People giving you exactly what you want?*

Sure. They are there to give everything, not to kill a picture. They can go with mediocrity to other things, but I don't want to work with mediocrity. I have all the rights there, all the rights. I come to announce it. With you I do not, because you are within yourself. You are giving me nothing. I am searching you, searching you, but we are not making contact. Maybe you have contact with your father, I don't know, but try to make contact with me in this

IT IS BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL TO FUCK WITH GOD. YOU PUT GOD INTO YOUR TESTICLES AND HE WILL START TO SPEAK.

*Family is a big part of Santa Sangre. Even in the title: "sacred blood" is family. But the families we find here are more a curse than anything else.*

In the Bible, it says, " I am a jealous God." All the bad you do, I will punish five generations. All the good you do, I will give prize to 1000 generations. When you do something that is not correct in your family, for three or four generations people will be suffering for that. In your family, you have the best and the worst. It's a historical thing, a malady that passes from one to the other until the moment one person finds a conscience and says, "This needs to stop. I will not repeat that, and I will give to my son what they didn't give to me." Because we repeat all the time what goes on in the childhood, we do to our sons and daughters what our parents did to us, to me. If I do not have a mother, I will not give a mother to my child.

*You talk about this change, but in the film there is no change; only the pain. The film is a healing process, and at the end, when Fenix regains control of his hands...*

Yes, yes, a healing process. When he gets his hands, you get your hands. It's a therapeutic process for you also.

*Why do you wait so long, until the final two minutes?*

Because the film is only two hours. The public has a whole life! It's a process. When he gets cured, what more will I tell? You are happy!

*But there's not much happiness, is there? The police arrive to discover Fenix's murders. It's an ironic happiness at best.*

Why should we show all that? It's not interesting to me.

*There are a lot of filmmakers that find that darker side of life to be much more interesting, but is that all there is for you?*

When you see a pyramid, the most important part of the pyramid is the top, because there the pyramid makes union with the sky. It is sacred. The amount of all the stone that comes only to this point, this little point, is enormous, but if the point is strong; the work is good. When you come to a level that is called "enlightenment", you work your whole life to get to this little point. When you come to this perfection, to this point, you become only a look. You are no more a person of history. There starts religion, meditation, anything you want: but art is the other part of the pyramid that takes you to this point. When Fenix says, "My hands, my hands!", there comes the sacred point–the Bible, or religion, or any spiritual work begins here. I want to show that this spirit is worldwide. I am an artist, I construct the pyramid. After that, you can do whatever you want.

THE BEAUTIFUL MAN WHO STOPPED THE TANKS IN CHINA. THE TELEVISION KILLED HIM BECAUSE THEY SHOWED IT TO ALL THE WORLD, AND CHINA LOSES FACE AND KILLS THAT MAN. WHO IS THE CRIMINAL?

*The film itself is the pinnacle of a pyramid?*

It's coming to the top.

*Do you see anything wrong with that point?*

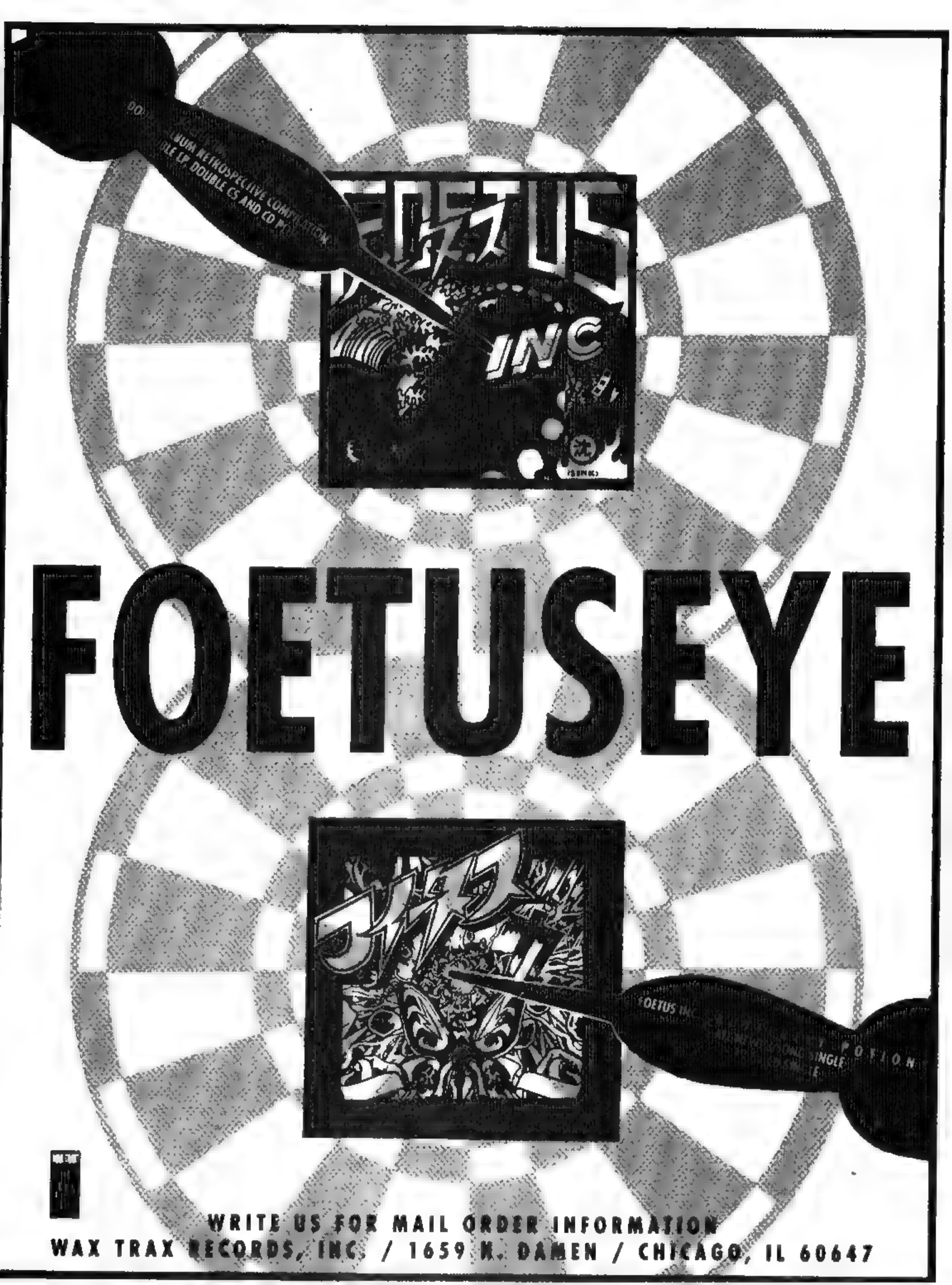
WRONG? Nothing is wrong, the film is perfect! It's completely perfect as a dream. I didn't do it; it was my unconscious and super-conscious–all my consciousness that did it. Impossible to make better.

*You shoot in sequence, scene by scene. Does that help your process of allowing the film to flow out of you, as opposed to piecing it together like a puzzle?*

Yes, it's too cold to construct it like a puzzle, there is no continuity, you are not living that. We are growing like a mushroom, we are a channel. We are not the program, we are like the television. I put the light on the television, and the program comes, but I am not doing the program; I am only turning the television to the right channel.

*Like turning on the tap and letting the water flow.*

And then everything that is coming is perfect, because it's not coming from


FOETUS
INC
FOETUSEYE
FOETUS INC
WRITE US FOR MAIL ORDER INFORMATION
WAX TRAX RECORDS, INC. / 1659 N. DAMEN / CHICAGO, IL 60647

me but through me.

*Do you think it's a disadvantage to be a man?*

Yes. Because you are the "bad guy." Men are very delicate. In front of a woman, a man is not strong at all. He is very, very, very weak because a man is more sentimental than a woman. This is because the man is simple in his feelings, and the woman is very complicated. Very rich.

*Then why are men supposed to be "strong"?*

Because they are playing a game to appear strong in front of their mothers.

*To show that he no longer needs her?*

To show that he can be the father. In this world, the only values are the masculine values. To realize herself, a woman must become like a man. There is no place here for a woman. When a woman becomes successful, she is playing the life of a man.

*Don't you think that's changing?*

I'm changing it. A lot of people are changing it, I'm not the only one.

*Many people argue that the sexual problems might be problems of your own.*

Yes, of course they are, because they are universal to man. I am not a personal man. I am working with the unconscious. When I am dreaming, you are dreaming. This is reality. When I go farther, you go farther. When I throw these knives, I need an actress who has the courage to do that. I need to have a perfect man who could do it without a special effect, I don't have the time for that. He needs to be a superman. And when you see that, you realize that is not a special effect, and you go, "Aaaahhh!" Because in one way, it is art, and in one way it is true. It's true! Why are you talking about violence? In order to do that you need not be violent at all, but be *perfect*! Perfection is not violence.

*Is violence a kind of perfection?*

My violence is perfect because it is art. The violence on television–the awful things they are showing–that violence is not perfect, because it's real. The news. The news is guilty. The beautiful man who stopped the tanks in China. The television killed him because they showed it to all the world, and China loses face and kills that man. Who is the criminal? The Chinese or the television that showed that? There are things that you do not show, and the television is showing that. The television is guilty, not me.

*If you are an ordinary man...*

I am an ordinary man?

*There is nothing special about you, you said that.*

There is nothing special about me? Do you believe that? I am an ordinary man, you believe that?

*I believe you are fairly ordinary...*

I am?!

*....and being ordinary myself.*

Then we will speak from ordinary to ordinary, huh?

*Exactly, we will pretend, just for a minute...*

What will we say, we ordinary men? We will see a baseball game, or what?

*What I'm asking is, are ordinary people like ourselves too jaded?*

No. I believe an ordinary person like you is not ordinary. You are a blind person who believes you are seeing this interior, but you are not seeing his interior. Your problem is that you are like this [he scowls] and you are aggressive. No one says to you that you are a beautiful person, and you are hating yourself, and this is what you need to attack when you try to communicate with my masterwork Santa Sangre. You need to attack them. To me, you are not an ordinary person. Everyone is the Buddha, everyone is a diamond, everyone is alive. Nobody loved me in all my life until I started to love myself. I discovered in myself the divine creation, and I like myself. This is the way you need to go.

*Don't you think you alienate other people?*

*You* alienate other people with your mind. Myself, I am loving you. I am very happy with you from the moment I am with you, the time I have with you. I love you completely. I can love you as I can my sister, my father... my friends. What is the difference? You are a part of me.

*Are people jealous because of the way you feel? That you are so at ease?*

It is possible. I had to wait 20 years to make pictures, and when I was 26 or 27, I saw the films of Luis Bunuel. I got very jealous. Violent! I was ill... I vomited... I was green–I hated him!

*Because he was doing what you wanted to do?*

Yes, it was terrible for me. For the first time, I saw art. It was a commotion, because I believed I was the only person who could dream like that–and he was doing it.

*He beat you.*

Yes. It was the same when I saw **La Strada**–great jealousy. It's true. It's a human feeling in that it is for the young. Jealousy is for the young persons. It's very necessary. You need to emulate something, and it's a good thing.

*Do you still emulate people?*

No, now I laugh about it. I can play now, I am making my own work. I'm not in competition anymore.

*You have a good sense of humor, and it really shows in the film. Like when Fenix sees the female wrestler, and that huge snake comes out of his pants...*

[He laughs] It was very difficult to do.

*Does the film really rely on that sense of humor?*

Sure. For me, tragedy and humor go together. Oedipus was an idiot. He killed his father. *What an idiot!* And then he falls in love with his mother. *What an idiot!* You see, all tragic situations are comic. When you take a tragic situation and make it comic, that is not real art. *Hamlet* as comedy; *Oedipus* as comedy; war as comedy–that's easy. But you take comic and make it tragic. That is good. Chaplin with **Monsieur Verdoux** tried to do that–was good. When he took Hitler [in **The Great Dictator**] and made him comic, it was easy but it was the worst of Chaplin. God, He is laughing.

*Do you have your own tragedies that you laugh about?*

It's a tragedy to be here making interviews. It's a tragedy to do the promotion for your picture. It's a tragedy! This is the biggest tragedy in

TO ME, YOU ARE NOT AN ORDINARY PERSON. EVERYONE IS THE BUDDHA, EVERYONE IS A DIAMOND, EVERYONE IS ALIVE.

WHEN YOU TAKE A TRAGIC SITUATION AND MAKE IT COMIC, THAT IS NOT REAL ART.

my life, to be doing this interview with you! [Laughs]

*Did Mr. Argento basically force you to be here today?*

He didn't; the picture forced me because I want the picture to be the best. I want it to be seen.

*How important is that?*

It is important to me. It is important, so I can do my next picture.

*I was reading about your involvement with bringing Dune to the screen back in 1975, '76. You said, "For me, the film was made," despite the fact that it never got in front of the camera. You felt the film was made?*

Yes, yes, it was. You have to do the best you can. Whether you win or lose is not important. I will tell you a little anecdote. I was in Chile, in a bad neighborhood, coming home from a friend's house. Three men, one with a knife, one with a baton and one with a revolver stopped me. I started running and running, and they chased me. They started to scream. I ran down this long avenue until I came to the end, where it was dark, and I stopped and fell to the ground. And the guys came to me and kicked me in the belly, and I yelled, "I have no money! Please don't kill me!" He asked me for my papers, and I gave them up. Then he said, "We are not thieves, we are policemen. We thought you were a thief. We could have killed you! Why did you start to run?" "I was scared," I said. "Then why did you stop?" I said, "Because I lost my hope." They pulled me up and dragged me around the corner, and there are maybe 50 people watching a soccer game. Just at the last moment I had stopped, I had given up. I will never again in my life give up, even in the last moment. If I fail, I fail, but I will give my best effort until the last moment. That is why I am doing this interview; this is my last effort. If I don't make another film for ten years, so what?

*Did you spend the last ten well?*

Living. Very well. I had an incredible love affair. I never knew. I am 50 years old, she was 18. I waited until she was 18. [Laughs loudly] What did you think? I am not Polanski!

*Santa Sangre cost a lot of money. Are you worth it?*

Why not? The producers say the picture cost 4 million, I say it cost 2 million. If he says 5 million, then he's got 2 million in his pocket. It's not my problem. For me, it's not too much. But I'll tell you something: I'm funnier than my movies. One day I'll sit in a theatre and have people come one by one to talk to me, and I'll spend 1000 years with the person who doesn't have a dollar in his pocket.

---

And then it was over. A man had arrived to take Jodorowski and party to the airport. Standing, I shook the director's hand, and he offered me a Coke. Suddenly uncomfortable, I declined. I thanked him again for his time and took my leave. Pausing at the door to answer a few questions for the publicist, I noticed this was bungalow #3–the very place Belushi had been administered that lethal injection so many years ago. As the door closed, I again felt uneasy.

I wasn't disappointed that Jodorowski had avoided talking about the film. I'm sure he had been asked all those boring questions a hundred times earlier, but I was impressed by him as a man who knows himself well enough to let others know him. Santa Sangre is a stunning film from an equally amazing man, but in a time when a successful pop star named Madonna is surprised to find herself marked by a stigmata and dancing in front of burning crosses on MTV, I wonder if the real power of a film such as this has been lost; cheapened by the illiterate hucksters that deal in images without value or meaning.

*Santa Sangre can be seen in limited release at a theater near you.* •

# AL "GRAMPA" LEWIS

# *From* PLASMA-SUCKER *to* PASTA-MAKER

BY DEAN LAMANNA

Without so much as a whisper, the kitchen door swings wide. Dark and imposing against a swirling backdrop of steam, which rises from the pots of boiling water beyond, the figure in the doorway looks remarkably familiar. The wily tufts of gray hair, the arched eyebrows. The deep, raspy voice is still there, too–even if the pasty Dracula makeup isn't. Al Lewis, a.k.a. Grampa Munster, steps into the busy dining room briskly and businesslike.

"Is that thing on?" he asks irritably, pointing at the small tape recorder on the table as he settles into the chair opposite. Does he really find the gadget bothersome? "Why, no!" he snorts. "I want my words recorded for posterity, are you kidding?"

Spry, spirited and spiffily dressed in a red bow tie and tweed suit, Lewis (who turns 80 this year) has good reason to be happy these days. His weekly fright-fest on Ted Turner's WTBS superstation, "Superscary Saturday", is a ratings hit, and he's doffed his black cape for cameo appearances in several recent films including Jonathan Demme's **Married To The Mob** and an as-yet-unreleased drama, **Bum Rap**. Meanwhile, the Nickelodeon cable

network has revived his popular 1961 series, **Car 54, Where Are You?** And Lewis' own tidy Italian café, Grampa's Bella Gente, has become a New York City landmark only three years after its debut.

"I'm a friendly person, a people person," says Lewis, scanning the lunchtime crowd. "This restaurant is entertainment for me. It's show business, complete with an audience."

To be sure, the bustling, brass-and-glass eatery on the corner of Bleecker and Leroy streets in the heart of Greenwich Village is a far cry from 1313 Mockingbird Lane–the cheerfully decrepit digs inhabited by one of the most perversely funny families in television history, "The Munsters". Lewis' now classic turn as the mad scientist/frustrated vampire on the CBS series, which had a modest two-year run in the mid-60s and currently enjoys a syndicated afterlife in over 40 countries, was the kind of dangerously indelible role that can stunt an actor's professional growth. But Lewis has happily nurtured and expanded the image, parlaying his passion for plasma into one for pasta–with profitable results.

"All my life I've entertained people, I've made them laugh. Now I can continue doing that and feed them at the same time," says Lewis, who describes himself as "the comic Vincent Price, with much more talent."

But why a restaurant? "For the past 40 or 50 years, I've been a very meticulous eater. When all those negative reports on the over-consumption of red meat and the problems with blood cholesterol came out a few years ago, it only seemed the time was right for a top-of-the-line pasta restaurant."

Thanks to real estate investments and continuing residuals from The Munsters, Lewis had the wherewithal to take the risk. Armed with two chefs imported from Italy and a secret pasta recipe he committed to memory while living in Rome after World War II, Lewis and his two partners set up shop.

"I know Italian food probably better than most Italians, who've never been to Italy," says Lewis, who has traveled extensively and still spends a part of each year in Europe. "I know good food, and I know what food is healthy for you. And that's my principle concern."

His patrons apparently know good food, too, for it's not unusual to see Manhattan celebrities downing espresso and mingling with the masses here. Fred Gwynne, Lewis' longtime pal from The Munsters and Car 54, drops in for a bite from time to time, as does radio personality Howard Stern. This afternoon, Larry "Bud" Melman (of *Late Night with David Letterman* fame) and Butch Patrick (who played young Eddie Munster in the series–see sidebar) are sharing a table by one of the large windows.

Our chat comes to a momentary halt while Lewis signs autographs for a young girl and her mother (the latter is clearly the more excited of the two). This has been a period of high visibility for the tireless vaudevillian–a divorced, Brooklyn-born father of three sons who shares an Upper East Side apartment with his girlfriend, Karen Ingenthron, 44, an actress. Never one to turn down a job in his 68-year career, Lewis, prior to his television success, had worked variously as a clown and comic in circuses, carnivals and Broadway venues–once even departing showbiz completely to teach at St. Edward's University in Austin, Texas (he holds a Ph.D. in child psychology). His acting work peaked, of course, with the 70 episodes of The Munsters he did between 1964 and 1966. Today he claims that he has met fans in his restaurant from as far away as Malaysia, Finland and Malta. ("I didn't even know they had TV in Malta," he quips.)

It was another admirer, director Jonathan (Something Wild) Demme, who asked Lewis to play an underworld boss in **Married To The Mob**. The role was virtually improvised on the set.

"Demme is a lovely guy, a delight to work with," says Lewis, winking goodbye to the two appreciative autographees and capping his pen. "But I think the production company realized it made a mistake in not giving me a larger part, because my appearance in the trailers had audiences applauding. Unfortunately, if you sneeze, you'll miss me in the finished film."

Next on his endless agenda: a chain of comedy shops bearing his name, with sites being considered in New York and Atlantic City. Presently, Lewis and his famous "Grampa" persona can be found gracing a line of pasta products in New York City-area supermarkets. He can also be seen in a series of videocas-

settes produced by Amwest Video. On the tapes–which have titles like "Grampa's Silly Scaries", "Grampa's Monster Movies" and "Grampa's Sci-Fi Hits"–Lewis introduces classic cartoons and nostalgic horror movie trailers.

Sadly, neither Lewis nor any of the other old **Munsters** cast were invited to reprise their roles in **The Munsters Today**, the recent (and decidedly lame) updating of the series that starred John Schuck and Lee Meriwether. But he vows he'll continue to pursue work in television and film. "I absolutely must have fun at what I'm doing," says the former batman, who reads voraciously, collects hats and never watches his performances. "If I don't, I leave, I quit. I don't care how much money is involved if the work is a drudge."

He pauses again–this time to bid farewell to Larry "Bud" Melman, who seems to get around just fine without his trademark black horn-rims. "You're marvelous, Bud," Lewis says.

"So are you," says a beaming Melman, shaking his hand.

Lewis leers. "You know, if you were a female I'd..."

Melman cackles impishly, waves and beats a swift retreat past some press photographers, who have begun to circle Butch Patrick. "Bye-bye, Bud," Lewis calls, preparing to join his one-time TV grandson with the paparazzi.

"I learned a long time ago there are only two rules for life," says Lewis. "Find something that you love to do, and get to love the way you do it. That's me, kiddo, that's me. And I wish that on you, kiddo. Then you're home free, boy. Home free." •

BUTCH PATRICK

# A SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING

Butch Patrick was a precocious 11 year-old when he took on the role of Eddie Munster. Today, standing at just over five feet, he doesn't appear to have grown much since the days when his bangs tapered into a v-shaped forelock. And, at 36, he continues to live comfortably on residuals from the show. Here's what's doing (and what's not) with the former television wolf-boy.

*What have you been doing since **The Munsters**?*

Well, after **The Munsters**, I worked until I was about 21, then I became an adult and quit. I floundered around for the next ten years, in and out of the business–dabbling in this, dabbling in that, doing wild and crazy things whenever. But about six or seven years ago, there was a poll on *Good Morning America* that asked whatever happened to them (**The Munsters** cast)? And I topped the poll that week, and they contacted me in California. I started thinking then that there might be some sort of avenue to pursue, so I put a band together and I made a remake of the **Munster** theme with lyrics. It was called "Whatever Happened to Eddie?" It was just a two-minute 45, but it must have stuck in people's minds ever since then, because they keep asking, "Do you still have that band?" I don't have the band, but in the last few years, I've been thinking about possibly doing a TV show for someone else–producing or directing. I've also started a book about my life called *Whatever happened to Eddie?* So anyway, I keep busy–just a little of this, a little of that, nothing definite, no regular nine-to-five, so to speak.

*What are the prospects for the original cast getting together for another reunion show? The last one, I believe, was in 1981.*

I wasn't involved in that one, but Fred Gwynne (who played Herman Munster) is not too crazy about doing anything related to the show. It's like a sore spot with him. And if he doesn't do it, it kind of loses its impact, I guess, because he was such a strong character. As far as the new series goes,

I'm not in it. I loaned them my Woof-Woof doll, though.

*How did you first get involved with **The Munsters**?*

I had been acting several years before that - I had done a couple of series. They weren't happy with the two kids they had narrowed the field down to, and I happened to have these eye-teeth that came straight out of my face. And, being very small, I played off Fred's height. I was also a fairly decent actor for a kid.

*Are you married now?*

No. That's my next step. In the next couple of years, I think I'm going to get married and start raising a family. That way I can start reliving my childhood through my kids.

*What are you going to tell your kids when they see reruns of **The Munsters**? How will you explain it to them?*

Who knows, I guess I'll cross that bridge when I come to it. I'll just say, "There's your dad! Don't go into the business–look what it did to me." No, I'm kidding. That's a joke. I love the business. •

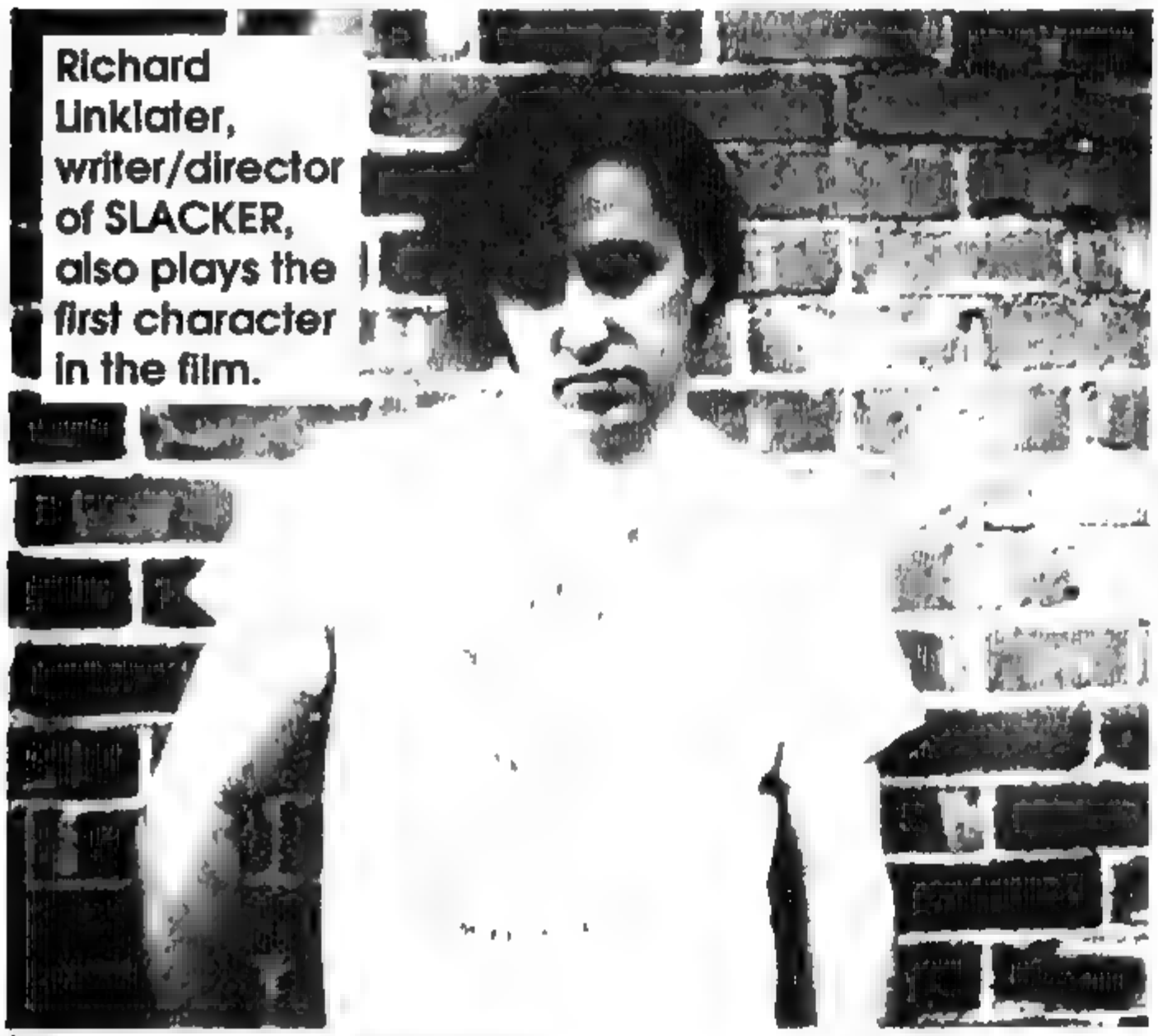
# SLACKER

## A FILM FOR THE 90s

by Chris Gore

A guy gets off a bus and into a cab. The guy gets out of the cab and witnesses a hit and run. We follow the hit and run driver to his home where he is arrested for killing his mother. We follow two guys walking away from the crime scene.

Sounds confusing? It's just amazing and it's the first new film of the nineties that can truly be said is from the baby buster generation (you know, we hate the boomers and their values and we're between the ages of 18-29). It's the kind of film that every filmmaker has wanted to make and Richard Linklater, produced, wrote and directed it. It's called SLACKER and the concept put simply is this–there are no characters, there is no story, the camera just moves about randomly settling on whoever seems interesting to overhear for a few minutes. It's a lot like STRANGER THAN PARADISE in that the entire concept for the film is so original and beautifully photographed that the plot doesn't seem to matter.



Richard Linklater, writer/director of SLACKER, also plays the first character in the film.

The insights that the mostly non-actors casually relate are funny. Statements like: "You can't tell if it happened to you or if you saw it on TV." or "Whose ever written a great work about the immense effort required in order not to create."

The only thing I found annoying were a lot of these observations seemed like they came from someone who went to college and never left. That aside, SLACKER is an experience that will leave you at least thinking. The film has only played a few festivals, and as of yet has no distribution deal, but if the film gets over-hyped like SEX, LIES & VIDEOTAPE, don't let that stop you from seeing this incredible piece of filmmaking from Austin, Texas.

### INTERVIEW WITH RICHARD LINKLATER

*Where did you get the money and how much did it cost?*

I still owe some, but the first answer print was in my hand at a cost of $23,000. That's not the lowest budget

ever, because I know of several others lower, but I think it's the lowest budget for a movie with so many characters, camera movement, etc... A small group of us busted ass for several months last summer and knocked it out.

*23 grand is a lot if you have nothing–where does one come up with even that?*

Burn whatever credit you have, hit up all relatives and friends with good jobs, steal as much as possible.

*Did you go to film school?*

Nah. There can be some advantages but generally it's amazing to me that people pay $20,000 a year to go to USC or NYU and get out with a degree that assures them of nothing. If you really know that you want to make movies, why not invest all that money and time in yourself? You could own lots of equipment and shoot a lot of film for that kind of cash. I'm at the age where everyone's usually finishing up their 20 or 30 minute master's thesis and I've done two feature length films. Of course they're not the kind of things that could get me hired in the industry, but so what.

*Did you cast mostly non-actors?*

Sure... there's a handful of people in it that consider themselves actors so I can't say it's all non-professionals. Mostly, we just cast people who seemed interesting or had an edge to them. Found most of them off the street or in locations like those frequented in the movie. Also a lot of them were musicians from local bands like Ed Hall, Glass Eye, Butthole Surfers, Poi Dog Pondering, Hickoids, Texas Instruments and on and on. Musicians are naturals, like actors, they're brave and will try anything. Actually, about 1/2 the population could be effective film actors under the right conditions.

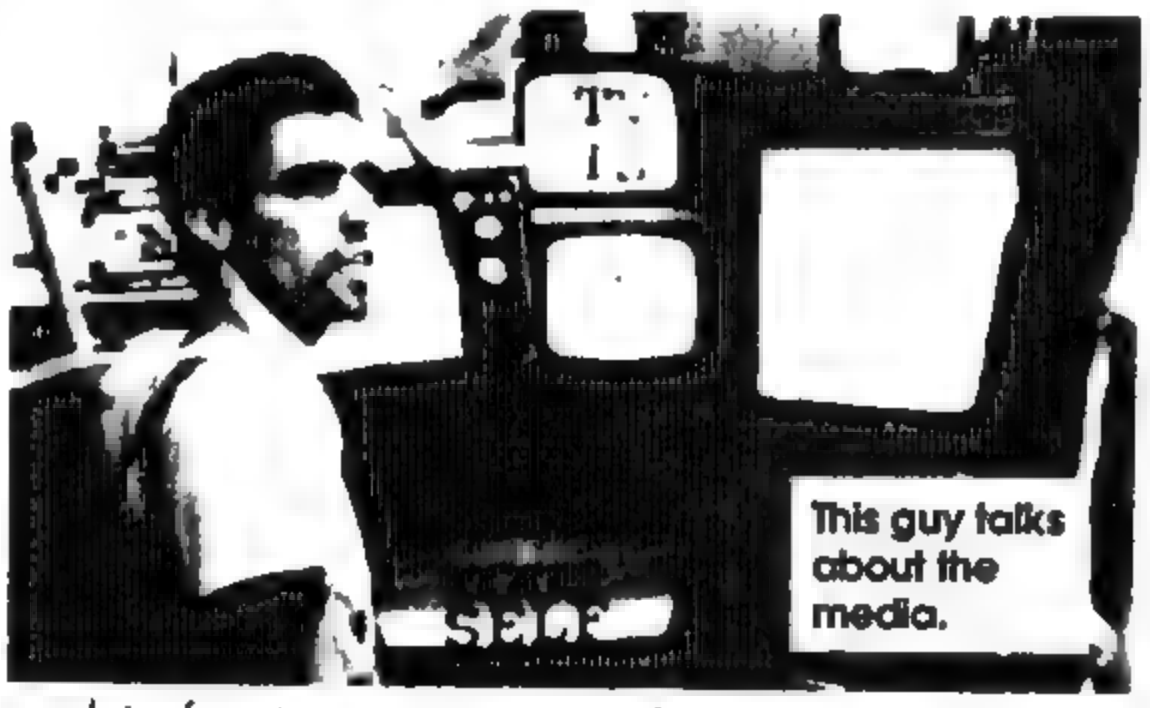
*One of the most unique aspects to SLACKER is it's form–where did that come from and what are you trying to do with it, destroy narrative filmmaking?*

Now's as good a time as any. Actually I see SLACKER as a narrative-it just plays itself out over 100 characters instead of a few. and the plot is one 24 hour day in Austin. It was just one of those early film ideas that always stuck with me. I think it was playing in my head 6 years before it was finally made. It must not be too original because almost everyone I've met since finishing the film has told me that they always wanted to do a film like this. Most of the material came from years of keeping notebooks of things I'd see, hear, or read about. The form was open enough to throw in almost anything.

Richard Linklater, 27, was born in Houston, Texas, studied literature and drama at a no-name college before quitting to work on an offshore oil rig in the Gulf of Mexico. He eventually moved to Austin, Texas and began making films.

This guy talks on and on about the NASA conspiracy.

Over one hundred characters, with over one hundred stories, working hard at doing nothing - a no budget, no plot, no main character, no climax, no resolution film - only tired inheritors of the me generation embracing their tragic flaws and



This guy talks about the media.

wandering from street to street wanting to be heard not in protest but in question - each story floating to the next - one constant movement - school to street to bookstore - people with no future - no past, just masters of their own moment - with certain

This girl tries to sell an authentic Madonna pap smear.

uncertainty - forever pushing forward full of sound and fury signifying everything on a given day in Austin, Texas.

# FILM THREAT INVADES L.A.

FILM THREAT magazine threw a party at the Zero-One Gallery in honor of our recent move to Los Angeles. Fun and free booze was had by all. The strangest thing about meeting our devoted public was how much they know about the magazine. Questions were asked, "In issue number 13 you wrote that..." We coined the new phrase "Threaties" in honor of the various goons and geeks who pestered us about various FILM THREAT articles that weren't worth remembering a week after we wrote them. It sure is good to know how Bill Shatner feels. And now... LET THE GAMES BEGIN!!!

Gore plays kissy-face with Threatie.

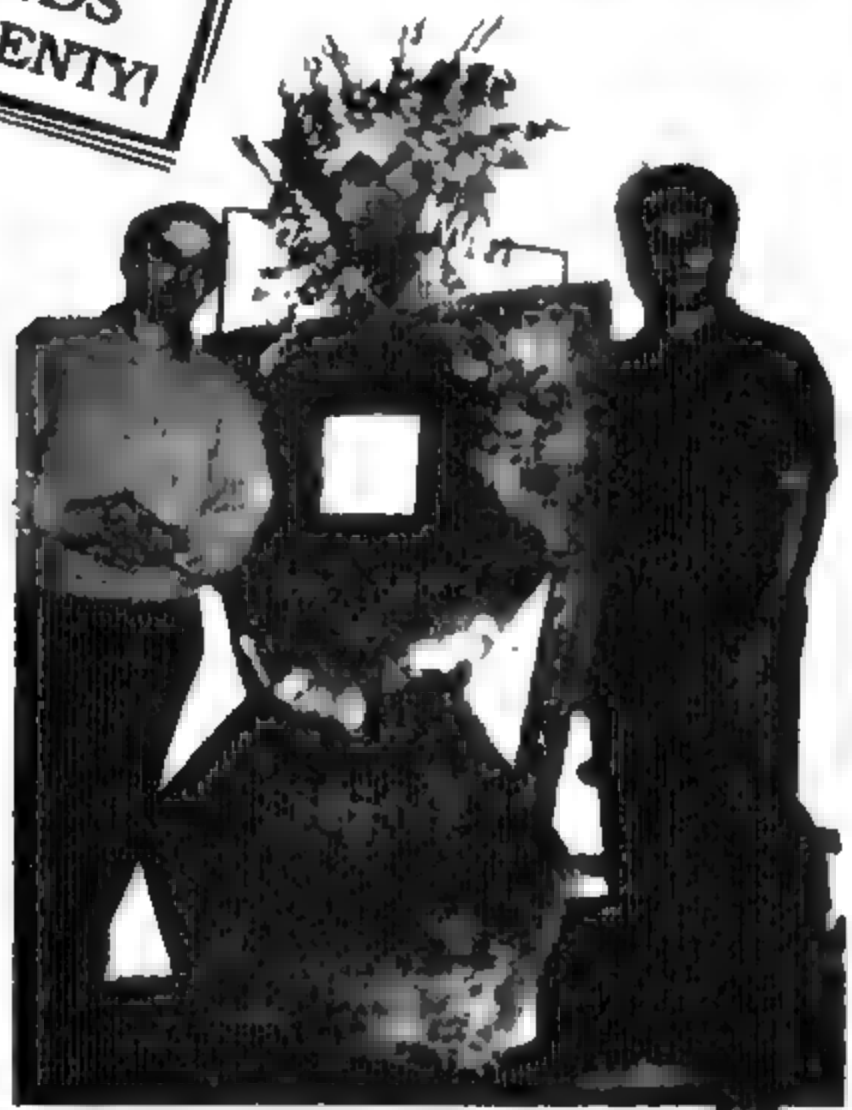
Sayadian spots a celeb.

Actor Alex Winter and B-movie producer Matt Devlen are not designated drivers.

V.I.P. SECTION

Longwell critiques the punch.

SUDS APLENTY!



Caligari director Steve Sayadian and editor Dave Williams.

FREE BEER (your treat)

Laurie Kaye sells herself for FILM THREAT.

Gore snuggles with photographer Lodi Von Jansky.

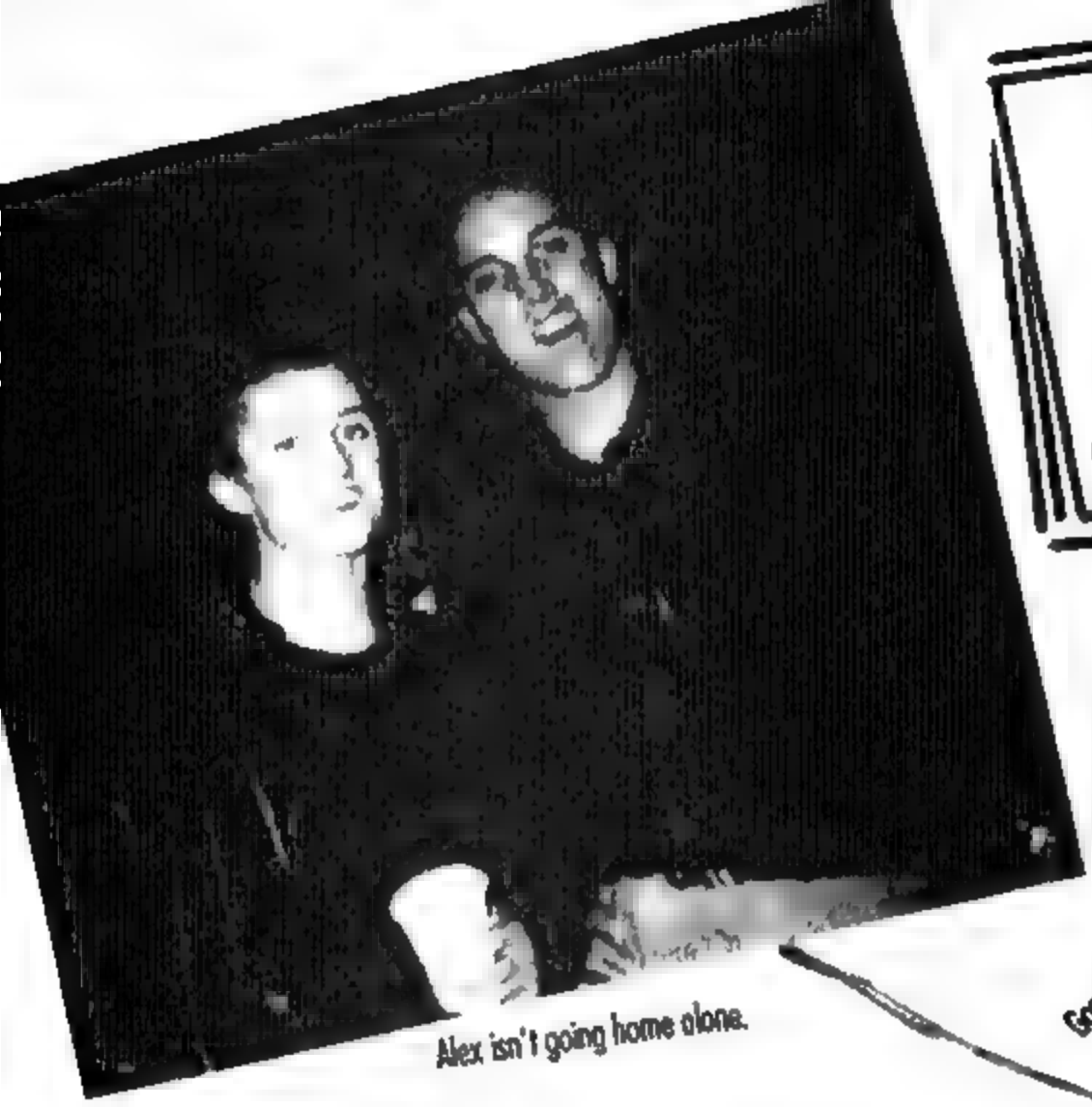
FILM THREAT GALA BASH

**COVER**

**$5.00**

Proper ID required.

(If you happen to be one of the lucky few with a FREE pass, please step politely to the front of the line. Try not to laugh at those who have to pay.)



Alex isn't going home alone.

The publisher's bitch.

Gore snuggles alone.

SUL
PLEN

Dave Williams and the most special love in the whole wide world.

Bobes o' plenty.

Night of the Living Threaties.

DANCING PERMITTED

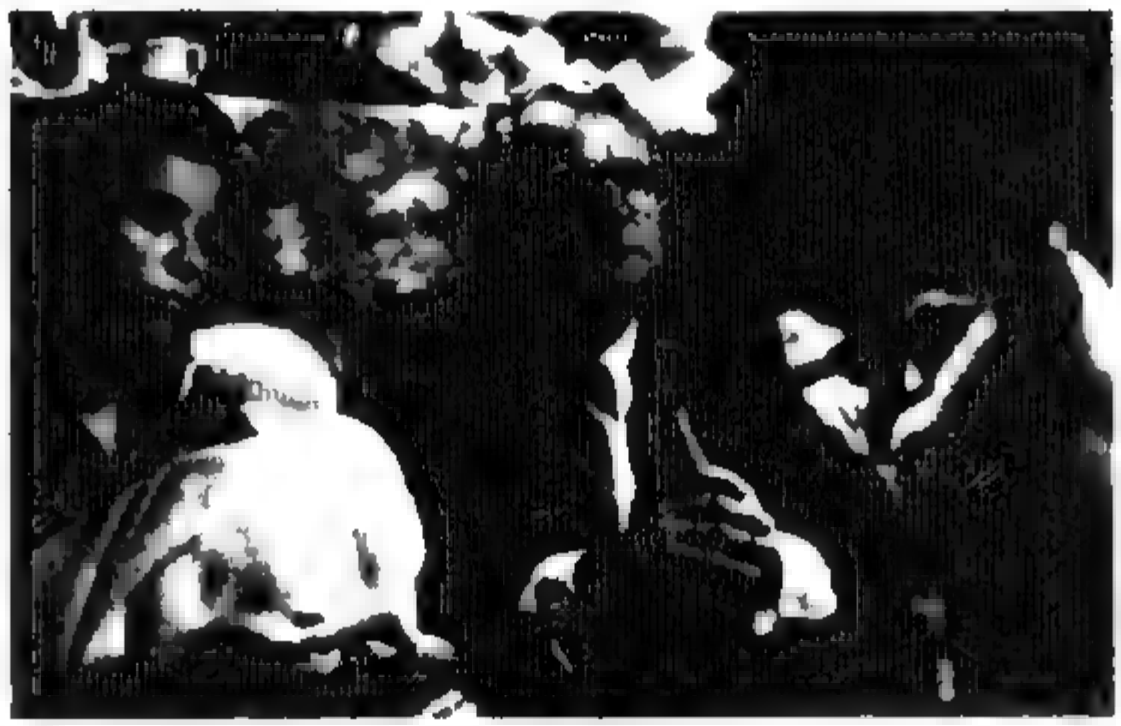
Gore keeps distributors happy.

No, no, no, your tits!

estiality Film's Screening
Halted After UCLA Protest

# Anatomy of a Student Film Controversy Gone Mad

BY TODD LONGWELL



Dulie (Karen Alvarado) and Frank Momber (Jerry Cerwonka) in "a modest third world dwelling."

Film doesn't merit continued protest | Insensitivity not good cause for censorship

*"...sick trash... depraved..."*
**L.A. Weekly**

*"I personally find it offensive, tasteless and disgusting."*
**Charles E. Young, Chancellor, University of California at Los Angeles**

It was Wednesday, June 14th, 1989. Inside Melnitz Theater, they rolled the last film of the night. A message flashed on the screen, warning the audience that the film contained material that might be deemed offensive by certain members of the audience. The credits flashed...

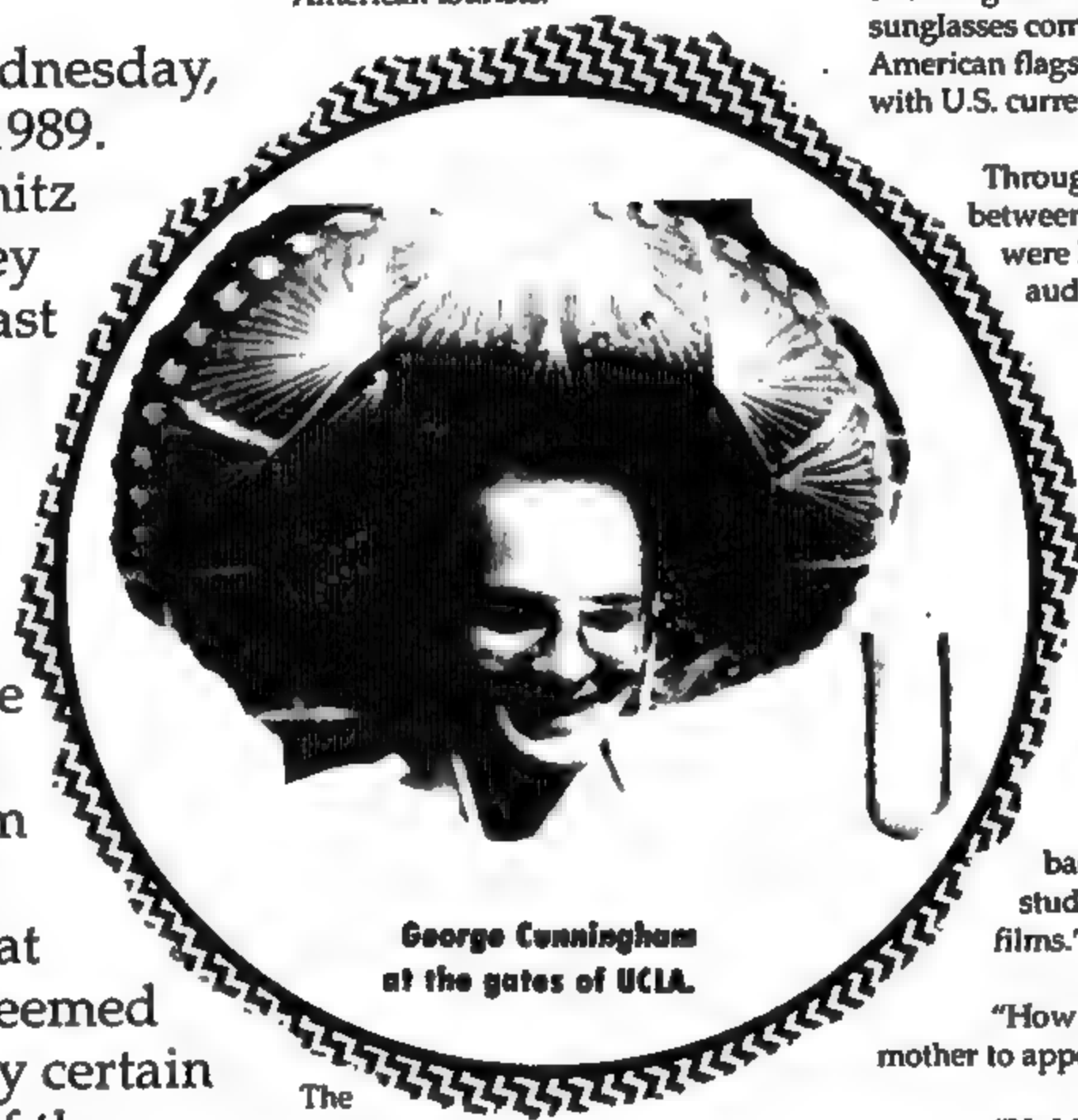
A George Cunningham Film...

*"Hiss."*

Animal Attraction...

*"Boo."*

Fade in on the U.S./Mexican border, the cars file through for inspection. The camera cranes down to reveal ace reporter Frank Mamber. He tells us he's going to take us to the notorious Casa de Hee Haw in Tijuana, where Medulla Oblongata (Dulla for short) performs her nightly sex show with an amorous male donkey. Mamber takes us inside the Hee Haw, a dark grungy bar with black velvet paintings on the walls, crammed with its clientele of American tourists.



**George Cunningham at the gates of UCLA.**

The audience is filled with sailors, coke-snorting Shriners in red fezzes and beer-swilling good ol' boys. Is Cunningham going to show a donkey coupling with a woman? The camera teases, taking us one step closer to the forbidden. Each time Dulla and the donkey seem like they are about to do it, the film cuts away–first, to an interview with Dulla's boyfriend, the head chef at Tijuana's only Taco Bell. (Will he or won't he?) Mamber brings the camera crew closer to the action. Dulla slips a dress strap from one shoulder, exposing a breast–the camera cuts to her family's "modest third world dwelling" for an interview with her parents.

Then suddenly, Dulla is under the donkey, pulling him into her with the cold finesse of the big-time American porno star she dreams of becoming. When the donkey is finished, a crown is on his head. Dulla stands beside him, wearing a veil and taking her bows. Two overweight men in sports coats and sunglasses come onstage, waving American flags and showering Dulla with U.S. currency.

Throughout the film, in between the laughter, there were loud catcalls from the audience–

"Racist!"

"Sexist!"

After the film ended and the lights came up, they were still shouting.

"UCLA funds racism and sexism!"

"No, no," I shouted back, "that's USC. UCLA students pay for their own films."

"How would you like your mother to appear in a film like this?!"

"Huh?"

For a student film to inspire any reaction other than boredom and indifference is extremely rare. Of the 129 films screened that year at UCLA, none received anything but cursory attention, media or otherwise. The controversy had been brewing for some time. When Cunningham screened a rough cut of Animal Attraction (then called Casa De Hee Haw) in 1988, a Latino protestor demanded that the film be burned.

The film had been shown to critics from the local press a week ahead of time so that their reviews could run in conjunction with the screening. **Animal Attraction** received the lion's share of the attention and, save for the *L.A. Weekly*, all reviews were positive. The *Los Angeles Times'* Chris Willman even went so far as to call **Animal Attraction** "a real comedy find", pointing out that while the film was potentially offensive, it was still very amusing, and that Cunningham should be commended for having had the courage to take on such a challenging subject matter. Nevertheless, the word was out.

I rushed down the hall to the film department's sound recording lab, where the post-screening reception was being held. Volunteer film students stood at a covered table with cases of beverages stacked behind them. They filled plastic cups with wine, beer or Coca Cola–the beverage of your choice, free for the taking. The starving artists were there to suck it all up. The outraged special-interest groups didn't care about Cheez-its and Michelob–they were after Anglo blood.

First I found Jerry Cerwonka, a.k.a. ace reporter Frank Mamber. He had removed his glasses in an effort to appear less like his character in the film. Was he nervous? Scared? If he was, he was hiding it well. I asked him where George Cunningham was. He pointed out a balding man with longish brown hair, glasses and a bolo tie, slightly hunched in a wrinkled, cream-colored linen suit.

George was standing with Don MacDonald, a UCLA screenwriting professor and George's faculty advisor. I approached Cunningham and told him I was interested in doing an article on his movie for Film Threat.

"Film Thread?" he asked.

"No. Film Threat."

He didn't seem too thrilled, but he gave me his phone number, and I promised to call him the next week.

Then they came.

There were 10 or 15 of them, and they drew around Cunningham like iron flecks to a magnet. Some had traveled more than a hundred miles and sat through hours of stilted, politically-correct dreck just to have the opportunity to hate George Cunningham and his film up-close and personal.

George looked nervous. I backed away. I didn't know George, and, although I knew they had a fundamental misunderstanding of how UCLA student films were financed and possessed tremendously bad theater etiquette, I didn't know the protesters either. It wasn't my battle to fight. I was there to observe.

So I stood to the side with a drink in my hand, out of the line of fire, and watched the circus. The protesters were *"outraged"* and *"offended"*. Two women were especially strident. The more vocal of the two was a woman whom I later learned was Gloria Romero, assistant professor of Women's Studies at Cal State San Diego. She appeared to be in her early 40s, with strawberry-blonde peroxided hair. Another woman, about the same age and with short dark hair and glasses, was less theatrical and, probably more genuinely concerned. She was Maria Cuevas, assistant director of the Chicano Studies Research Center. Neither wanted a dialogue. They'd ask a question, and then as Cunningham would try to answer it, they'd shout him down. They had been given an opportunity to publicly exorcise their rage at the injustice heaped upon them by "white" society. It was as if everything bad that had ever happened to them in their lives–early lack of parental approval, always being picked last for the softball team at school, failing to achieve exceptionally high S.A.T. scores–was all the fault of George Cunningham.

Searching for an ally, I turned to the man next to me. Like me, his emotions seemed to be drifting between amusement and disgust.

> For a student film to inspire any reaction other than bored and indifference is extremely rare.

The outraged special-interest groups didn't care about Cheez-its and Michelob–they were after Anglo blood.

**George won't make his actors do anything he wouldn't do himself**

I shook my head. "This is unbelievable."

"Yeah," he replied with a drunken slur. "These women... They just need to get fucked more."

I nodded, smiled uncomfortably and walked to the other side of the room. I soon found myself engaged in a discussion with a young Asian woman who, upon hearing that I had enjoyed the film, told me that I needed to take some history classes. I asked her why. "Well, if you don't know..." I was in the middle of telling her that I had studied *español* and Latino culture for several years, when an uproar broke out at the other end of the room.

"Get me security! I want to press charges! This man assaulted me!"

It was Gloria Romero.

"Security! I want security! I have been assaulted!"

Apparently, the man who only moments before had been telling me about the dire effects of sex deprivation on Latinas had just poured a glass of wine over her head.

It was the closest I'd ever come to being in a Fellini film.

The next morning, George Cunningham awoke to an answering machine full of messages from UCLA faculty members imploring him to contact them and think about, just maybe, removing his film from that day's "work-in-progress" screening. George complied.

That afternoon the Chicano Studies Research Center, under the guidance of Maria Cuevas and Richard Chabran, organized a protest in front of Melnitz Hall. Beforehand, they distributed a flyer stating that the film depicted "bestiality as acceptable and desirable employment for Mexican women" and promoted "an atmosphere of racism and sexism among the UCLA community." Furthermore, the flyer took UCLA to task for "allowing such a film to be made."

Irregardless, should a "politically correct" film be given money, while others are denied?

The protest was covered in the *Los Angeles Times* the next day, and on June 21st representatives from the Chicanos Research Center and MALCS (Mujeres Activas en Letras y Cambios Sociales) and other concerned Chicanos and Latinas met with Theaters Arts Chairwoman Ruth Schwartz and presented a list of demands. They wanted a written apology. Six days later Schwartz responded with a written statement, saying that it was not the faculty's job to act as censors–the UCLA Faculty Code of Conduct stated that it is unacceptable to "...use the position or powers of a faculty member to coerce the conscience of a student." This was no apology. Of course, in reality, professors do everything in their power to "coerce" students every day of the year–with grades, criticism, etc.

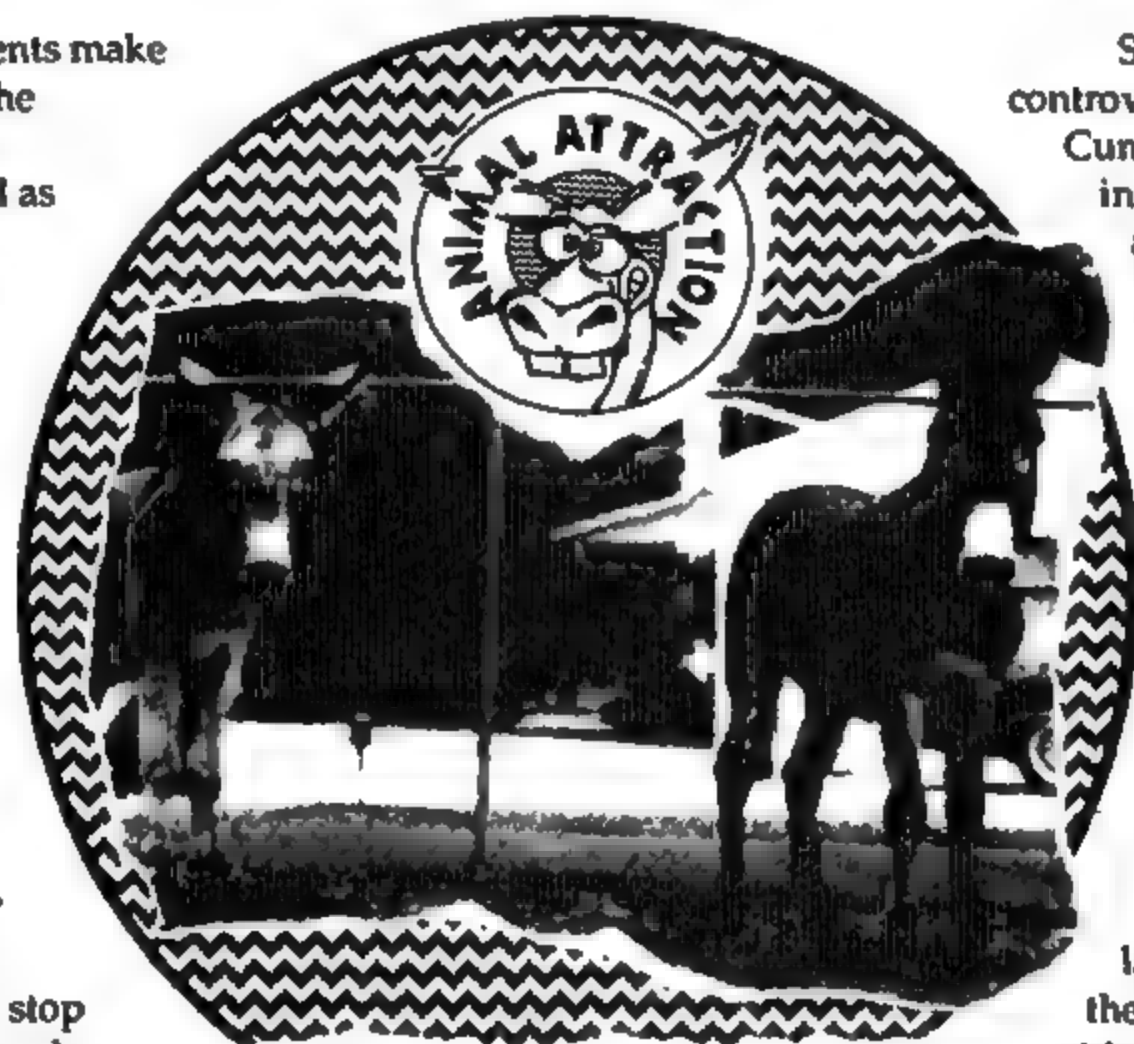
KTLA's Chicano community affairs program Pacesetters devoted a whole show to the Animal Attraction controversy. The panel consisted of Cunningham, Don MacDonald, George Schaefer, who is the chairman of UCLA's Film & Television Department, Antonio

Serrata of the UCLA Chicano Studies center, Gloria Romero and Edith Villareal, a professor in the university's Theater Department. The show wasn't *Donahue, Oprah* or even *Geraldo*–it was an ambush. The host made no secret of his bias as he repeatedly cut George off in mid-sentence and let Gloria demonstrate her love for people of all colors, shapes and sizes when she declared, "These white men can claim artistic freedom... We are outraged. We believe our role, contrary to being called *censors*, is actually a true democratic movement."

But at UCLA, students make their own films. They are the statement of the individual filmmaker, not of the school as a whole. George Cunningham received only $366 of his film's total $10,000 budget from the University. Irregardless, should a "politically correct" film be given money, while others are denied? Should a film criticizing the Pope be stopped because Catholics might be offended? Should Democrats be chosen over Republicans: green or blue? Castration films abound in film school. No one tries to stop them because they are anti-male. Besides, Gloria doesn't realize that one can't legislate freedom of expression. George Cunninghams can't be voted out of existence by a *democratic movement*. The First Amendment protects allegedly offensive filmmakers as well as outraged minority rights activists.

On June 26th Frank del Olmo, an editorial writer for the *Times*, put in his two cents on the subject. Although he hadn't seen the film, del Olmo took the opportunity to exercise his First Amendment rights and label the film "boorish". He also called Cunningham and his UCLA faculty advisors "insensitive jerks".

In the weeks that followed, the controversy blossomed into a small-scale media event. The UCLA Chancellor issued a written condemnation of Cunningham and his film, letters ping-ponged back and forth in the editorial columns of both the *Los Angeles Times* and the *UCLA Summer Bruin*, KCBS Channel 2 News did a piece on the film and Cunningham even received a flattering letter from Hugh Hefner.



**Prospective studs at George's casting call.**

Despite the attention–or, perhaps, because of it–Cunningham failed to achieve the film student's dream. The agents called, and Cunningham took meetings, but there were no signings, no distribution deals and no big checks with his name on them. Several people approached Cunningham about distributing his film on videocassette. One in particular, a Cuban-American whose company catered to a Latino market, claimed to love the film, but backed down because he feared a backlash.

Several months after the controversy died down, I tracked Cunningham down and set up an interview. I found him living alone in a one-bedroom duplex just south of Sunset Boulevard in a section of Hollywood that in no way could be described as "high-rent" or "upscale."

As I entered his apartment, we shook hands and he offered me a beverage. It's the cluttered dwelling of the starving artist. A prop donkey head from the film lays on the couch. Against the walls are shelves crammed with paperbacks and video tapes. A poster of Dr. Strangelove hangs on the wall. In the kitchen area, the cupboard doors are covered with Animal Attraction newspaper clippings and pen-and-ink caricatures.

As he pulled a Diet Coke from the refrigerator, I asked him about Jerry Cerwonka. A former Syracuse

Well, I don't know about nudity. I'll show you my breasts.

KAREN ALVARADO - Dulla, The Donkey Woman

University professor with a Ph.D. in linguistics, Cerwonka now makes his living doing commercials. Animal Attraction didn't hurt Jerry Cerwonka's career–1989 was his best year ever.

"He did a Commodore computer commercial recently," said George. "And some Doggy Treat commercials. National ones. He just did one in Glendale with aerobicizing cows."

He took me into the living room. Over by the door, on top of the television, there was a plaster bust of JFK with the entry wound dripped on it in red and yellow wax. Next to it was a replica of the Bob's Big Boy mascot. As we sat down, I noticed a three-foot high painted plastic statue of Jesus standing on a table directly across from the door.

*Are you religious?*

"I'm a devout Catholic. That's why I have Gumby on it–Gumby of Nazareth."

An ardent admirer of director Stanley Kubrick and the screenplays of the late Paddy Chayefsky, Cunningham calls himself an "equal opportunity satirist." I asked about his background. He told me that he grew up in Huntsville, Alabama–a "high-tech town, not your cliché backwater Andy Griffith southern municipality," said George. It's where famed German rocket scientist Werner Von Braun relocated after World War II and set up his laboratory. Nicknamed Rocket City, Huntsville was built around the aerospace boom and, along with Houston, it's the primary place where the U.S. developed the Apollo Program. Growing up, George remembers that the house's windows would often shake during the testing of Saturn IB rockets at nearby George C. Marchall Spaceflight Center.

It is unclear whether or not those rockets shook something loose in his psyche, but in his teens George won a National Scholastic Achievement Award for his pen-and-ink drawing of a crowd of Nazi soldiers watching a game of football in a takeoff of the famous Nuremburg rallies. At the age of 18, he made his first film, a Super 8 short entitled The Good, the Bad and the Director, in which he played a dual role as both the director and, in a strange bit of prophecy, a Mexican bandito. George left the University of Alabama as a junior and enrolled in the Film & Television Department's undergraduate program at UCLA in the fall of '85. After receiving his Bachelor of Fine Arts degree, he enrolled in the graduate film program, and in 1987, during a drunken bull session with a friend in a Westwood yuppie bar, he first came upon the idea for what was to become Animal Attraction.

"I was attracted to this story because the donkey show is just a bizarre thing that humans could put together on this planet," said Cunningham. "So I wanted to utilize everyone involved–Mexicans and Americans–and lampoon them. Now I made the mistake–if you wanted to say it was a mistake–from a film school point of view, of not being politically correct. If you're making an ultimately politically correct film, you never make fun of minority people, poor people and people that are down and out... and women. But you see that's bullshit, because then that's unreal too... because you're putting them on a pedestal. That's not being honest; that's not being truthful.

"That's the one thing that's interesting: A lot of the Hispanics that hated the film–you know, it's their job to be very politically correct as far as that goes–they don't want people even to know that there was a donkey show, or is. They always want to de-emphasize things that would make Mexico look bad. And that's understandable, but at the same time my film is dealing with a truth value that's important. This show is put on for Americans. The show wouldn't exist if it wasn't for the United States existing and being rich and them being poor. I think the donkey show's a perfect metaphor for how they relate.

"I was satirizing America's

George ended up paying a body-double $300 to lay under the donkey for the notorious scene.

T.V. view of the world. It opens up like *Eye on L.A.*, and then we go into Mexico and find this donkey show, and it's basically an extension of tourism; an extension of Americans wanting to go to a third world country and have a good time. It's a very hideous thing. It's a kind of thing that you don't want to talk about. God, bestiality! That's probably the most horrific thing I could think of, next to getting killed.

"You know how hard it is, calling someone up cold and saying, 'Hi, I'd like you to be in this film'...then to pitch this film! And you have to be straightforward about pitching it, because you don't want someone to come down and then tell them what the show is all about. Then they'll feel like they're being gypped. So you have to be up front–'I'm a student filmmaker making a comedy about bestiality in Mexico.' It's really hard to pitch."

*You went through more than one actress?*

"They kept dropping out, because once you want nudity in films, then you deal in a weird thing. You start touching on the industry where people expect to be paid for nudity. And then the more you pay for people completely nude, the less talent they have. There was one girl who was willing to be completely naked, but she couldn't memorize a grocery list. Without money you can't get someone of the caliber of Sissy Spacek, or something–'Show your breasts!'"

George went through about three Dullas before finally deciding on Karen Alvarado, a "Valley girl" from Van Nuys, California.

"When we started out I said, 'I'd like nudity.' And she says, 'Well, I don't know about nudity. I'll show you my breasts.' That wasn't any problem. I was going into the negotiations with breasts, so I had that down. But I was trying to negotiate more and she finally said, 'All right, I'll wear a G-string.' Of course, neither one of us actually knew what a G-string was, but it sounded good. Then when we got to shooting, we got more and more nervous. Once you get underneath the animal and put your arms around its legs, weird thoughts go through your mind. So she really didn't want to do 'below the waist.'"

George ended up paying a body-double $300 to lay under the donkey for the notorious scene. The film was not legally pornographic–it did not show penetration. In fact, there were only a few frames of actual nudity, unless one counts the donkey-double's phony phallus. George covered the offending body parts with traveling black boxes (one for each of Dulla's breasts and one for her genitalia.)

"It's really funny. Originally I was going much further with the sex stuff. And I pitched it that way to this class of about 20 people. Now, they probably thought I was insane, but I got a tremendously funny response from them. Some of them almost choked to death while I was describing it. Because originally, when I got to the sex scene, I was going to parody porno films. I was going to have her pull it out of her and then have it shoot off in her face. But the trick was, I was going to have it go for, like, seven or eight seconds, so by maybe the fourth or fifth second you say, 'Wait a second. This isn't real!' Then, of course, you know it's an effect; it's an exaggeration. I was going to have her smile while she was being pelted and look at the camera, but I decided that it was going too far–too John Landis.

"I don't think there's a donkey show in Tijuana now, because I checked around a little bit. Absolutely, they did exist. Of the people I met while making my film, three or four people who had actually seen it described it to me. One of these was like 20 years ago–1968–and one was, like, in '72. So I guess it probably stopped in the mid-70s or so in Tijuana. But it did exist. Somebody saw one recently in Juarez. That one may still be in Juarez. I don't know. That one was described as a really crude affair in which a woman was laying on a coffee table. Actually, that was similar to mine. The animal seemed to be drugged–that's what she said."

*How do they get it excited?*

"They said they probably put some rag with some odor on it for the animal. I don't know how the real thing works.

"There's all kinds of awful, horrendous strip shows and sex acts in Tijuana right now. You could drive down there and see them right now if you wanted to. I went down there with my 60 year-old set designer. It was really funny. We went down

He did a Commodore computer commercial recently and some Doggy Treat commercials. National ones. He just did one in Glendale with aerobicizing cows.

there with our cameras to photograph ideas for the Hee Haw and we looked like perverted tourists going into all the strip shows. So we go into the weirdest, sleaziest shows... It was really just the regular kind of stuff you'd probably see up here. But worse, with less taste... less finesse... less money to put into good costumes. People don't know how to dance down there. More carbohydrates. There are some chunky strip clubs..."

*But you've never seen the donkey show?*

"Never. You know, it's really ironic. I wanted to. Everyone thinks this is such a decadent city. I went all over L.A. looking for bestiality on tape. Couldn't find anything. I just wanted to see how it was really staged and then work from there. So I guess those are just the kind of tapes that you just pass to friends."

*What were the different screenings like?*

"The one you saw, I would say, was completely different than the one I had film reviews for. That one, I think a lot of people read the *L.A. Times* review, so they knew it was a black comedy... They were expecting that. Great laughs. It had something like 17 big laughs. I mean, huge laughs! You know, the kind of laughs where there's a little tension, and the laughter makes you let it all out. It worked well. I was shaking hands with people. I was like, 'Hey, this is great!' It was very successful. The next one was completely different. I was a little surprised. I mean, I was looking at the exit doors.

"You have to sympathize a little bit with the school. They didn't know if there was going to be a massive outbreak of violence or something. Which was always there... hints that it was going to happen. I thought I might get beaten up that night. In fact, I heard I almost was beaten up. One of my Hispanic friends told me that a group of Hispanics at one point were more or less planning to have me severely injured. Those situations are weird, because when there's 50 people yelling, it's not like *Robert's Rules of Order*. You know: 'And now George...you'll have a minute to answer that question.' 'Racist motherfucker!'"

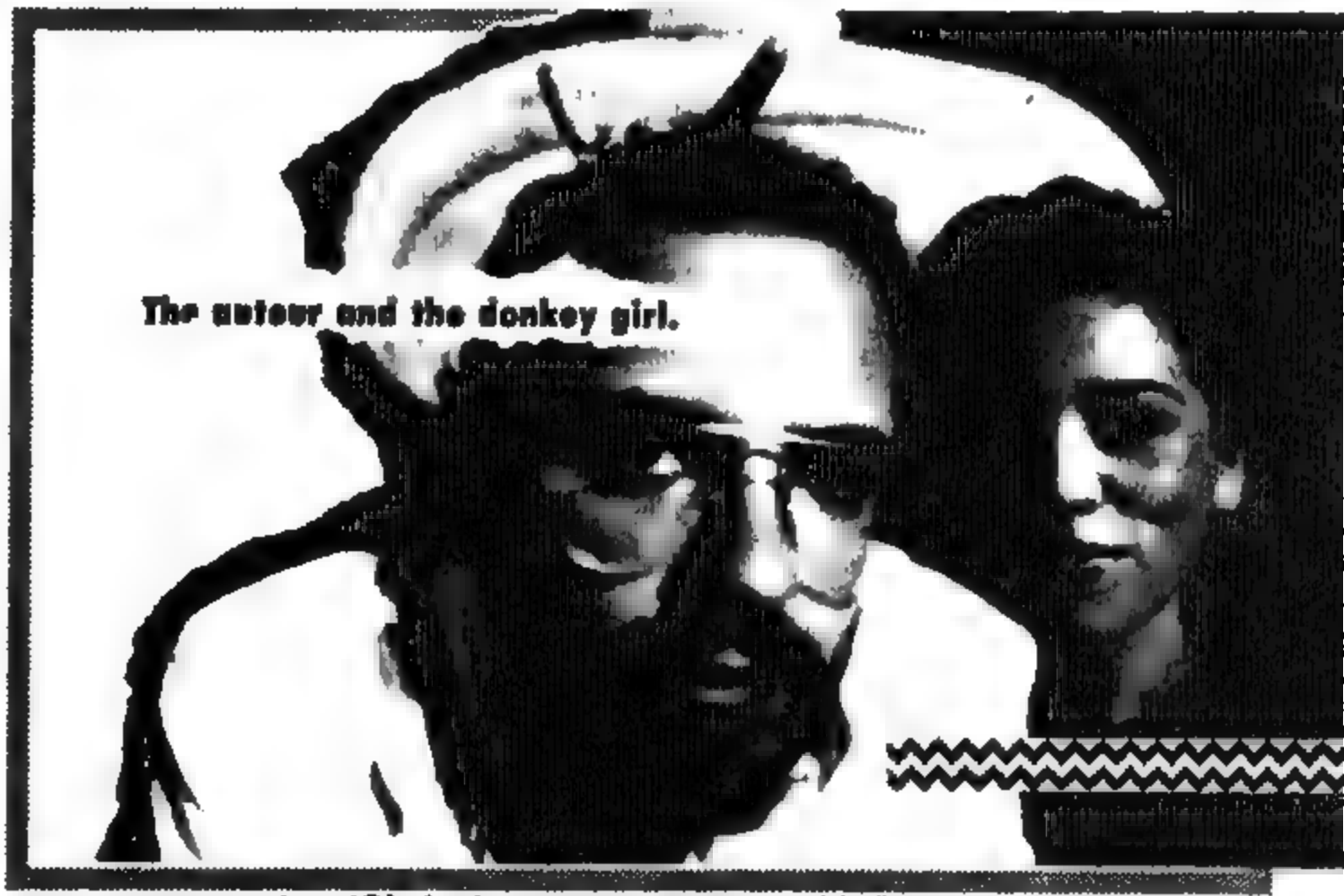
*What about Maria Cuevas?*

"She was waiting for the film. She came looking for that film. What's funny is that all the Hispanics that were upset by it had planned it. It was really amusing to watch. You knew it was set up, because people started booing when the credits were rolling. In fact, there's a flier that asks people to come and boo the film. They came as if they had just happened to wander in, and that's the way they played it in the article. Like Maria Cuevas was just walking by the campus one evening–'Oh, look... some UCLA student films. Well, let's just go and look at a couple of them.' Then they waited there. For three and a half hours they endured, as she said, the pain of student films, just so she could *just happen* to see the film at the end and become thoroughly humiliated.

"Maria Cuevas would have hated this film no matter what I said. Putting that [bestiality] in there gives them something to run with, in the sense that they can say, 'I just saw a film that depicted a woman and a donkey!' And that's all they need to say.

"What they're doing is adapting a very fascist, conservative ideology, saying if only there were Hispanic faculty, this film never would have been made. That's one of the ironies. UCLA film school is extremely diverse. It's the most diverse department I've ever seen at any college in the country. Give me a break! It's as diverse as they get!"

Anyone who has attended UCLA's film school know how diverse the school is. The diversity goes beyond racial considerations. Five of these, five of those–"What, no Iranian toe-painters?" UCLA's Film & Television Department has turned out some notable Hispanic filmmakers–Gregory Nava, writer/director of El Norte, Neal Jiminez, writer of River's Edge and


The auteur and the donkey girl.

Montezuma Sparza, co-writer/co-producer of Stand & Deliver. Its lack of Latino faculty is probably caused by the lack of Hispanics in the film industry in general. Who's fault is that? Does anyone actually believe there is an effort being made–either conscious or unconscious–to suppress Hispanic or other minority filmmakers? In any event, could Hispanic faculty have prevented what Cuevas and Romero believe to be the Animal Attraction debacle?

"They're basing it on the assumption that, one, I didn't know what kind of film I was making, or how people or Hispanics would react to it. Two... it's assuming that I was trying to make a sensitive film and, 'Oh, my gosh! I really screwed up, didn't I? Gee, I was trying to make a sensitive drama about life as it really is.' If it [the faculty] was full of Hispanics it wouldn't be any different. In fact, it would have probably been much worse for them, because I might have gotten some more details, more accurately observed and then made it a better satire.

"To me there are four or five moments in the film that are very clear moments of classic satire, in the sense of someone saying the opposite of what is really true. For one, Dulla's last interview before the sex show. Frank says, 'What do you want to do with your life 20 years from now?' And she says, '..to see my grandchildren grow up in a world with even more opportunities than I have.' And while she's saying that line you cut to her, on her back, having sex with this four-legged animal over her. That's obviously not reality. For them to actually think that I mean that's how Mexicans would really think–that's ridiculous. She obviously doesn't have any opportunities now. That's the point.

"It's hard for me to differentiate the line between whether they're going for publicity or they really believe what they're saying. Gloria Romero is a publicity hound. Maria Cuevas, she genuinely thinks I made these characters as real dramatic representations of Mexicans and that the white middle-class emcee was somehow a real guy trying to present something. That's really bizarre to me. That's how you can watch a film without any irony at all. Anybody who'd seen films or was familiar with satire couldn't take the film at face value. They seem to be taking it at face value."

*What about the reporter from La Gente?*

"He called me last month and wanted us to get together. He said that he was a student who read about it and wanted to write a paper for class. So I went to meet him, and just before I did, Don MacDonald called me up and said, 'Hey, there's this guy Gustavo La Mana looking for you. He's a reporter from *La Gente*.' I'm like, 'BOING! What?' So I meet him, and he gives his pitch: 'Yes, I'm doing this paper for a political studies class...' Then I said, 'I heard you're an editor for *La Gente*.' Then he's really caught in his act. "Oh, well, uh... I've worked with them occasionally in the past.' And then we get to talking, and it turns out that he wrote that article. Then, not only does he admit to writing it, he admits he didn't even see the film. I don't know what kind of journalism that is and he was putting down the *L.A. Times* as being a biased publication.

> We believe our role, contrary to being called *censors*, is actually a true democratic movement.
> GLORIA ROMERO

"He said, 'You've got to understand that this appeals to a specific audience.' And I said, 'Right. People who want to read what you have to make up. If it's fiction, what do you need to talk to me for? You can write better fiction than basing it on anything I have to say.' It's ridiculous. He's an insult to journalism, and I told him that. And he was shocked that I still wouldn't let him have a copy of my film. It was like, go find a pirated copy!

"Furthermore, I suspect–and this may be going too far–I think he's a racist. I think he doesn't like white people. It's amazing how many racist Hispanics my film has pulled out of the woodwork. Really angry. I'm just a complete victim of racism. I've had enough of it. I'm pissed off... I'm outraged."

> What's funny is that all the Hispanics that were upset by it had planned it. In fact, there's a flier that asks people to come and boo the film.
> GEORGE CUNNINGHAM

Hints of the racism abound in the rhetoric of Cunningham's opposition. In her editorial in the July 3rd edition of *UCLA's Summer Bruin*, Maria Cuevas wrote that during the June 14th screening she "endured the loud, raucous, deliberate laughter of Anglo men in the audience." How does one distinguish an Anglo laugh from the laughs of other racial groups? Was Cuevas able to identify the laugh of the white man by its peculiar nasal timbre, or, upon hearing a loud guffaw, did she simply trace the sound through the darkness and see the whiteness of the perpetrator there, glowing like a 7-11 sign at midnight?

It's amusing to see people so "shocked and outraged" at another person's purported racism, unable to suppress their own bigotry. One of

the UCLA faculty members who had condemned Animal Attraction while trying to sooth the protesters at the June 15th demonstration was later heard to say that the crowd was "just a bunch of housewives who should be out picking lettuce." At least he was slick enough to put on his politically-correct game face.

But several scenes in Animal Attraction do cross the line into a gray area where it is hard to tell whether or not Cunningham is, in fact, being racist, as his detractors maintain. One such scene is where Cerwonka, in character as "Frank Mamber", leans over and gives a dollar to what appears to be some real Mexican peasants.

"He's essentially doing the same thing that every tourist does that goes to Mexico," says Cunningham. 'Oh, look at this!'–a kid either begging or selling Chicklets or whatever–and bending down and patronizingly smiling to their wife and giving him a dollar. That's the point. That was never intended as a 'ha-ha' line. It's more of a scary line, because that's the first moment that the film is punctured by reality."

*Was that spontaneous?*

"No. It's written in the script. It was spontateous for the poor people involved."

*How'd they react?*

"They looked up and took the dollar, just like they would in real life. To me, that's a perfect scene in the movie as a condemnation of the American tourist. Tourism does provide a much-needed income to Mexico, but there's a cavalierness about tourism... there's a distance. There's a definite patronizing, because you're there, and you know you've got the money, and they don't. They'll do much more for you than if you went to Toronto. Completely different situation. Somebody brought up the absurd idea, "Why didn't you make it somewhere else, then it'd be okay. Like in Amsterdam." But then that loses the whole point of the movie. It's about the disparity of a poor country and a rich country living side-by-side. That's an ugly reality people don't want to deal with. I wanted to make a comedy about it! Too much reality is not what people want.

"The whole film is a tease leading you up to the big donkey show. By the tenth minute, most people, even if they're afraid or repelled, really want to see what's gonna come next. I'm playing with that urge, so that when you do see it, it's sort of a pie in the face. It's like, 'Okay, here's what you've been waiting for. Look, it's not particularly ironic, is it?' It's strange, it's goofy, it's even amusing in the context. That's the fascinating kind of audience-film relationship that I was trying to deal with. Like when you're expecting to see something, and then you're grossed out by it. It's like, 'Okay. There–that's what you get. Are you happy now?' But also some people don't like to be insulted like that, because then they realize, 'Hey, I really did want to see that.' It's that kind of voyeurism that I think people have. That is the basic reason why I did the film. 'Why do these shows exist?' There's probably some erotic interest in it, but there's also a big curiosity value, like, 'God, a woman having sex with a donkey!' If I was in Tijuana and there was that show, I would be curious about it. I think that's why it's a popular myth in Southern California.

"Some people seemed to be surprised that I'd made a film that was potentially offensive. As if I didn't know it! Like it was a mistake. Like, 'Don't you realize what you're doing?' Like, 'Yeah, it's a satire.'

"The one trouble with student filmmakers in the few years I've been at UCLA is that they're too worried about offending anyone over anything. Not that I was trying to go out to make an offensive film–it's just it's a film that I knew would offend some people–but I thought it was worthy to make."

George has been on a leave of absence from UCLA since last Spring. Although Animal Attraction has generated more controversy and publicity than any other student film before it, he has little to show for it save for a thick folder of press clippings.

"If I could do it all over again, I would put more money in it–if I had the money. I'd put it in the casting. Make everything more real, because that would make the film stronger; more interesting. To make a great film, one that would be perfect, would be to find people who were so real that you couldn't tell if they were actors. Where you could come into their home, and they'd be sewing and wouldn't even hardly know they were there. You could still go up and talk, but they'd be saying your lines. Of course, then it would probably be an even more effective satire, and then it would be even more hated."

He says he's planning to return to UCLA and do a thesis film–one without Chicanos or donkeys–about a man who's life is spiralling down in a rapid decline. Is life mirroring art? George denies that it is, and he's probably telling the truth. He's got all of his teeth, most of his hair and a fan letter from Hugh Hefner. What could be better?

"I tell you," he says, "after making this film–I could make any film now. I'm not afraid of any aspect of filmmaking. I can make anything. Because this was the hardest film that could ever have been made for the amount of money I spent."

*So, what's stopping you, George?*

"I'm waiting for this article in *Film Threat*. It all depends on *Film Threat*. So, am I getting a cover story?" •

# I Wacked-Out On Video

## Total

They came out of Los Angeles in the summer of 1981. It was a more innocent time–the early Reagan Years–before Contragate; before Milli Vanilli. The music world was still in shock over the tragic assassination of former Beatle John Lennon. America needed relief. They were cute, they were bubbly and they rocked. They were the Go-Go's, the first self-contained, all-female rock band to make it into the upper-reaches of Billboard's Pop Chart. They weren't perfect: lead singer Belinda Carlisle was a chubby girl with a thin voice that tended to wander off-key in concert, and the musicians in the band were competent but not outstanding. But that was the point. Any girl could be a Go-Go...

Any girl, that is, who liked doing speed, booze and ludes, using their power to coerce "friends" to perform lewd acts with strange men and torturing unconscious roadies by holding lit matches to their testicles and shoving activated vibrators up their asses. You know... good, clean, all-American fun.

Of course, we're not suggesting that the Go-Go's, as individuals or a group, did all or any of those things listed above. They have money, lawyers and, in Belinda's case, a husband, Morgan Mason (son of the late actor James Mason), who is a well-connected businessman, restaurateur and one-time employee of the Reagan administration. What does Film Threat have? Just a videotape.

by Skully

# WITH, LIKE, the Go-Go's

It was the fall of 1981. The Go-Go's were touring to support their I.R.S. Records debut album *Beauty and the Beat*. After a long show, hopping around stage and cranking out your set to a bunch of pimple-faced pubescents in an anonymous town lost somewhere in the hinterlands of these United States, wouldn't you want to relax and unwind? I mean, like, being bubbly and effervescent can really wipe a gal out. So it's no wonder that on the fateful night that this tape was recorded a couple of the girls found themselves in the bathroom of a Holiday Inn mumbling pseudo-philosophical ramblings into a video camera and engaging in activities so cruel and perverse they would put even Rob Lowe to shame.

"Why do people feel like the girls that participate in that little scene are more central the the guys involved?" asks bass player Kathy Valentine.

"That's an ancient society thing," says Belinda.

The other Go-Go's are somewhere else, probably asleep. Belinda and Kathy are discussing a girl's embarrassing bondage encounter with a male roadie. There are three other people in the bathroom–a girl named Elaine; a tall, handsome, pockmarked man named Greg; and the cameraman, who is heard but never seen. There are people partying in the adjacent bedroom, some of whom poke their heads in from time to time. Elaine is a young woman who appears to be in her early 20s, with a Pat Benatar

**"That's an ancient society thing."**

**What is going on in this photo? Read this article and find out.**

**"Maybe give it a short lick."**

haircut and headband and a Go-Go's tour t-shirt.

Is it bad for consenting couples to engage in a little gentle B&D, the group ponders?

"Oh, my boyfriend ties me up," says Belinda.

"I get tied up all the time," says Kathy.

Apparently, Go-Go's don't object to hog-tying or handcuffs, as long as the two partners are properly acquainted. It seems that the girl in question had just met the roadie that night.

"To me, like, fucking is like something special. It should be sort of a sacred thing..." says Belinda.

"It breaks the boredom," says Elaine, referring to the use of handcuffs during sexual intercourse.

"Are you really that bored out here that you have to do that?" asks Belinda.

Where is "out here?" There is a twang in Elaine's voice that is either from the Midwest or the San Fernando Valley–hard to tell, let's just say it's the product of some vast, flat cultural wasteland. From the conversation, it seems that Elaine is a local girl who got backstage with her friend, the bondage babe, and followed the party back to the hotel. It is now early the next morning. Is it sheer will power that's been keeping them awake, or is it something more? Hmmm...whatever it is, Belinda can't seem to stop licking her lips.

While Elaine rambles on as if driven by some strange inner source, a skinny, dark-haired man with bad skin (acne seems to be a requirement for the men on Go-Go's tours) comes wandering into the bathroom. It's David, the lighting man. A few minutes earlier, Kathy had followed him to the other end of the bathroom and taken something from him, popped them into her mouth and washed it down with a drink. Were they aspirin? Does Kathy have a headache? Hmmm...

David pulls up his shirt and exposes his chest for the camera. He is ignored. Eager for attention, David addresses the camera.

"Hummna muffuna," says David.

"David, what do you have to say?" says Kathy.

David fumbles with his pants.

"Pull your cock out, David," orders Belinda.

David drops his pants and pulls down his bikini briefs, revealing what appears to be a Vienna sausage.

"Make it hard, for chrissakes!" yelps Kathy. "Do you wanna embarrass yourself on film, or what?"

"Jack off," orders Belinda.

David takes hold and slaps it back and forth.

Elaine tries to steer the conversation back to safer ground: "I get to say this all the time in private girl talk, but never on film..."

Meanwhile, Kathy is egging him on: "C'mon! Go at it! Are you getting anywhere?"

"Nahumna..." replies David.

"Are you fucked up, David?" asks the cameraman.

"Yeah, Ima fuckuh."

Belinda motions for the camera to pan up to her face. It's time for a public service announcement.

"If you can't get sex," Belinda yells into the camera, weaving back and forth, "then the perfect thing for you to do is to jack off. If you have enough imagination... if you have enough drive... then you've got to jack off. Then why can't girls jack off instead of humiliating themselves and knowing they're going to be laughed at afterwards?"

"Elaine," Kathy pleads, "you should help him. You said you liked him. He likes you. I know that–he told me."

"Right now I'm into this conversation," says Elaine.

"I know, but you could talk and put your hand there," says Kathy, referring to David's pitifully limp penis.

"But he's so fucked up."

"But I bet you could make him hard," says Kathy.

"You two make-uh-me-hawd," David slurs, almost unintelligibly.

"I don't want to, though!"

"Ohhh... don't feel funny," says Kathy. "Really..."

"We're not making fun, it's just really interesting for us," says Belinda.

"David, I'm not trying to put you down or anything," says Elaine.

"Yah, don' puh me down," mumbles David.

Belinda turns to the cameraman. "Can you get sound on this thing?" she asks.

"Oh, it's totally sound," says the cameraman.

"This is going to be real interesting to show one day, huh?" says Belinda.

Yep, it sure is!

Belinda, Kathy and the cameraman continue to press Elaine. Although they don't say it directly, there is no question that the girl helping David will definitely not be a Go-Go.

"If I wanted to make a dirty movie, it would be in bed and not planned," says Elaine. "I want to get into this conversation."

"I think it would be cool to have an interruption commercial."

"We just had a commercial," Elaine laughs sadly.

"Yeah, but it didn't get hard. All we need is a girl's hand with fingernail polish on it. It'll be really art," says Kathy.

"Andy-fucking-Warhol!" yells the cameraman. "Do you understand? Come on!"

"Just try it for one second. If you hate it totally, then you can stop," says Kathy.

"We're not going to show your face," says Belinda, pausing in between licks of her lips.

"Just think of what a piece of art this film is gonna be," says Belinda.

Elaine may be from flyover country, but she knows better. "You can call this art just like it is right now!"

Belinda and Kathy sit David down on the toilet, to the right of the camera. He grabs his penis between thumb and forefinger and flaps it in his hand. Elaine continues to plead that she'd rather talk.

"Maybe give it a short lick," says Belinda. "Then we can move on to the next conversation."

"Look at it," yells Kathy. "It's pathetic! Make it noticeable at least, for chrissakes."

"I have sex in front of people all the time," says Belinda.

"So do I, but when I want to," says Elaine.

"You should want to," says Belinda curtly, "because after this we can go on to the next subject."

"I have no desire to," whines Elaine.

"What's the big deal? It's like going like this," Kathy motions with her hand. "It's like just another part of our body. It's like an arm or a leg or something."

"Now we're getting into another good conversation," says Elaine.

"Yes. Now I'll talk and you do it and that way we got film action and we got a good talk goin' on at the same time," says Kathy.

"I'm sorry I'm so morally boring..."

"Let me tell you something," says Belinda, weaving back and forth. "About three or four years ago I used to sleep around a lot 'n' didn't really have any, uh, discretion about who I slept with...who I messed around with. I mean, I'd set standards, but, I mean, I'd sleep with everybody. But the thing is, it was fine at the time I was doing it, but afterwards I couldn't help feel, like, so depressed and so humiliated."

Elaine tries to leave, claiming she needs to get cigarettes.

"You can't leave, goddammit!" yells Mr. Cameraman.

**"Oh, my boyfriend ties me up."**

**"I'm sorry I'm so morally boring."**

exactly, right now, want to... you know...?"

"That sounds kinda like I don't want to eat tuna salad right now."

"The problem is," says Kathy, "we want to make, you know, a kind of interesting video. David has to beat off and you have to watch really intensely, like you're interested."

"She has ta give me head to get hawd."

"No, she ain't gonna do that! She won't even touch you, why should she give you head?!"

Kathy decides once again that they're going to make a commercial. She and Belinda vacate the bathroom and leave Elaine alone with David and the cameraman. Kathy tries to us the age-old mind trick used by Hollywood people on naive outsiders, yelling from the other room, "Don't you ever want to be an actress? Have you thought about it?"

"I'm in the bathroom with the Go-Go's and I've got their light man beating off and I am not an actor and I'm supposed to be looking like I'm enjoying this."

Belinda enters the bathroom

"Why can't *you* do it?" Elaine asks Kathy.

"Just do it," says Belinda. "I've done it."

"Try to act passionate, like it's getting you off," says Kathy.

She can't, bless her little groupie heart.

The tape stops. As it comes up again, Belinda is standing in front of the toilet, taking one last shot at lighting David's fire.

"...Black garters," coos Belinda, "The camisoles that show half the tits. All of us five girls in the band are into that. Just think of that." Belinda looks into the camera, weaving back and forth. "Well..." she licks her lips, "I'm doin' the best I can."

Belinda leaves and Kathy enters. She stands against the wall and rolls her head from side to side.

"David, just watching you like that really does something for me."

"Cun you do somethen fo' meh?"

"I really want to. I can't, though." She sighs. "I just have to tell you how much, oh... it makes me feel! The way it makes me feel just watching you."

"Well, it's naw hawd 'cause I'm fucked uh."

They push Elaine back into the room. Unfortunately, when small-town girls make up their minds, there's no turning back.

"Guv meh head. Yes or not?"

Not.

David continues to masturbate, the cameraman continues to push Elaine, but David's penis is a lost cause. The video jumps to a shot of Elaine as she gives a curt explanation of why she couldn't do it.

"It's just because of my nerves, the speed, the quaaludes."

The camera jump cuts again, this time to a head shot of Elaine. It is unclear how much time has elapsed since the last shot. Elaine is sitting down, the camera looks down on her. The cameraman quizzes her as to why she was unable to go through with it. He is edgy and impatient. She says she doesn't like to be pushed. The cameraman tries to steer the conversation in another direction.

"We can have a few laughs," he says.

"I've had a few laughs," she says. "This whole thing has been hilarious to me. Here we are in the bathroom at a Holiday Inn and it's nine in the morning and I've done lots of drugs, lots of alcohol, lots of anything you can think of."

"So let's get wild, just for the hell of it."

"You're not getting what I'm saying," she whines.

"I'm getting what you're

"I can't be wild unless it comes, like, spontaneous. Like, if the mood is there."

"What if you're slapped around till you decided to get in the mood?"

Despite the threat, Elaine does not leave. Maybe small-town dorks like the attention?

"Give me something to jack off to," demands the cameraman.

"Give me a minute to think."

"David referred to your tits as champagne-glass tits. I'd like to see those before I leave town."

"I don't want to show them to you."

"Fuck you! Why not?!"

"Because you asked for it."

There's nothing a potential rapist dislikes more than a tease. The cameraman reaches out and slaps her playfully across the face.

She laughs–"End of show!"–and turns to leave. As she opens the door, the cameraman grabs her and closes the door on her hand.

"Don't hurt me!" she yelps, wagging her finger at him.

"I wouldn't fucking hurt you. Just pull your hand out of the door before I do!"

She threatens his manhood and his camera equipment. He says he doesn't care, but shortly thereafter he relents and takes his hand away from the door, letting Elaine bolt to freedom.

The picture turns to snow. Suddenly, we're in the sleeping quarters of the same hotel room. David is passed out on the bed; Elaine is nowhere in sight. The familiar voice of the cameraman booms on to the soundtrack:

"Let's get more explicit here!"

Kathy sprays shaving cream in David's face while Greg pulls down his pants.

"Oh, it's not White Foamy," she laments.

They spray the shaving cream on his crotch and rub it in with the bedsheet. Kathy puts matches between his toes and gives him a "hot foot." David moans and rolls over on his side, exposing his buttocks and testicles.

Bad move, David.

Kathy lights another match and singes the hairs on his behind. Then she moves to his testicles. Kathy tells the others she's bored and needs entertainment... she says.

Eventually, Kathy loses interest in testing David's flammability and returns to the shaving cream. She writes his name on his thigh and uses the rest of the can to give him a full body coat. Fortunately for David, the cameraman speaks up before the girls go running for the razors.

"Victor, where's your vibrator?"

An ominous buzz fades up onto the soundtrack, and a vibrator appears. A male hand (probably the cameraman's) takes it and shoves it a good five inches up David's rectum. Peals of laughter ring out in the room. This is better than any dumb ol' Led Zepplin fish tale! As the vibrator starts to slip out, Kathy reaches over and pushes it back in. That's right, Kathy! Show those boys you know how to party! The vibrator starts to slip out again, so Kathy pushes it back in and blocks it with a pillow.

Suddenly, David is awake and crying in pain...

"Oh, fuck...fuck!"

Rumor has it that this tape was shown to Belinda several years later in an effort to get her to clean up her act. Apparently, it worked. In 1985 Belinda decided she didn't want to be a Go-Go anymore, and the band broke up. It's strange that it has taken nine years for this tape to surface, but there is a certain *gestalt* to it all. On March 28th of this year, all five Go-Go's regrouped for a concert to benefit the California Environmental Protection Initiative of 1990 and there is talk that the reunion might be permanent. Having this tape around might serve a purpose–you know, keep Belinda in line. Because as Go-Go Kathy Valentine herself said on that fateful night, "Belinda throwing up isn't entertaining." •

***"This is going to be real interesting to show one day, huh?"***

dave's
comics and collectibles

# Cinqué & Screamin'

Screamin' Jay Hawkins recently appeared in Jim Jarmusch's film **Mystery Train** as a hotel clerk. He is known to music fans everywhere as an exciting singer and performer, often leaping about on stage with a bone in his nose, emerging from coffins, and generally being a wild man. He has performed with many other acts, such as the Fuzztones, and is probably best known for his oft-covered hit song, *"I Put a Spell On You"*, which became the theme song of Jim Jarmusch's **Stranger Than Paradise.**

Cinqué Lee appeared in **Mystery Train** as well. Recently, he also appeared in Do The Right Thing, which was directed by his older brother, Spike Lee. Aside from working on the cast and crew of Spike's films, Cinqué is currently working on a feature film, **Window to Your Present.**

*Are you two happy with* ***Mystery Train****?*

**Screamin'** - Yeah, I am. I'm puzzled, but I'm happy.

*How were you puzzled?*

**Screamin'** - Well, I'm used to bein' full of energy and movin' and crazy, spontaneous and explosive... Jim made me put on a red suit and sit down and follow certain lines. I think my eyes had more to do with that picture than my voice.

**Cinqué** - Yeah, but you can say certain things that you felt comfortable with.

**Screamin'** - Uh, I'm speaking about how I felt. I don't know how you felt. You have a right to speak for yourself, let me speak for myself. I'm tellin' you that the man took energy and put it in

## *An up-close and personal chat with Cinqué Lee and Screamin' Jay Hawkins*

*by Rich Feren and Hal Kelly*

***I spent a lot of time in the detention home. Running with the street gangs and then it was fight for your survival because you were black, that's all.***

a box and wouldn't release it. All he did was use the visual part of me sittin' there in a red suit rollin' my eyes.

*How did you end up in* ***Mystery Train****?*

**Screamin'** - Well, after he'd done **Stranger Than Paradise**, he decided that he should do something else with me. And then he wasn't happy with that. Now he wants to do the story of my life. And I'm scared to let him do that, 'cause I want to be there...

**Cinqué** - I play him as a kid.

*Really?*

**Screamin'** - You do??

***Screamin' says it like it is.***

(Cinqué laughs heartily)

**Screamin'** - I spent a lot of time in the detention home. Running with the street gangs and then it was fight for your survival because you were black, that's all. At this point here, I think the man has done a beautiful thing. I just don't understand how he could see all this before putting it on film.

*Do you like his movies?*

**Screamin'** - Yeah, I love **Stranger Than Paradise**, and I love **Mystery Train**, but let's face it, if you eat bread in the morning, bread in the evening and bread at night, you get tired of bread. That's why they say, "variety's the spice of life", and he has a variety in there. He's got English, he's got Japanese, he's got Italian, he's got hoodlums in there, he's got drug fiends, a guy gets shot, the police are runnin' after people, and I'm sittin' there watching all of this.

*As a director yourself, what's your approach to film?*

**Cinqué** - My approach to film would like... before I shoot, I would get all the actors together for a week, get them to live in a hotel for a week, get them to party, get to know each other. For my film, which I've been shooting off and on for three years, it's been a big pain in the butt. I wouldn't sleep if I had the money. If I had a definite time to do the film, I would try to get it done as fast as possible, I'd be working every day.

*What is* ***Window On Your Present*** *about?*

**Cinqué** - It's **Window On Your Present** as in "time-present", not "Christmas-present". It takes place in an alternate present where there's the future and the past, and the alternate present is next door to us. The alternate present, love and colors don't exist, so everybody's going through deranged sex crimes and committing suicide because they don't know it exists. So these two characters stumble across these white marbles, two of them, and they take one each, and it takes them to a place that's in color, and they make love. They only take one each, so it's not enough, and they come back to the place where they were. They're trying to tell their friends that a place exists outside of the way they live. Eventually, they trek out, trying to find more of these marbles.

*How'd you get funding for that?*

**Cinqué** - I wanted to, like, break into film labs and steal film, but eventually I didn't do that. I started shooting on Super 8. I had these junkies shooting as actors and stuff. It would be like, "Where are they?" The next day they'd all be in jail. People were breaking their legs and stuff. I said forget it, I'm going to do this for real, do it in 16mm, and get some professional actors. I've worked on Spike's films and a lot of stuff, I get money here and there. Right now I have some Japanese producers that are looking for money for me. And I'll find out soon. These Japanese guys take forever, they can't give you a yes or no answer. They've got all the money in the world...

*So you prefer directing to acting?*

**Cinqué** - Yeah, I like creating my own worlds and stuff. But I can definitely get into somebody else's roles, as a filmmaker. I can relate to that.

## *I wanted to, like, break into film labs and steal film, but eventually I didn't do that.*

*A lot of musicians want to get into film.*

**Screamin'** - I don't, I never did. I think everybody wants to do something different. I read something lately that Eddie Murphy now wants to sing. I remember a place where I was rehearsing in New York, Letang Studios on Broadway and 54th. I go in there to rehearse one day and who's up there rehearsing but Joe Frazier. I go up and tap him on the shoulder and say, "Go back to the boxing ring. Get out of here right now and go back to boxing, you're in the wrong part of show business." (deep voice) "What chu mean?" I said, "Don't get ugly with me, 'cause I will bust your face wide open. I got no problem ripping Muhammed Ali, you're the easiest dude in the world to rip. 'Cause you're short and you can't move fast, I would kill you in the ring!" (deep voice) "Oh, I heard you used to be a fighter." I says, "I'm still a fighter, but I don't go by the Marquis of Queensbury's rules. I fight dirty now. And you'd be the first person–BING!–your eyes out. What you gonna do now that you're blind? I beat you all over the street." He laughed, but I said, "I'm serious. You got no place in this business, and you won't last." And he didn't. He had nothing to offer on stage. In the boxing ring he's got everything to offer.

*Do you think Eddie Murphy will make it as a singer?*

**Screamin'** - No.

**Cinqué** - They show his videos on MTV.

**Screamin'** - Oh, they're gonna show it... Sammy Davis, when he first started, he studied an hour on the piano, an hour on the sax, an hour on the drum, he went up and they did a whole thing on that, and the whole wide world thought this man could play every instrument in the world. Even Count Basie got away with it for years. He cannot play a song all the way through. Count Basie starts it off and you hear, "ding, ding, ding", but the rest of it, it's the whole band. That's the biggest con artist in the world. You can do anything on films. (to Cinqué) You should know that.

*If you're successful in one area of show business, they let you get away with it. As long as Eddie Murphy's a successful movie person, they'll let him make records.*

**Screamin'** - Let me put it this way. Let's say Eddie Murphy becomes successful. I'm willing to bet you my life, any money I make for the rest of my life, he'll never win an award. Because the people that understand and know movies are not going to give him an award, not even a rubber stamp. He doesn't have the mentality. He's a comedian. He should stay a comedian. Like Jesse Jackson's a preacher, he should stay a preacher. (to Cinqué') Like that part I said you'd get angry about, Martin Luther King...

**Cinqué** - I wasn't angry.

**Screamin'** - You can't serve two gods at once, you can't serve two masters. He was a preacher, he should've stayed one. He got involved in politics, he got killed. As simple as that.

**Cinqué** - You got to do the right thing.

**Screamin'** - Ain't no "right thing"! Don't stick your nose in something you know nothing about. You can't go around and change these bigots, these people who've lived generation after generation of hatred and prejudice. And you're supposed to be a preacher, then you go out and march against this law and that law, 'cause this woman wouldn't get up and give her seat... granted, I think she's right. I wouldn't give my seat to nobody. To me, it's win, lose or draw, there's going to be a fight. And I'll accept whatever happens after that. But I'm not going to march through dogs who wanna bite you, tear gas, cops that're going to beat you. I'm not going to be a martyr, and I'm not trying to change the world. People are so busy with their nose in everybody else's business that they forgot how to live themselves. That's all I want to do is live, survive. I don't even want to be rich. You got problems being rich, worrying about your money. I just want to survive.

*And you want to do what you...*

**Screamin'** - What I do best. And that's getting up there on stage, acting like a crazy man.

*So movies are just a...*

**Screamin'** - Movies I've done out of respect for Jim, because of what he did for me in **Stranger Than Paradise**. And I didn't argue, I didn't even raise an eyebrow, I didn't think. I didn't question when he asked me to be in **Mystery Train**. I felt he had done me a good cause... where I come from, if a white person did something for you, that's rare. It's like a pearl diver, once in a lifetime, once every 25 million years, that pearl diver's gonna come up with the rarest of pearls, the black pearl. Well, that's what I came up with with Jim. So if Jim says, "Jump in the ocean," I jump in the ocean. That's because I know I can swim, and I know there's land nearby. And I'm goin' in there with a speargun in case Jaws is nearby, I'm not stupid. But what I'm trying to say is, I have that much respect for the man. I met three white people in my life that caused me to be who I am

***Ain't no "right thing"! ...You can't go around and change these bigots, these people who've lived generation after generation after generation of hatred and prejudice.***

today. First was Alan Freed, who coined the phrase, "rock and roll", but that ain't nuthin' but rhythm and blues. And for the lack of any other word today, even magazines, journalists, they all had "new wave", "heavy metal", all this other stuff, you notice they still go back to the words "rock and roll". (to Cinqué) Even that picture I showed you, that picture of you and me in France, they called us "rock and roll" artists. Mick Jagger don't know about "rock and roll", Cyndi Lauper don't know "rock and roll", Madonna... ask them if they can play "Caledonia". If they can play "Caledonia", then they know 'rock and roll', cause it ain't nuthin' but 12-bar blues. Michael Jackson don't know nuthin' about "rock and roll".

**Cinqué** • They know nothing about big heads?

**Screamin'** • You got to tell the truth like it is. People don't want to face the truth. I believe in facing it. My mother told me never to lie. And you know who taught me my first lie? My mother! The insurance man came to the door. She wouldn't talk to him, she sent me. "Tell him I'm not home. Tell him to come back Monday, I'll have the money." I say, "You're teaching me to lie." I say, "I'm gonna do it, but I got some questions for you." And after I told the man exactly what she wanted, she said, "Okay, what questions you got, smarty-pants?" I says, "Where's the Statue of Liberty?" "In New York." I says, "You're wrong, the Statue of Liberty's in New Jersey." Tell me something else, you believe George Washington never told a lie? 'Cause that's the biggest lie in the whole wide world! Man's human. Ain't nobody 'round that's perfect. Nobody's 100% right, nobody's 100% wrong. You gonna face life, don't face it with any restrictions, don't face it with any prejudice, face it with reality, 'cause that's what life is about, reality. There's not a college or university in the world that can teach you reality. You can come out with Ph.Ds, doctor's degrees and everything, but you know nothing about street life until you come out here and get your head busted and get your butt dragged along the ground, robbed, ripped open five or six times. Then you begin to understand survival in this thing they call the world. I call it the jungle. Does that answer your question?

*I was just going to ask you about your rings.*

(Screamin' Jay is wearing huge rings on every finger.)

**Screamin'** • Umm, they are there for one purpose. It's illegal to carry a gun or a knife in California. Not unless you got a permit. Well, I carry brass knuckles. That's not illegal! On each hand, there's one ring that's capable of opening your face up completely. 'Cause like I said, I don't fight fair, anyhow. So the man's blind, the first wrong word, there's no argument. The first wrong word, BOOP!! There goes his eyes. From that point on he's mine. And I intend to cripple him, if not kill him, for the rest of his entire life.

*It's good, because they can't get you for carrying a concealed weapon.*

**Screamin'** • That's what I'm talking about. Oh, I live by the law. I make it work for me. •

*Screamin' Jay Hawkins is currently finishing a European tour with an eight-piece band.*

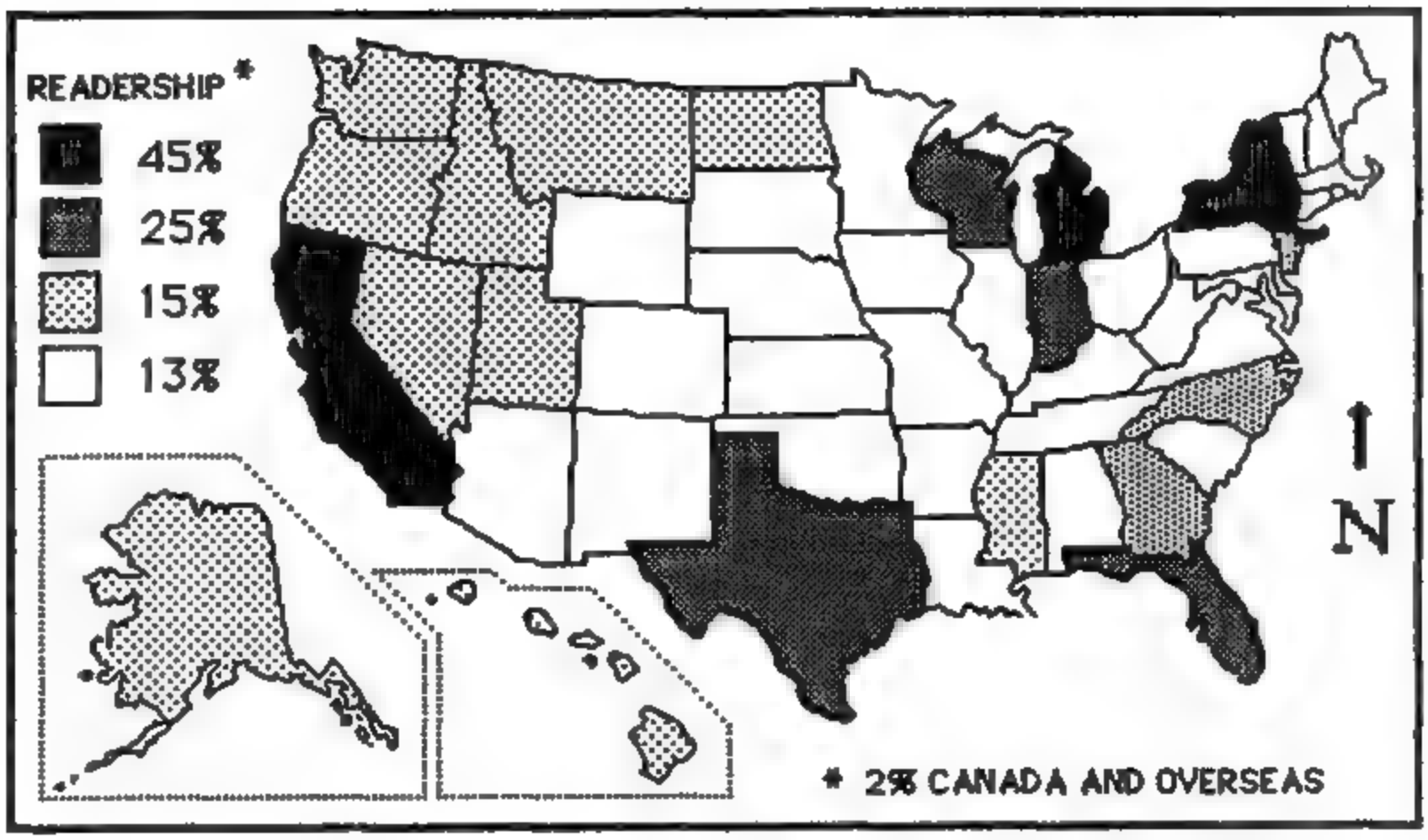
*Cinqué Lee continues to work on his films.*

***Cinque and Screamin' relax in their hotel room during the Toronto Film Festival.***

After many long months of determined procrastination, we proudly present the results of our first annual **FILM THREAT** readers survey! Having been inundated by responses from around the world, we strained under the weight of complex calculations and careful analysis to bring you the most complete report possible–and finally gave up. So this is what we managed before the sleepless nights and endless guesswork finally broke us down.

As one can clearly see in this map, California, New York and Michigan are responsible for the bulk of **FILM THREAT** readers. In fact, these three states alone represent 45% of all readership. Does this map also suggest that middle America is indeed a vast cultural wasteland? That the "farm belt" is dead? Probably, though not to anyone's surprise.

In fact, many common beliefs such as this were confirmed by the harvest of facts you will find in the following pages. As all faithful FT readers know–truth is stranger than fiction. Especially when you have the numbers to back you up!




## AVERAGE READER, SEX, AGE, INCOME, EDUCATION.

According to our findings, this is an accurate depiction of the average **FILM THREAT** reader: male, 25 to 34 years of age, single, making about $6,000 to $16,000 a year and 100% red-blooded American. With 38% of all readers deciding that they do indeed have a film-related occupation, he probably works at a video rental store while polishing away on that script he's been slaving over for the last two years (50% like to consider themselves "writers"). Or maybe he's spending his nights with little snippits of celluloid, trying desperately to believe that mixing color and black-and-white film stocks is still artistically viable, even though it was done in **The Wizard of Oz** 50 years ago (38% are filmmakers).

Notice his closely set eyes. Doesn't he look uneducated? Well, he might be. Although an above-average 28% of you claim to have college degrees, some 42% of you never got past highschool, 17% of which described their education as coming from the School of Life and 3% admitting to be "beauty school dropouts." Dubious institutions at best. Further investigation, based on forthcoming details, helps substantiate the often-heard claim that FT is for losers and illiterates. Boy, are we disappointed. Even though we never claimed to be required reading for MENSA hopefuls, the horrible truth was never suspected.

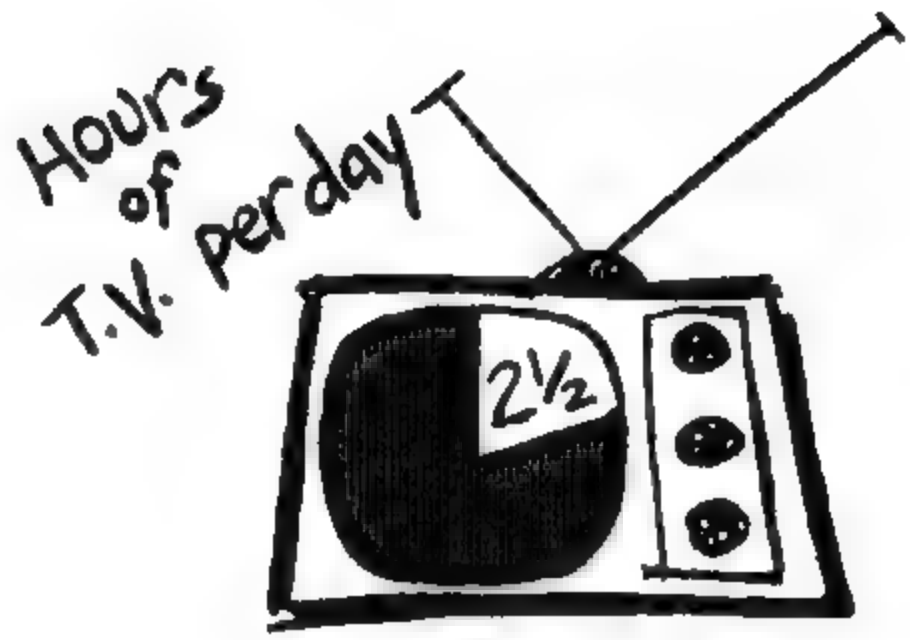
*by Dave Williams*
*& the whole exhausted*
*FILM THREAT staff*

# THE LONG AWAITED RESULTS OF THE FIRST ANNUAL FILM THREAT READER SURVEY

# READERS TOP TEN FILMS

(1) None
(2) Batman
(3) Do the Right Thing
(4) Wings of Desire/Lair of the White Worm
Woman on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown (tie)
(5) The Adventures of Baron Munchausen
(6) Heathers/The Last Temptation of Christ (tie)
(7) Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure/Hellraiser
Parents/The Accidental Tourist/Track-29 (tie)
(8) Dead Ringers/The Naked Gun/They Live
Drugstore Cowboy/Blue Velvet
Dangerous Liasons (tie)
(9) sex, lies and videotape/Barfly/Hellraiser II
Talk Radio/Rainman/A Fish Called Wanda (tie)
(10) Colors

Surprisingly, there was no Best Picture Award to be given out by FILM THREAT readers, as the most frequent answer was "none." Since 33% of you go to three to five movies a month, that makes for a lot of disappointment. However, **Batman** was picked as numero dos. Pretty subversive. Although this survey was conducted during the height of last summer's media-fed *Batmania*, we thought enough of you would have seen through the smoke-screen of hype surrounding this disappointing display of meandering excess.

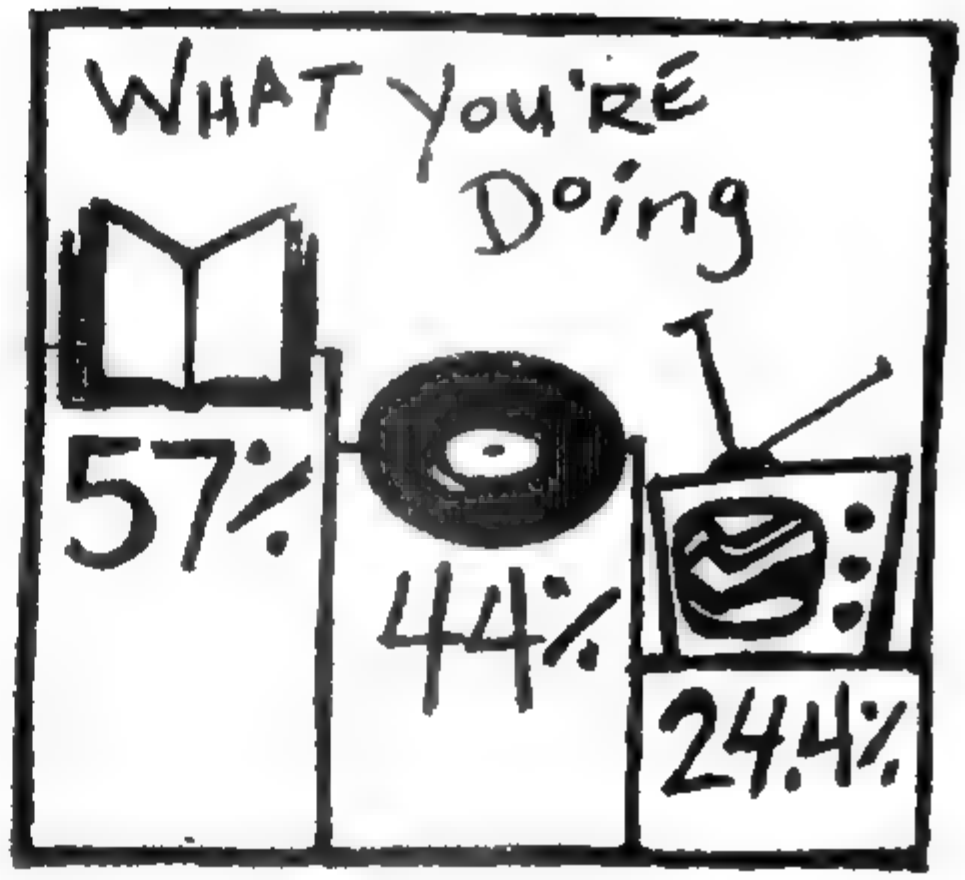


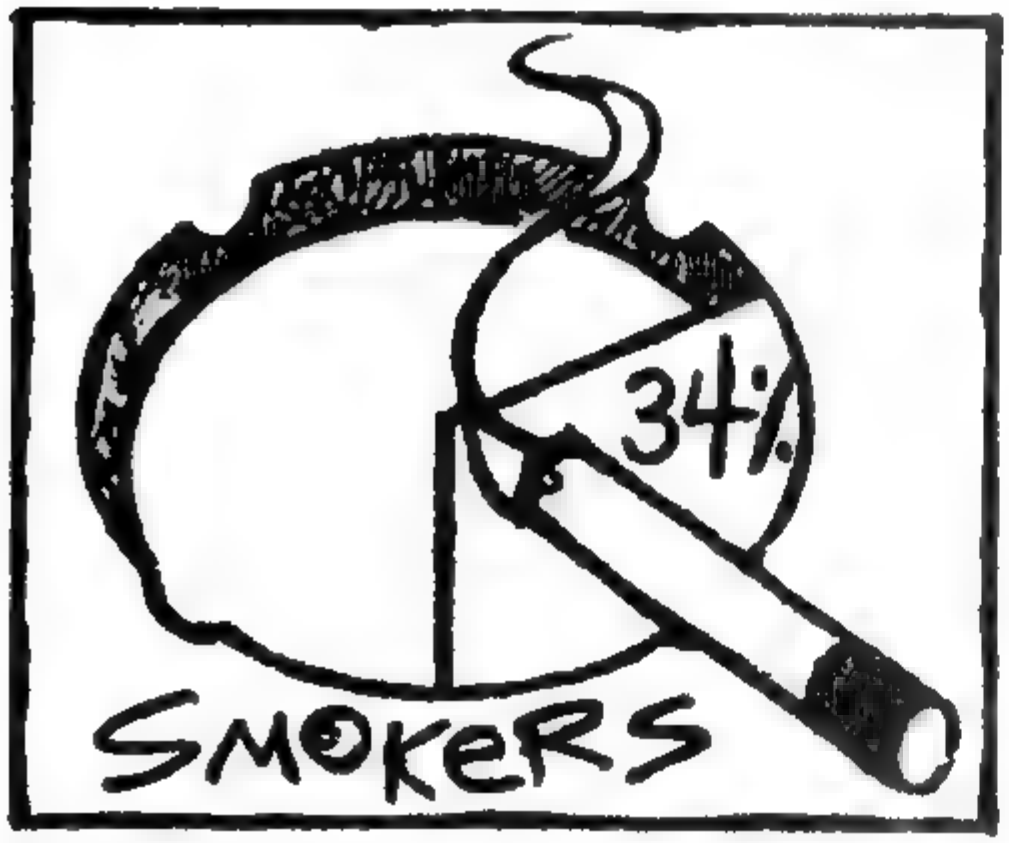

## TELEVISION/VIDEO TAPE BUYING HABITS

FILM THREAT has always been geared toward those interested in the flip side of American culture, the soft white underbelly. So how can it be that a full 34% of our readers watch over 16 hours of network television a week? That's a minimum of 2.5 hours a day, 834 hours a year–a waste of nearly 35 full days annually. If you live to be 72, about the national average, you will have completely wasted nearly 7 years of your life. And that's a minimum statistic. Granted, in most major markets one can catch worthwhile reruns of *Cheers* three or four times a day, but what about that other full hour? The news? Luckily, 37% of you are too fed up with the networks to watch, but due the fact that 88% of our proud T.V. owners also have a VCR leads us to fear that the number of hours in front of the tube is much higher. And if that's the case, statistics show that you're probably either watching some "underground" thing (34% of all tape purchases were described as such) or a horror film (30%).

## DRINKING & SMOKING HABITS

As trendy as ever, some 34% of those polled still smoke cigarettes. While applauding the move toward a more healthful existence by the other 66%, we are nonetheless overwhelmed by your attraction to alcohol; a full 85% described themselves as "drinkers." Sadly, 23% of these imbibe daily, and 22% avow to drinking "relentlessly." Although beer was the beverage of choice (20%), it's interesting to see that hard liquor is preferred by the majority (52%). Does this mean a turn from nicotine addiction to alcoholism? Possibly, and in light of the scant 8% that voted illicit drug use as a favorite pastime (see appropriate table) we can all be proud that the war on drugs is a success. What can we say but, "PARTY ON DUDE!"



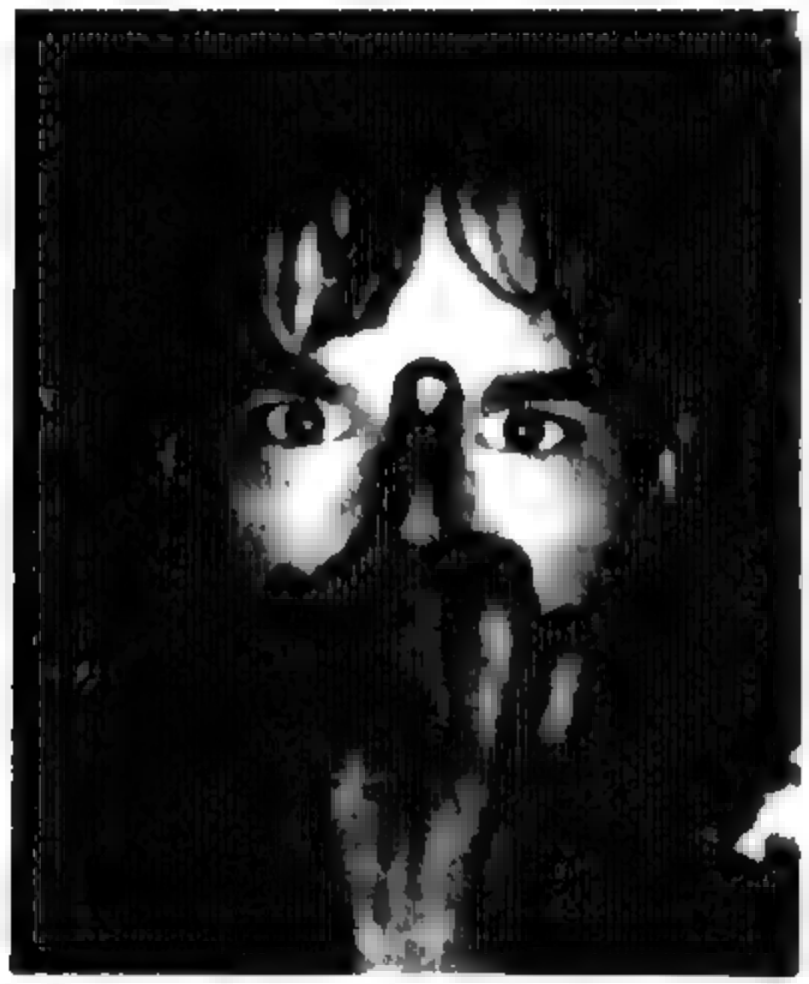
Although you will have your best luck finding FT readers in California, New York or Michigan, you still have to know the right places to look. Ironically, bookstores and record stores account for their whereabouts some 30% of the time. Needless to say, we were stunned. However, after checking our figures on book and record purchasing habits, we were reassured to find that 57% only buy one to three books a month, and 44% buy just one to three albums for the same period.

Coupling this 30% figure with our data on television watching, the average reader (assuming he/she has 48 hours of leisure time each week) spends 24.4% of their life either watching television or cruising bookstores and record stores for no obvious reason. Although some people maintain to actually buy more books (43% claiming 8 to 15 a month), we find it impossible to figure out when they have the time to actually read them, assuming again that we aren't talking about comics. FILM THREAT suspects that either some people lied in order to feel better about themselves and impress us, or (and less likely) that there are huge caches of unread books out there somewhere.

What's easier to explain is the measly 11% nodding to bars as a favorite hangout. Since most readers make only $6,000 to $16,000 a year, we feel the average $2.50 price for a domestic beer (the drink of choice) is prohibitive, resulting in both secret (daily or relentless) drinking at home and the turn to hard alcohol, as it provides more bang for the hard-earned buck.

# Favorite Mags

(1) **FILM THREAT**
(2) **Premiere/Fangoria (tie)**
(3) **Psychotronic**
(4) **Forced Exposure**
(5) **Spy**
(6) **American Film/Factsheet 5/Spin (tie)**
(7) **National Enquirer/Deep Red/Gore Zone Option (tie)**
(8) **Faces/REsearch/Time/Filmfax (tie)**
(9) **Starlog/American Cinematographer Slaughterhouse/Cinefantastique/Village Voice (tie)**
(10) **CinéAction/Film Quarterly/Independent Pandemonium/Gore Gazette/T.V. Guide (tie)**

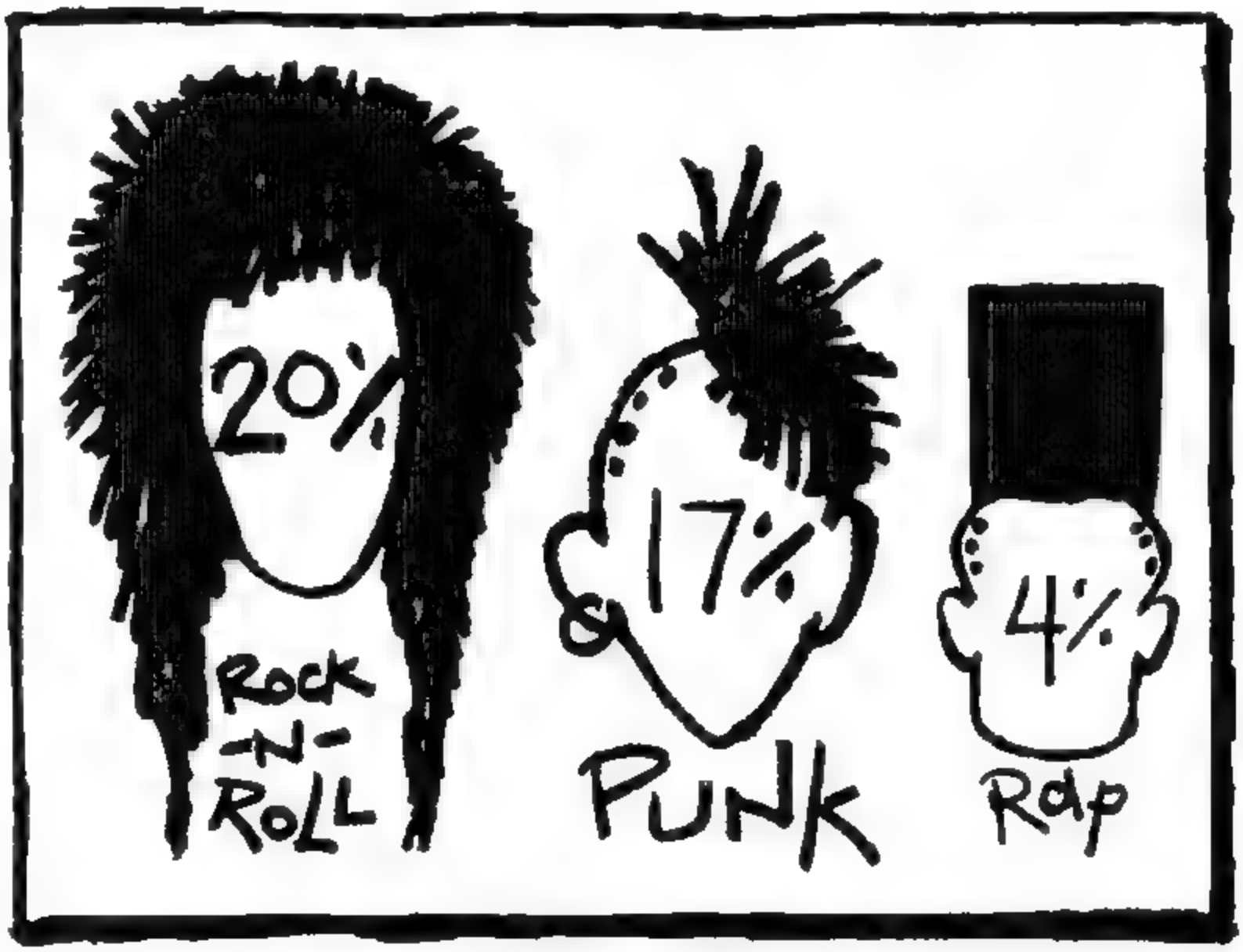


Typical Film Threat Reader

## MUSIC/STEREO

Like favorite films, choosing favorite music is a highly personal system of likes and dislikes. Only after careful consideration can one decide on a "favorite." Again, many categories were mentioned, but rock 'n roll was clearly at the top of the heap with 20% and punk a close second with 17%.

Oddly, little more than 4% chose rap, and only one reader named soul as their choice of music. Could this have something to do with demographics? Could our readers be typified as a whole by the average Axl Rose clone hanging out at the local skateboard shop? It would explain a lot. It might even rationalize the fact that 4% of those polled still count on 8-track tapes for their listening pleasure.




Musical Taste

# TOP TEN GENERAL COMMENTS

29. Any other general comments? At last! A decent magazine that hasn't been bought or censored!

29. Any other general comments? Fuck Batman ... I'm gonna make Aquaman the Movie It'll be great

29. Any other general comments? ~~JUST DO THE SAME SHIT YOU DO~~

29. Any other general comments? I think Film Threat is the greatest thing since cheese flavored dog food.

29. Any other general comments? DON'T BECOME TOO POPULAR

29. Any other general comments? GUILTY RED SPOT SKIN CERVIX HOLDS YOUR FATE CONDOM BROTHER RUBBER SHE TOUCH WOLF GAVE SUCK EARS DRINK MUCK WHO HAS AIDS? LOOK AT WATCH VIDEO SEX DON'T LIKE LOOK TOUCH VIDEO SEX VIDEO SEX LIFE CIA EXPERIMENT EARN THANK YOU FUCK YOU

Mutation, disease and Film Threat—it's a big, wonderful world, isn't it?

29. Any other general comments? WORK OFF! → KEEP UP THE SPLENDID WHO AM I BULLSHITTING, FUCK

29. Any other general comments? I'M SURPRISED YOU'VE LASTED AS LONG AS YOU HAVE — HOW LONG CAN THIS GO ON?

29. Any other general comments? Mac Arthur looked pretty cool in those aviator shades, don't you think?

29. Any other general comments? YEAH, LIKE YOU REALLY CARE WHAT AN 'ART-FAG' WHO WEARS A LOT OF BLACK THINKS

# ZEDD

23. As FILM THREAT Editor-For-A-Day, what would you change? I would stop the Nick Zedd ass-kissing policy. Isn't the world tired of this guy yet?

23. As FILM THREAT Editor-For-A-Day, what would you change? I WOULD STOP ALLOWING NICK ZEDD TO STROK HIS MASSIVE EGO IN THE PAGES OF MY MAGAZINE.

23. As FILM THREAT Editor-For-A-Day, what would you change? LESS ARTICLES ON "TRANSGRESSIVE" CINEMA.

# EDITOR 4 a DAY

23. As FILM THREAT Editor-For-A-Day, what would you change? MY UNDERWEAR (OBLIGATORY SMARTASS ANSWER)

23. As FILM THREAT Editor-For-A-Day, what would you change? MY UNDERWEAR (for once.)

23. As FILM THREAT Editor-For-A-Day, what would you change? MY DRAWERS / MY NAME.

23. As FILM THREAT Editor-For-A-Day, what would you change? My socks & underwear

23. As FILM THREAT Editor-For-A-Day, what would you change? MY UNDERWEAR

23. As FILM THREAT Editor-For-A-Day, what would you change? my socks and for my mind

23. As FILM THREAT Editor-For-A-Day, what would you change? MY UNDERWEAR

All in all, we here at **FILM THREAT** have come to the conclusion that this reader's poll was a good idea. Sure, it was a lot of work but it did put us in touch with the masses. It allowed us to feel the pulse of our readership and to distribute shameless self-promotion, like those cheap bumperstickers. A good time was had by one and all, and from the helpful criticisms, witticisms and advice supplied by you, the readers of this magazine, we can make **FILM THREAT** the best movie mag for the 1990s. See you all next year! (maybe.....) •

# NICK ZEDD 1957-1990

FILM THREAT is sad to mourn the passing of Nick Zedd, a staple of the New York filmmaking underground, publisher of **The Underground Film Bulletin** and one of the founding fathers of the Cinema of Transgression, who died last month of an acute tapeworm infestation shortly after completing his obituary for Jack Smith.

Zedd was born James Harding 33 years ago in Silver Spring, Maryland, an affluent suburb of Washington, D.C., one of two sons to an attorney and a housewife. As a child, Zedd suffered from a variety of maladies and was often teased by his classmates for his effeminate, malnourished appearance, frizzy hair and large Coke-bottle glasses. During his teens, he developed a severe case of acne, causing him to feel insecure and uncomfortable around his peers–most notably the opposite sex. Many say that Zedd carries this teen angst with him the rest of his life, using his role as the perennial outsider to fuel the anger of his work. Eventually, Zedd's parents sent him to a clinic in Philadelphia, where his skin problem was cured.

In the late seventies, James Harding made his transformation. He straightened his hair, traded in his glasses for contact lenses and moved to New York City to study film at the Pratt Institute, where he eventually earned a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree. Following graduation, he immersed himself in New York's burgeoning underground "Punk" scene. It was at this time he changed his name to Nick Zodiac, liking both the implied ethnicity and spirituality of the name. Later, feeling the name was too "hippie-ish", he changed his last name to Zedd.

He began making movies in 1979 with **They Eat Scum**, and followed with **The Bogus Man**, **Geek Maggot Bingo**, and **The Wild World of Lydia Lunch**. In these films Zedd challenged the cinematic form with his revolutionary disregard for frame composition, focus, exposure, plot, pacing, pre-formulated scripts and other stifling conventions imposed on cineastes by the Hollywood film community. He used elements of B-movie exploitation film violence and hard-core pornography to denounce the bourgeois, empty lives of his audience of friends in the underground film crowd. In many of his films he co-starred with his zaftig, Rubens-esque girlfriend-of-the-moment, often engaging her in such acts of societal subversion as anal sex and fellatio.

Zedd spent two years completing what turned out to be his final film, **Police State**. Co-starring New York "scene" fixture Rockets Redglare, the film chronicled the arrest and eventual emasculation of a foolish, pouting, smart-ass (played by Zedd) who aimlessly challenges authority and martyrs himself as a victim of "the system". It was Zedd's masterwork and remarkable metaphor for the life of the artist himself.

Even those who questioned his ability as an actor and director marvelled at his mastery of marketing and self-promotion. Zedd turned the tables on festival directors and snooty art-theater managers who refused to show his films by transforming a pile of rejection slips into a reputation as a controversial "banned" filmmaker.

In the final two years of his life, Zedd was unable to complete a film of his own. Unbeknownst to him, he had acquired a tapeworm infection while demonstrating for the actors how to convincingly ingest pork intestines on the set of **They Eat Scum**. At first, the parasites provided Zedd with the callow, sucked-in-cheeks look that he so much valued. But as the years passed, the source of that gaunt rock-star quality went undetected and the infestation became a serious health threat. Acquaintances in the underground community at first thought his weight loss and nihilistic despondency were merely the products of rejection and lack of personal success, but they soon realized that something was seriously wrong.

In Zedd's eloquent essay "Fuck You," published in issue #12 of FILM THREAT, he alluded to his fate with the keen self-awareness that was his trademark, writing, "I know I won't be remembered, but you won't either."

Bye-bye, Nick. •

Parody. Not to be taken seriously. As if anyone took Nick seriously to begin with.

*photo by Alyce Wittenstein*

**FLATLAND**

1990 CATALOG

INTERVIEWS

Vicki Cooper, ufologist; Jim DeMeo, dir. of *Orgone Biophysical Research Laboratory*, cloudbuster & Reich studies; Mike Gunderloy, *Factshheet Five* archivist & reviewer of underground zines; David Ciaffardini, *Sound Choice* independent music reviewer; Peter Plate, self-published author who has given 10,000 books away free; Michael McInnis, author, publisher and bookseller.

REVIEWS/LISTINGS

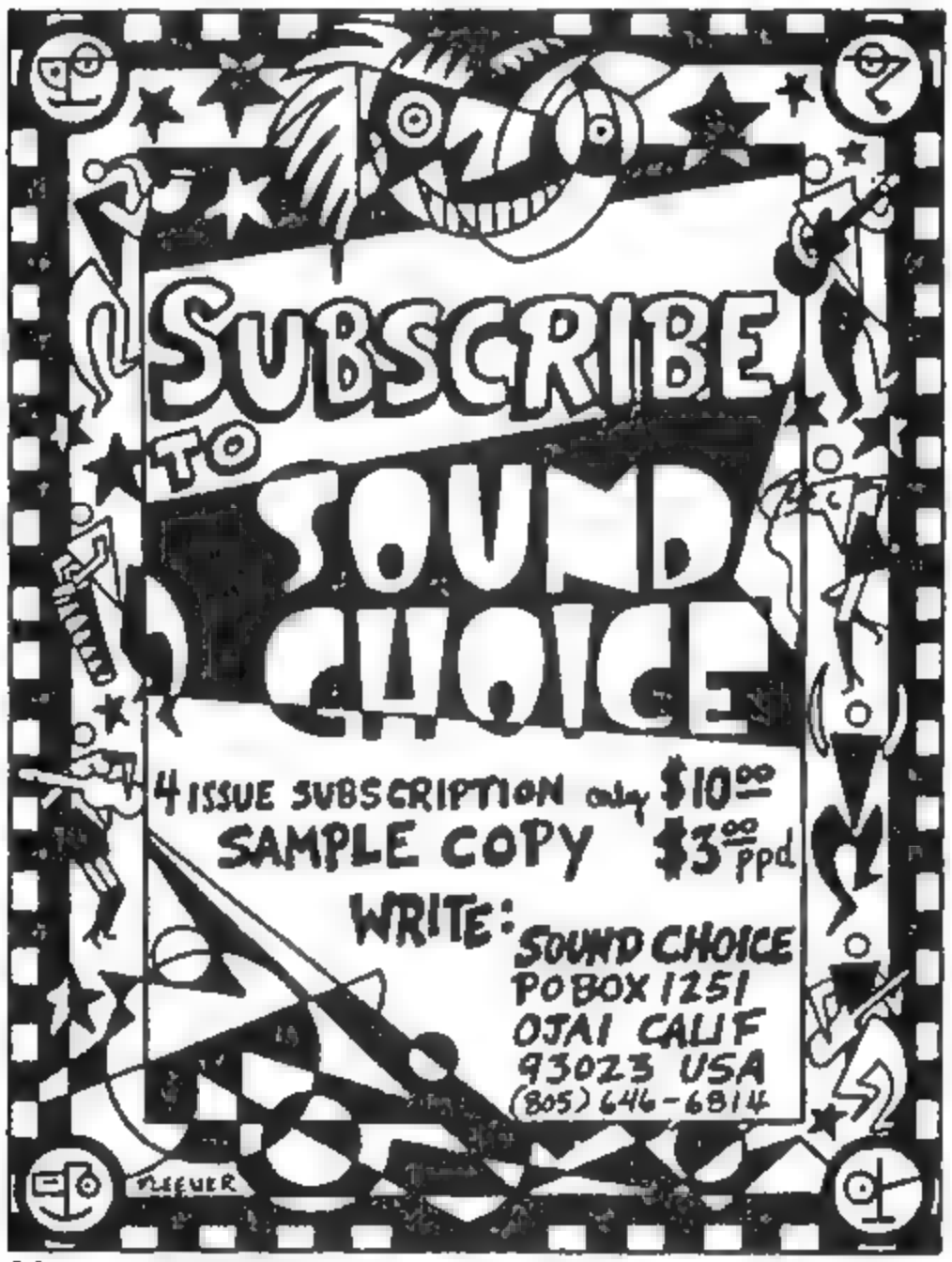
Many unusual titles on subjects including Reich's orgone, translations, mail art, autofiction, film, conspiracies, contact resources & directories, spec-tech, situationist, psychology, history, eastern europe, fortean phenomena, anti-nuclear, imported periodicals, books and pamphlets.

For 64 page catalog send $2 to:

**FLATLAND**

PO Box 2420

Fort Bragg, CA 95437-2420



Presented by Pandemonium Magazine

**BACK FROM THE DEAD**

**VIDEO-VOL.1**

LOST TRASH CLASSICS

MANIA

DRAMA

HALLUCIN-ATIONS

SAFTEY OR SLAUGHTER / 15 min. + / 1965
Canadian driver education/scare film. A hilarious, bizarre period piece hosted by a zombie-like narrator ... brief gore scenes, prime Sixties style & visual gimmicks. In lurid Tomato-Scope.

CAUGHT IN A RIP-OFF / color / 1974 / 15 min.
"Straight-talking" moralistic melodrama of young shoplifter confronted in hardware store. He bolts -- collared in parkinglot after classic slow-motion chase scene ... Shoplifter repents, in tears ...

YEAR 1999 A.D. / color / 25 minutes
Produced in 1967 to celebrate Ford's 100th anniversary. This was Ford's view of what life would be like in the household of the future (1999) ... classic "corporate futurism" schlock. Features mod mid-60's fashions and stars game show host, Wink Martindale as Astrophysicist husband/father.

THE PILL-POPPERS / color / 1970(?)/ 20 min.
Drug scare film - highschool level - intended to warn teens about dangers of pills. Features 3 mini-dramas: one boy goes insane, One girl dies, last boy wises up. Good L.A. suburban locations & late 60's lingo/style.

**$25 plus $2.40 post (VHS only)**

ORDER DIRECTLY FROM:
PAT HOLLIS • LIVING COLOR PRODUCTIONS
• 12 PLEASANTVIEW LN. • CIRCLE PINES, MN • 55014

Video Werewolf PRESENTS

# CHARLES MANSON, SUPERSTAR.

In 1969, he became one of history's most infamous villains, presented by the media as evil incarnate. Now, on the 20th anniversary of the "Tate murders," he has become an American folk hero. **Charles Manson Superstar** sets the record straight after years of media disinformation and lies. This feature-length video written and directed by **Nikolas Schreck (editor of the *Manson File*)** goes beyond the myth of madness and murder to reveal the unknown Manson in such features as:

• An exclusive interview with Manson that allows him, for the first time, to speak without being censored or sanitized for squeamish prime-time sensibilities.

• Manson's own music, smuggled out of prison for his circle of followers. • The connection to Satanic cults, Neo-Nazi factions and other extremists. • Eerie coincidences and Fortean phenomena that haunt the Manson case. • Little-known facts and fallacies about America's favorite bogeyman. • Rare archival news footage, police documents and photos. • Full-color cover art by notorious apocalyptic artist Joe Coleman. • In short, everything you always wanted to know about Charles Manson but were afraid to ask.

— — — — — — — — — cut here — — — — — — — — —

Yes! I want to get the fear. Enclosed is a check or money order for $49.95 (U.S. funds only) made payable to **Video Werewolf**, 8033 Sunset Blvd., #1313, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

U.S. Orders include $2.50 postage/Canada $3.00/Europe $5.00

CHURCH OF SATAN VIDEO SERIES

**The Sixties: Sowing Satan's Seed**

Excerpts from **Satanis** including rituals performed by La Vey in full devilish regalia, attended by his black hooded acolytes and writhing nude altars: 1968 interviews with La Vey and his followers and critics: T.V. news coverage of his pet lion Togare 1964 pre-Church of Satan bizarre children's morning T.V. show featuring a light-hearted Addams Family-like portrayal of the La Vey household. La Vey at his organ, his macabre paintings and walking his lion at the local supermarket. This surreal kiddie educational program was funded in part by the Humane Society of America! All music is performed by a still unshorn Anton La Vey. This video provides a fascinating glimpse at how different public perception and religious standards were then as compared to today.

**$50.00**

BLACKHOUSE SOURCEBOOK

An illustrated catalogue to the world's only Satanic resource center providing access to rare and unusual books and magazines, videos, posters, music, ritual tools, jewelry, etc.

$5.00 per catalogue

Send postal money orders only made out to:

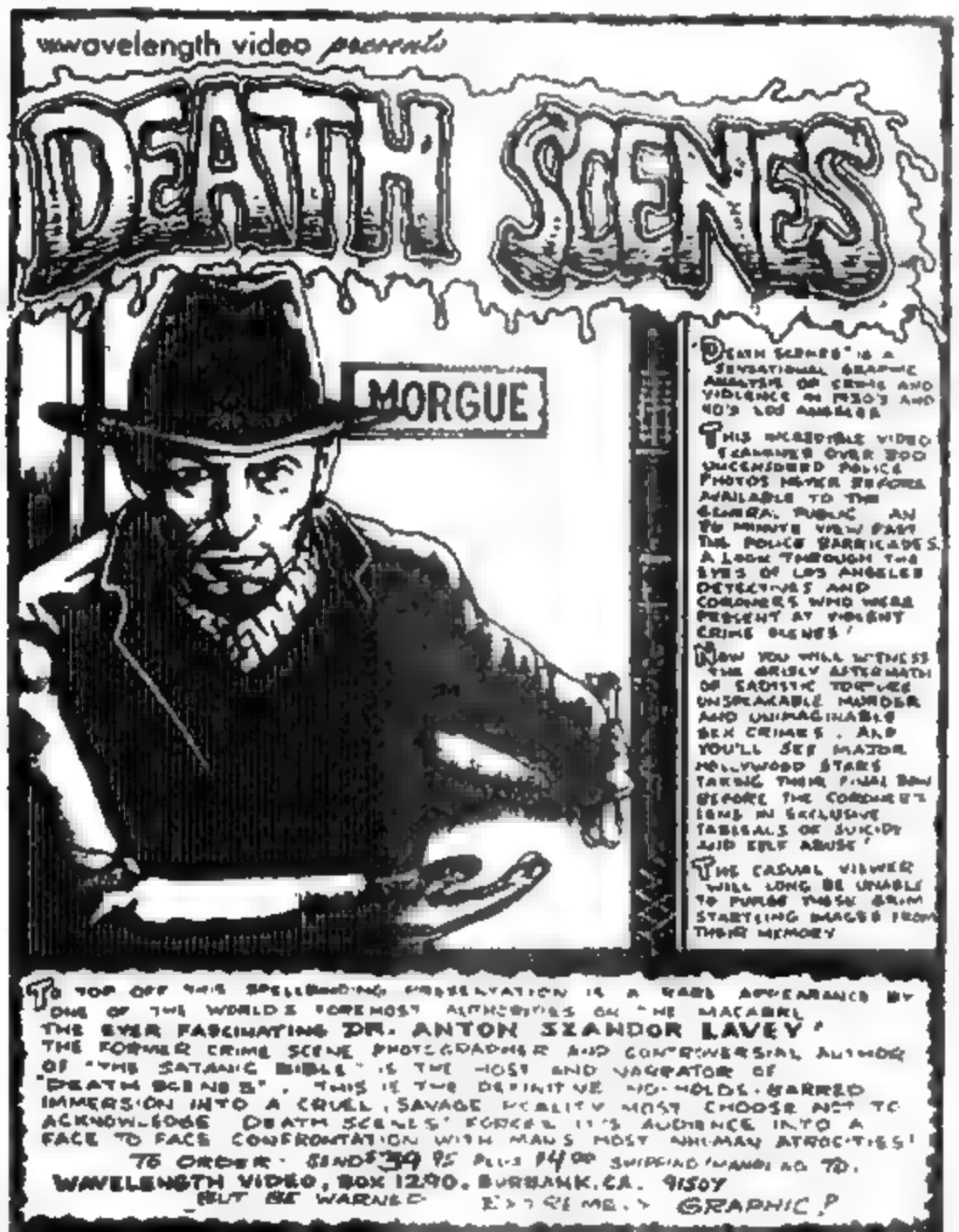
**AES-NIHIL**
**PO Box 93982**
**Hollywood, CA 90093**

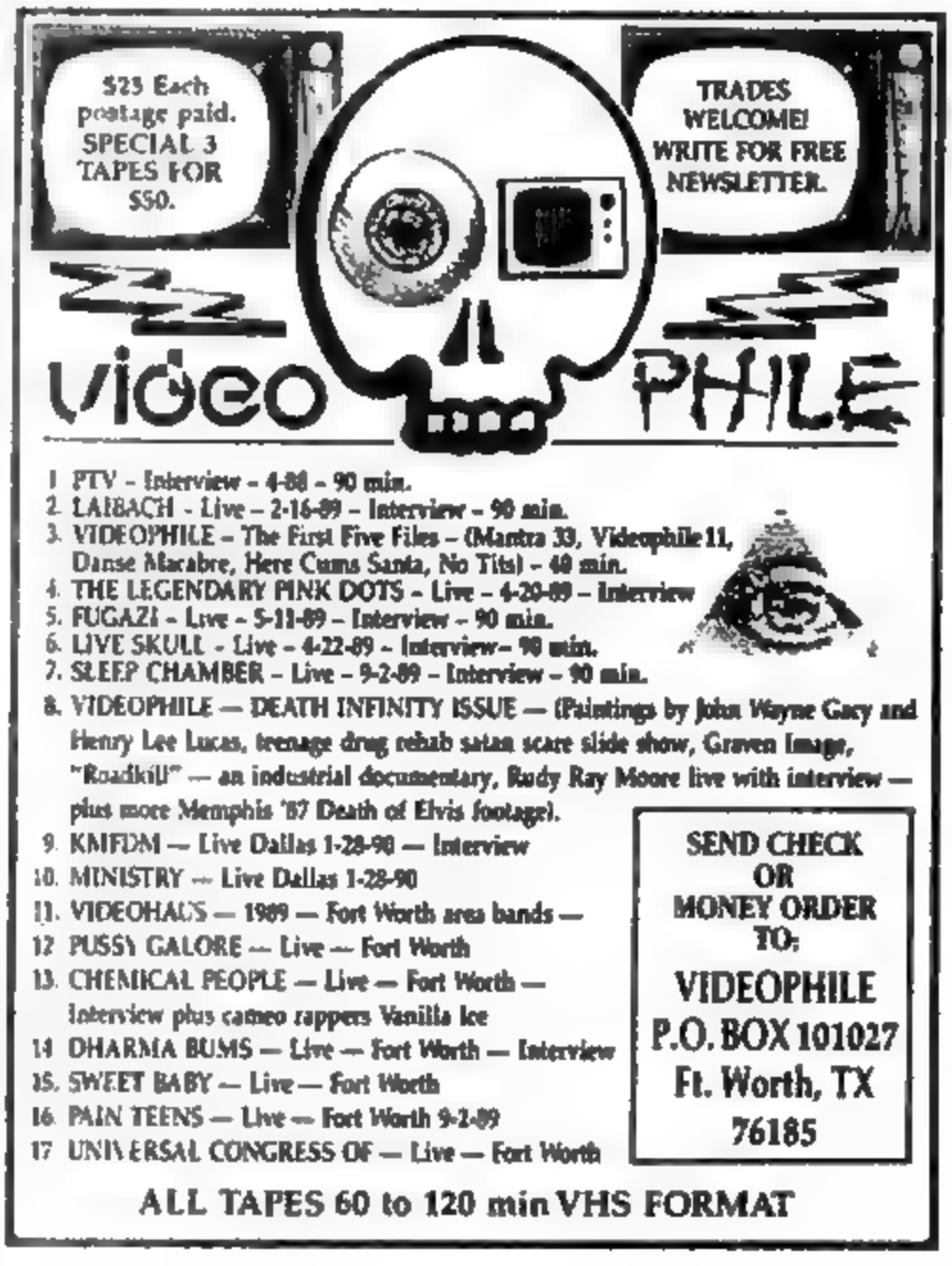
NEW!

**WE GOT POWER FILMZ** —— 3017 Santa Monica Blvd. #314 Santa Monica, CA 90404

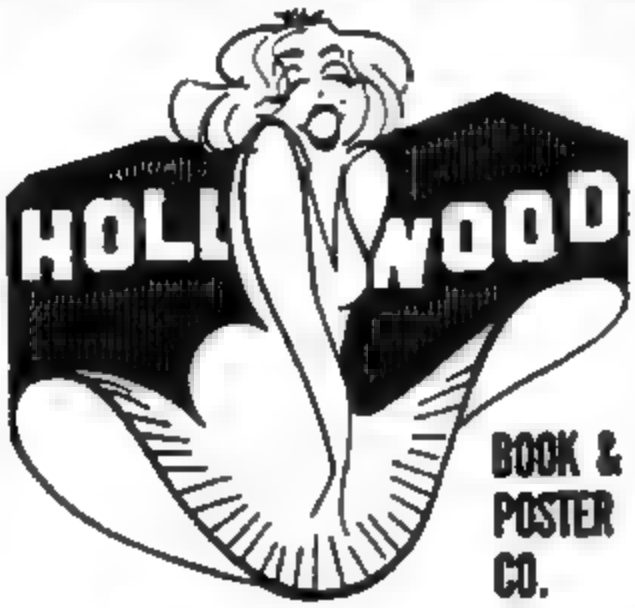
WGP #01: "DESPERATE TEENAGE LOVEDOLLS" - The catalyst of WE GOT POWER FILMS now legendary catalouge of cellulite city. Guarenteed to melt in your mouth, not in your hands. $22.50
WGP #02: "LOVEDOLLS SUPERSTAR" - The original premier version, available now for the first time. Over ten minutes longer, includes the Charles Manson "Garbage Dump" mantra, Lovedolls "Now That I've Tasted Blood" performance, & the unreal Sky Saxon sequence. $22.50
WGP #03: "SOME SHIT By DAVID MARKEY" - A 40 minute collection of short films from the Lovedolls mastermind himself. For The Way Out. $10.00
WGP #04: "THE SLOG MOVIE" - For fans of Los Angeles music reality, circa Hardcore '81. Includes interviews and live performances from Red Cross, Black Flag, and much more. $22.50
All prices are postpaid in the U.S. Overseas & Canada add $2.50 per. U.S. Funds only, please

---



# WE'RE MOVING



TV and film, rock & roll and wrestling can found at the
**Hollywood Book & Poster Co.**
**6349 Hollywood Blvd.**
**Hollywood, CA 90028**
**(Corner Ivar/Hollywood Blvd.)**
**(213) 465-8764**

Posters • Photos • Press Kits
Lobby Cards • Scripts • Much More
We Buy • Sell • Trade
Bring Want Lists

Free Mini-Catalog/Newsletter
*Free Poster With Ad*
Hours: Mon.-Thurs. 11-6, Fri.-Sat. 11-7, Sun 12-5

**Effective April 2, 1990**
**New Address:**
**6349 Hollywood Blvd.**
**Hollywood, CA 90028**
**(Corner Ivar/Hollywood Blvd.)**

- MOVIE POSTERS
- PHOTOGRAPHS
- ROCK & ROLL
- SCRIPTS
- GIFTS

6349 Hollywood Blvd.
Hollywood, CA 90028
(Corner Ivar/Hollywood Blvd.)
(213) 465-8764
Mail Order Available

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES

# G.G. ALLIN EATS HIS OWN

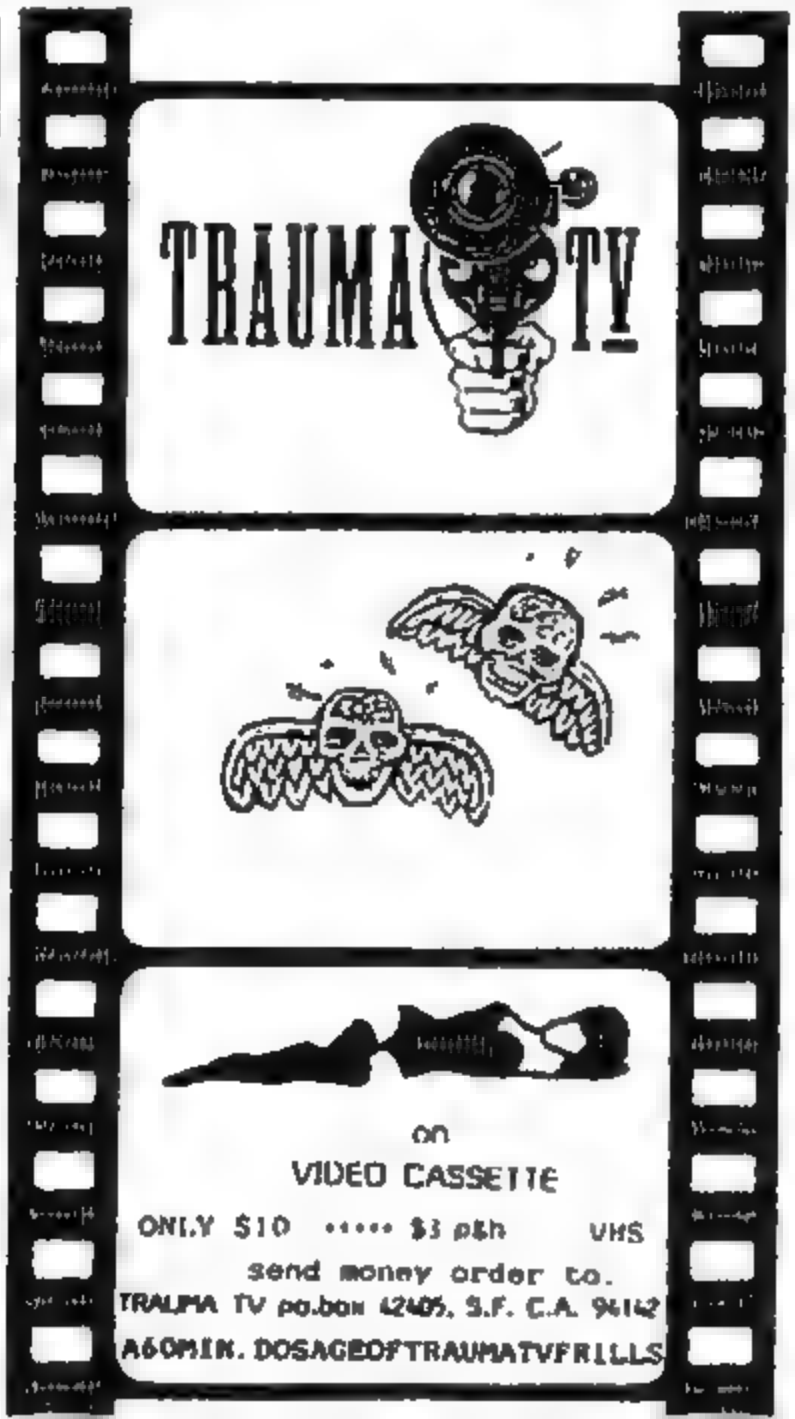
*"Some of the best footage I've ever seen of myself!" G.G. Allin*

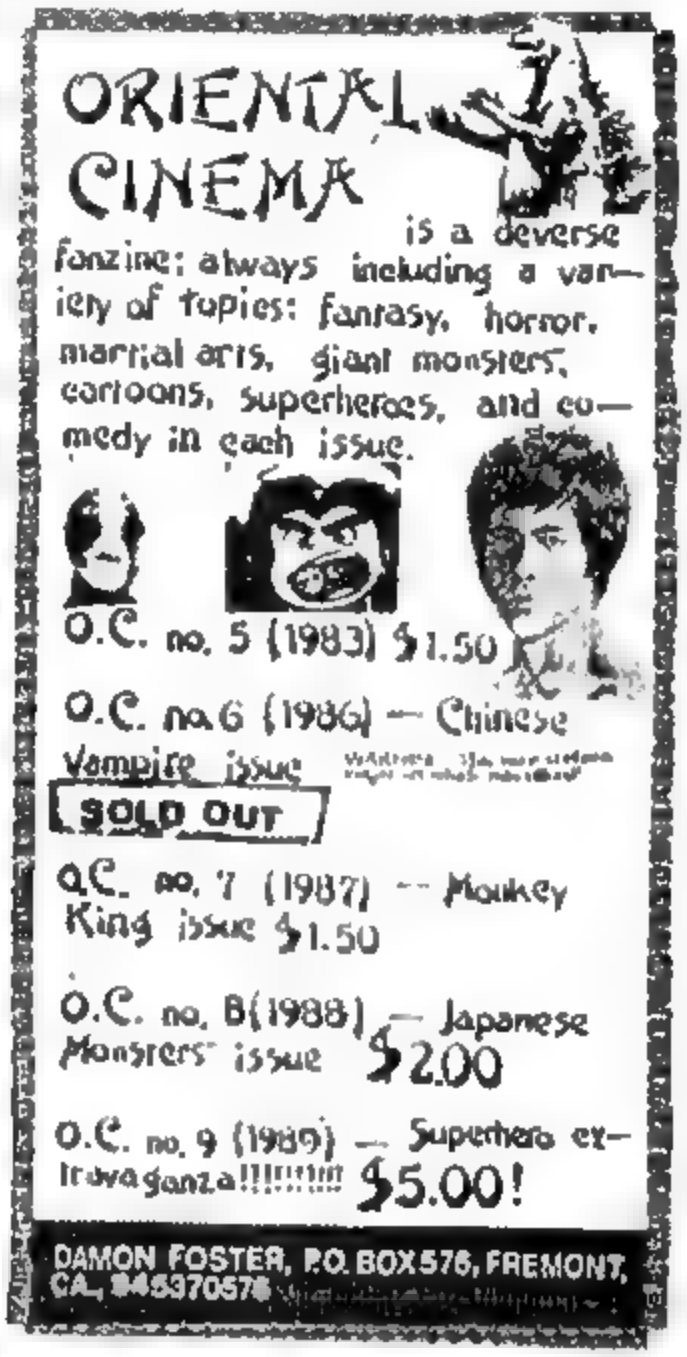
A sixty-minute video portrait of the most controversial rock musician of all time! See the death-defying G.G. LIVE at a San Francisco nightclub, featuring NY filmmaker Richard Kern on guitar! View never-before-seen footage of this wildman in this mutant video production from hell!

THIS VIDEO CONTAINS SEXUALLY EXPLICIT MATERIAL. YOU MUST INCLUDE AN AGE STATEMENT TO ORDER THIS VIDEOTAPE

VHS Hi-Fi Stereo 60 minutes

Send $25.00 + $3.00 for shipping & handling to:
I.A. MEDIA, P.O. Box 2430,
Santa Clara, CA 95055-2430



canyon CINEMA

Canyon Cinema announces the release of a major film catalog and video supplement. These publications contain descriptions for thousands of unique films available for rent and hundreds of video tapes for sale: Animation, Documentary, Experimental/Art Films, Erotic, Narrative, and Classics by the Foremost Artists in Cinema.

To obtain these fully illustrated catalogs send name and address to:

**CANYON CINEMA**
2325 Third St. #338
San Francisco, CA 94107
(415) 626-2255

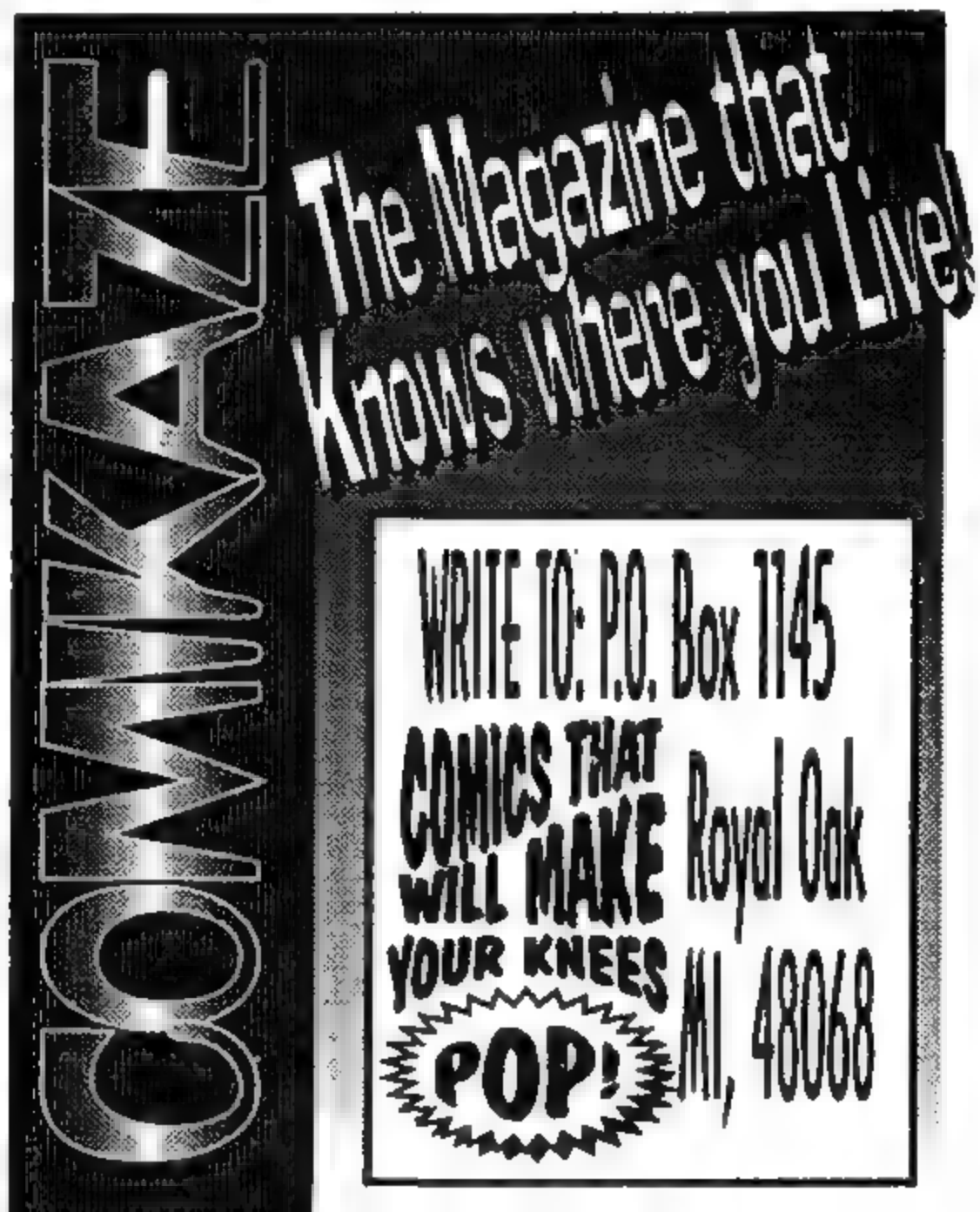
ILLUSTRATION & DESIGN

BLACKSMITH MULTIMEDIA
P.O. BOX 49505 • AUSTIN, TX 78765 • (512) 452-9522

"Sacred War"
A Compilation CD
(Compact Disc, Digital Audio, Gym 205)

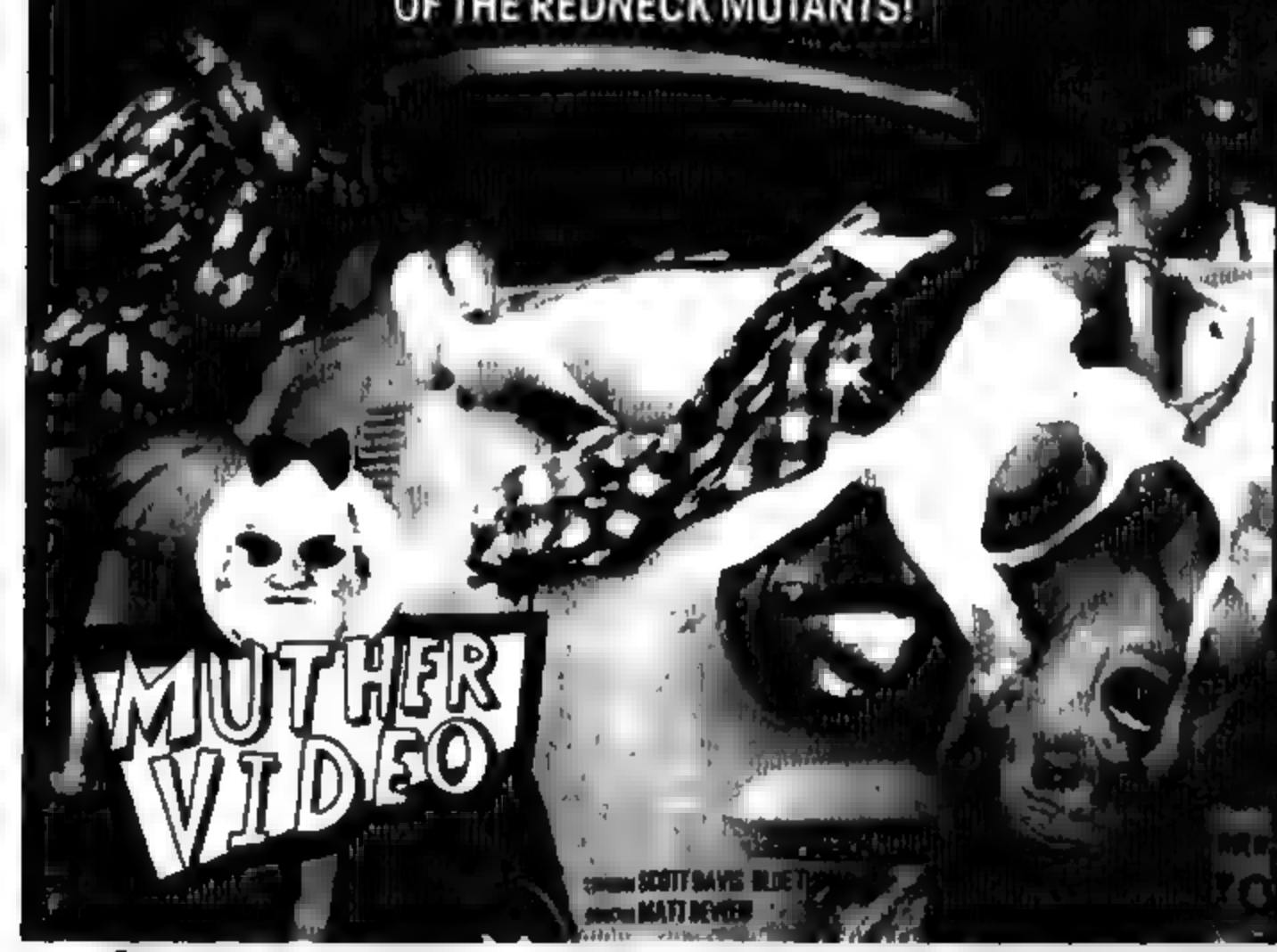
Anton Lavey (Church Of Satan), Boyd Rice (NON), Death In June, Savage Republic, Sol Invictus, Yeht Mae, Mephisto Waltz, Superheroines, UP/Motor, Premature Ejaculations.

To Order:
Send $20,-
(includes Shipping & Handling)
To:
Gymnastic Records
BCM Box 3673
London WC 1N 3XX
England



ONLY $29.95

# OZONE ATTACK
OF THE REDNECK MUTANTS!




"Great Fun. Sort of a cross between *Dawn of the Dead* and *Deliverance*."
--Mark Pirro
*Polish Vampire in Burbank*

"Ozone had me shaking in my boots. It's more horrifying than *The Toxic Avenger*."
--Yvette Vickers
*Attack of the Fifty Foot Woman*, *Attack of the Giant Leeches*

"Matt Devien is one of the brightest young lights in the world of exploitation films. I'm following his career with much anticipation and I suggest you do the same."
--Hershell Gordon Lewis
*Two Thousand Maniacs*, *Blood Feast*

FILM THREAT VIDEO

Don't say your Muther didn't warn you!
(Color, 90 min)

# HISTORIA DE LA MUSICA ROCK

# PUSSY GALORE

**America, get ready to feel good again!**

CAROLINE
wholesale CAROLINE RECORDS, INC., 114 WEST 26th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001
wholesale CAROLINE RECORDS CALIFORNIA, INC. 12410 FOOTHILL BLVD. UNIT B, SYLMAR, CA 91342

# WHEN BLACK HUMOR TURNS RED, COMPANY DROPS IN DEAD!

## I'M NOT CRAZY!

**THE STRANGE DOUBLE LIFE OF BILLY MITCHELL**

**Billy, in one world, a bright, loving young man. In the other, prey to the hidden demons of bloody revenge.**
**BLURRED by the memory of his sister's violent murder.**
**TORMENTED by its constant, brutal reminder.**
**HATRED enters Billy like a fever, and as a family fatefully gathers, he accelerates into a FULL BLAST of blood curdling, demented violence!**

**written, produced and directed by**
**JAMES A. STANGER**

**LAUGH UNTIL YOU SCREAM!**
**A MACABRE AND SUSPENSEFUL SHOCKER!**

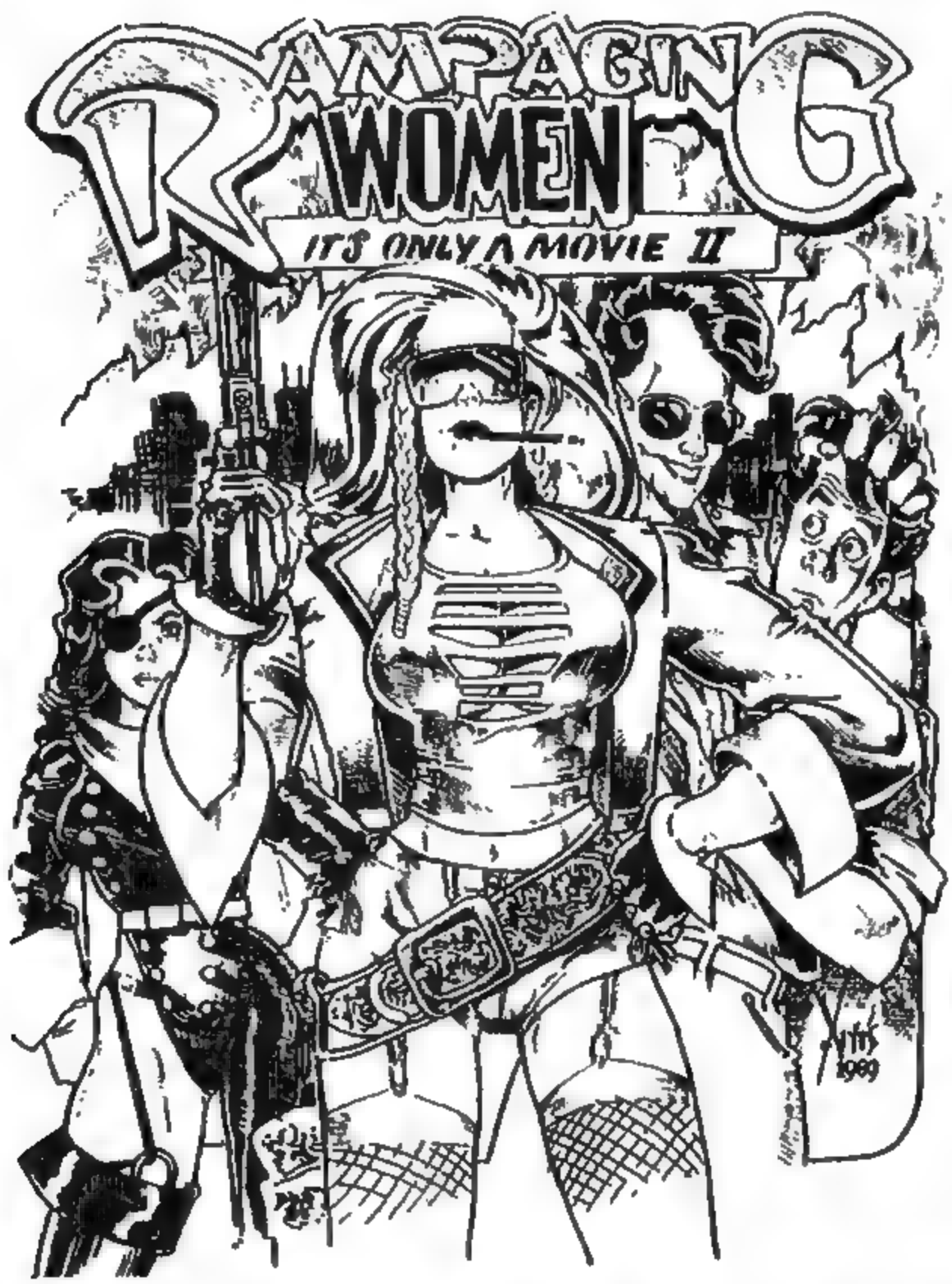
**$20.00**

SEGWAY PRODUCTIONS

FILM THREAT VIDEO

THE PSYCOTRONIC FILM SOCIETY PRESENTS

*"I love Rampaging Women!"*
Joe Bob Briggs




RAMPAGING WOMEN is an inside peek at the women of the Psychotronic Film Society–the world's only two-fisted pop culture group.

In RAMPAGING WOMEN you'll meet Super-vixen PAM "Boom Boom" SMITH & her Viragos: SONDRA and RANDI TIGER. Approach with caution gentlemen!

You'll also meet CYNTHIA PLASTERCASTER, who shows her collection of rock star relics; you'll see a gross-out trick from PENN & TELLER (who are the token males in this tape); you'll hear TELLER sing with BONGOS, BASS & BOB; Chicago performance artist/poet JEAN HOWARD will chill you with her Ed Gein poem. There are also shorts and surprises including a rare IRVING KLAW catfight and several BETTY PAGE films and much more!

ONLY $29.95!

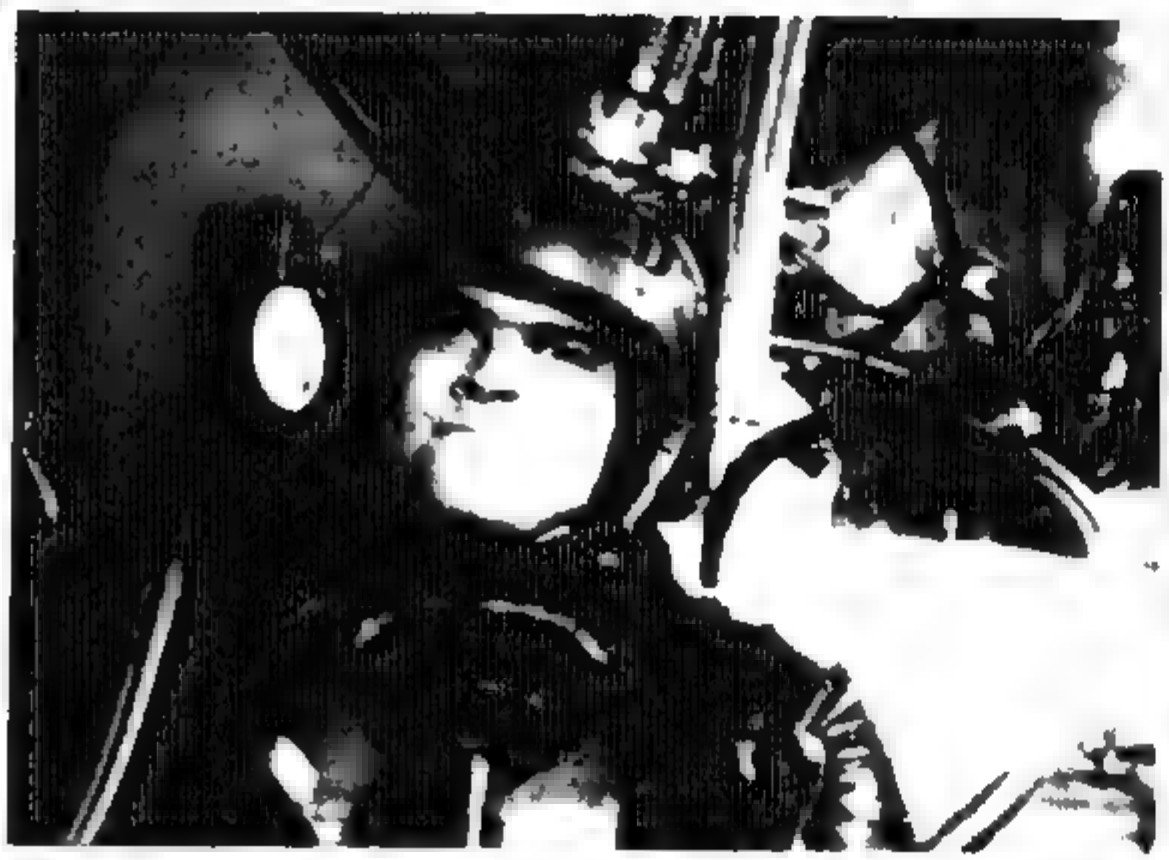
RAMPAGING WOMEN ARE COMING FOR YOU!

FILM THREAT VIDEO

# A DANGEROUS MOVIE FROM THAT KING OF SPEED!

FRANK GROW'S

# RED & ROSY



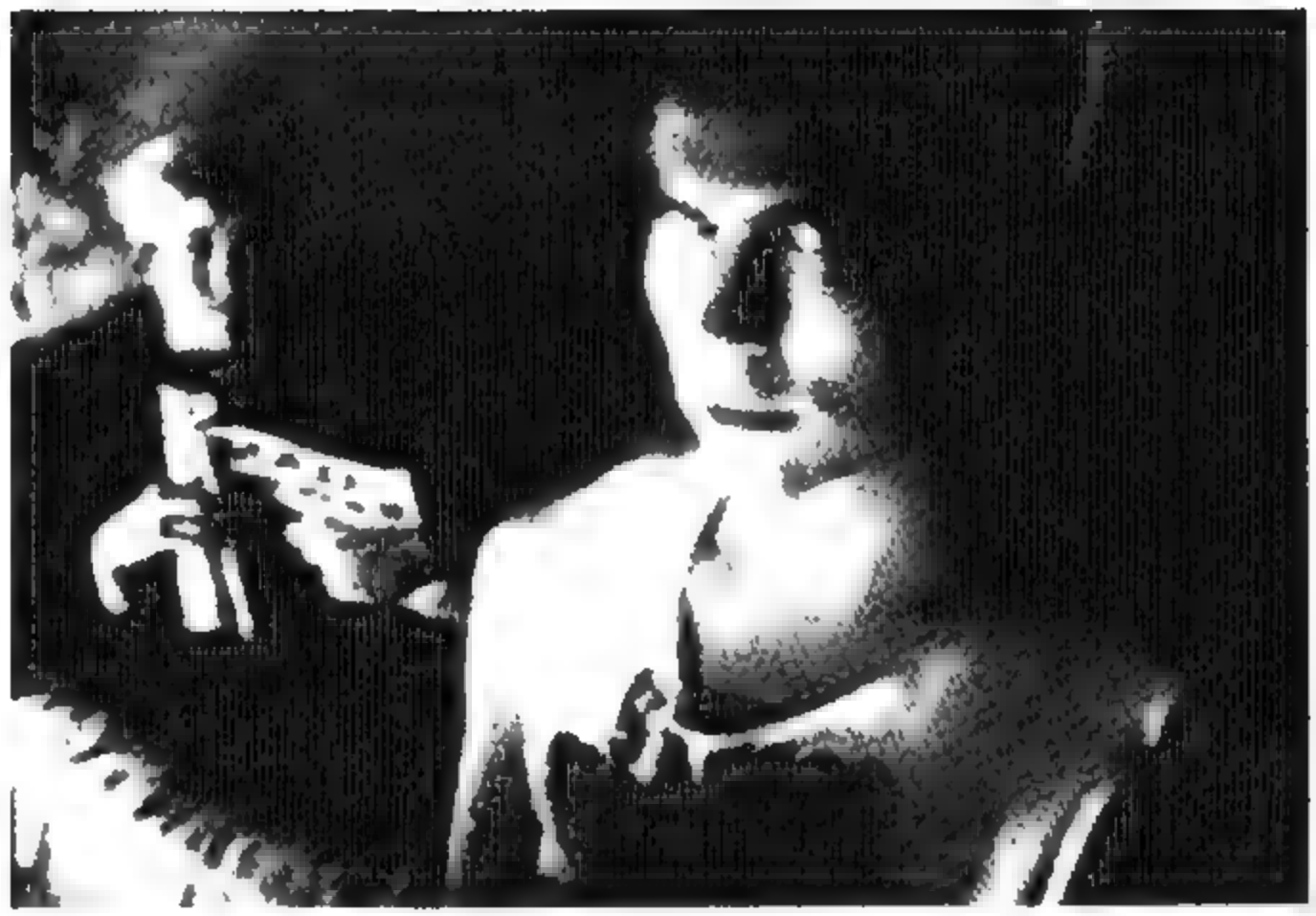
- FAST DRAGSTER MACHINES
- SUDDEN MURDER
- MISCHIEVOUS WOMB ACTION
- MONSTERS ADDICTED TO SPEED
- VIOLENT TATTOO AMUSEMENT
- LOUD ROCK MUSIC
- FAST GOOD FUN

**$15 IS CHEAP FOR ALL THIS ENTERTAINMENT!**

20 MINUTES

ONLY AVAILABLE FROM:

# TWISTED ISSUES
## A PSYCHO-PUNK SPLATTER COMEDY



*"An eighty minute excursion into an insane world."*

**GOREFEST**

*"One of the, uh, sharpest satires on the Michael/Jason/Freddie brethren of bloodletting bad guys to hit the slasher genre... It's a great movie and a lot of fun!"*

**Eric Danville, HIGH TIMES**

*"A combination of slasher type narrative with Decline of Gainesville Civilization type hardcore documentary... We raved about it."*

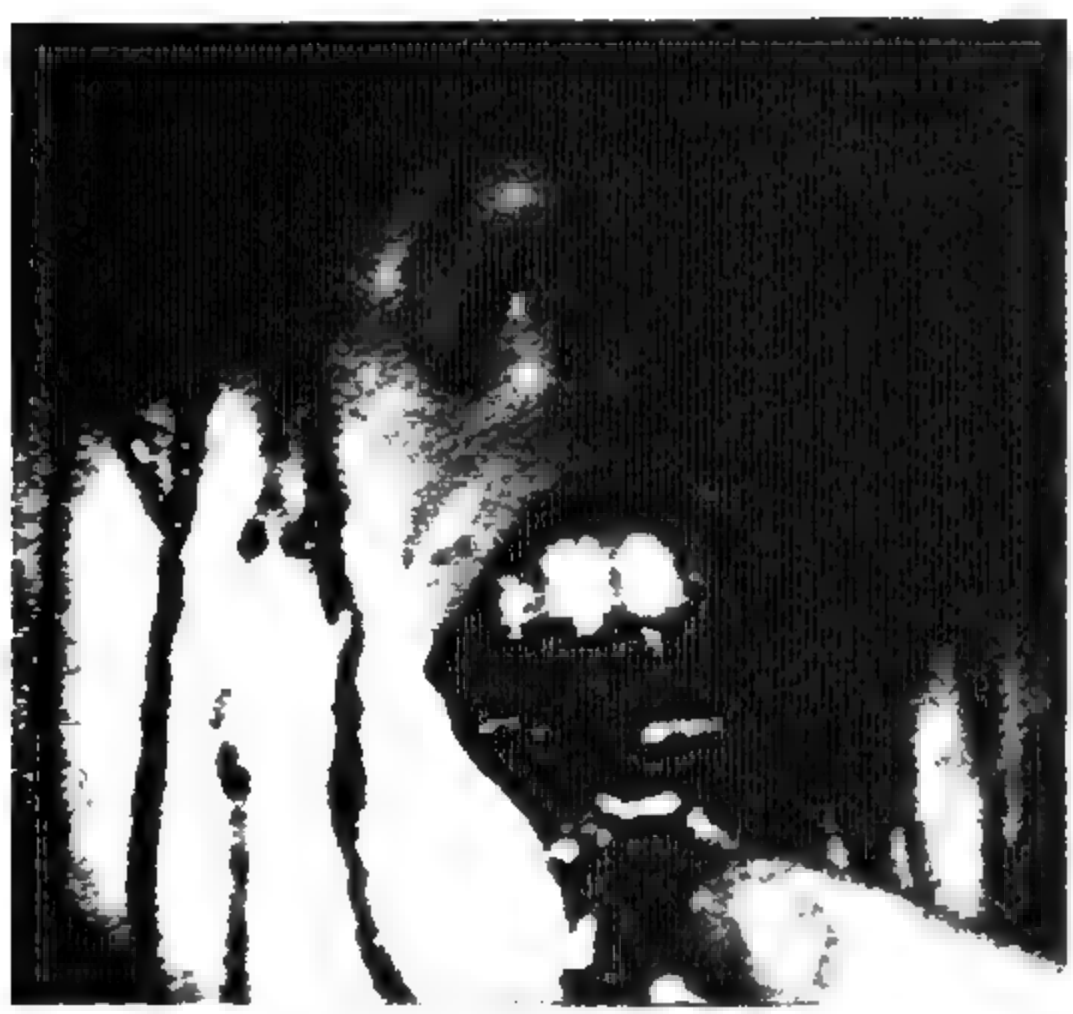
**SLAUGHTERHOUSE**

*"The story recalls Herschell Gordon Lewis and David Cronenberg at their goriest."*

**FIVE CENTS WORTH**

*"This thing is incredible... The gore is cheap, but it's good. A real crowd-pleaser and it'll make some squeamish folks leave the room... I'd like to see what this guy could do with a budget. Maybe the world is safer so long as Charles doesn't have one."*

**Chris Gore, FILM THREAT**

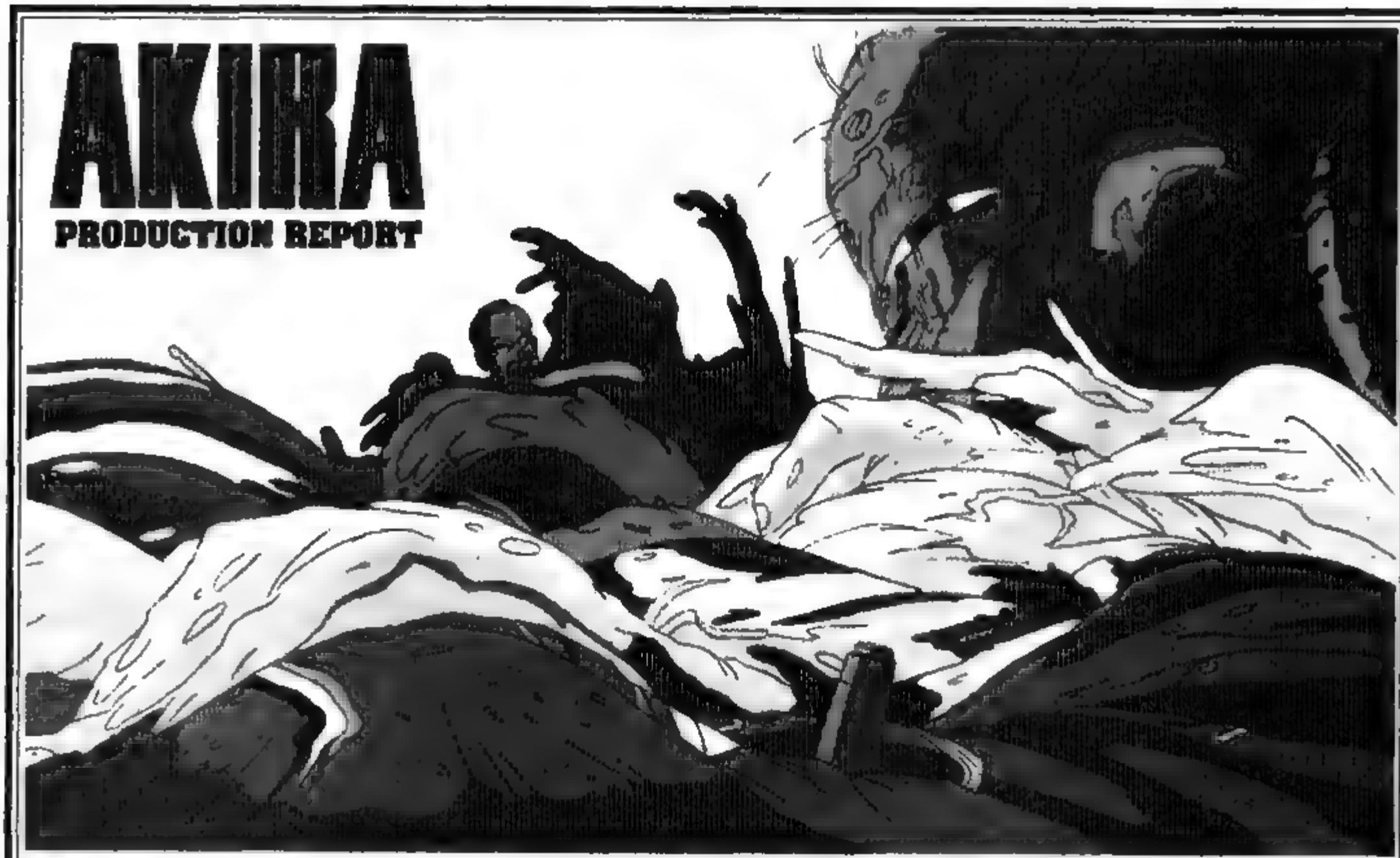


**a film by**
**CHARLES PINION**

**80 MINUTES**
**FEATURE-LENGTH • SHOT ON VIDEO**
**$15**

**AVAILABLE FROM**

# AKIRA
## PRODUCTION REPORT



# Neo-Tokyo has just E•X•P•L•O•D•E•D

JAPAN'S FOREMOST CYBER-PUNK VISIONARY

**KATSUHIRO OTOMO SPILLS HIS GUTS**

IN A REAVEALING DOCUMENTARY ON THE MAKING OF **AKIRA**

THE MOST VIOLENT ANIMATED FILM OF THE YEAR

**A must have Video for anyone interested in Japanese animation.**

**ONLY $29.95**

**AND IT'S IN ENGLISH!**

CALIFORNIA RESIDENTS MUST ADD 6.75% SALES TAX

**FILM THREAT VIDEO**
**PO BOX 3170**
**LOS ANGELES, CA 90078-3170**

I Know it's not the entire movie, but the next best thing – A 50 minute documentary on the making of **AKIRA.** So, here's my $29.95 plus $3 bucks for postage and handling. Send it to:

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY/ETC: _____

# LOOKING FOR SOMETHING

# WEIRD?

## EROTIC TATTOOING AND BODY PIERCING

This amazing 60-minute color documentary was made at a special meeting of the Tattoo and Body Art Society of New York, a gathering of over one hundred piercing and tattoo enthusiasts. Featured speaker Jim Ward of Gauntlet Enterprises and P.F.I. magazine leads us through an astounding slide presentation of Body Piercing around the world. Afterwards, heavily tattooed and pierced subjects share the special magic, ritual, and fantasy of the body arts with you!

Made by professionals using 3/4-inch equipment, Erotic Tattooing and Body Piercing will take you on a journey beyond your wildest imagination. This may be the most unusual video ever made–and every shot is real!

**60 min. $59.95**

## WEIRD SPRING BREAK

See hoards of horny college students invade Florida's beaches in in search of sun, suds–and sex! Sizzling, Uncensored!

- Wet T-shirt contests!
- Chug-a-lug pool parties!
- Fort Lauderdale madness!
- Wild Daytona Beach!
- Teeny bikinis and hot weenies!
- Hilarious "Sex and Drug" interviews!

**60 min. $39.95**

## WEIRD BIKE WEEK

### Daytona Beach, Florida

Forget the races - we came to party! All new uncensored bike week madness including:

- 100,000 outlaw bikers invade!
- Female mud wrestling at the Iron Horse!
- Cult of Harley-Davidson!
- Weird biker tattoos!
- Party at the Boot Hill Saloon!
- Big Daddy Rat's Custom Chopper Show!
- Show your tits!

**60 min. $39.95**

## WEIRD SAN FRANCISCO

Wow! is San Francisco America's weirdest city? See this unbelievable video and decide for yourself! Featuring:

- A female sadist in and S/M dungeon!
- Nude psychedelic Rock and Roll!
- Pierced genitals, tattooed breasts!
- A sexy mistress of infantalism!
- A $100/hour hooker tells all!
- San Francisco's weirdest bars and clubs!

Plus strange bohemians, punks, skinheads, sword swallowers, performance artists, and sizzling underground scenes that will leave you gasping for more!

**60 minutes $49.95**

# UNUSUAL DOCUMENTARY VIDEOS

**ADULTS ONLY! ORDER TODAY!**

# SEX WITH A DONKEY?

## "I both saw and enjoyed it."

**–Hugh Hefner, Playboy**

***"George Cunningham's outrageously comic Animal Attraction is a fictional trip to Tijuana that revels in all-out irreverence–and it's a real crack-up."***
**–Chris Williaman, Los Angeles Times**

***"depraved...sick trash."***
**–Andrea R. Vaucher, LA Weekly**

**YOU'VE BEEN OFFENDED–NOW OWN IT!**

**This arousing experience can be yours for only $20!**

**Is there REALLY a woman and donkey sex show in Mexico? Join four-star newsman, Frank Mamber, in this satirical romp through the streets of Tijuana, to the Casa de Hee Haw, where bored American tourists flock to see a very unusual little theater performance.**

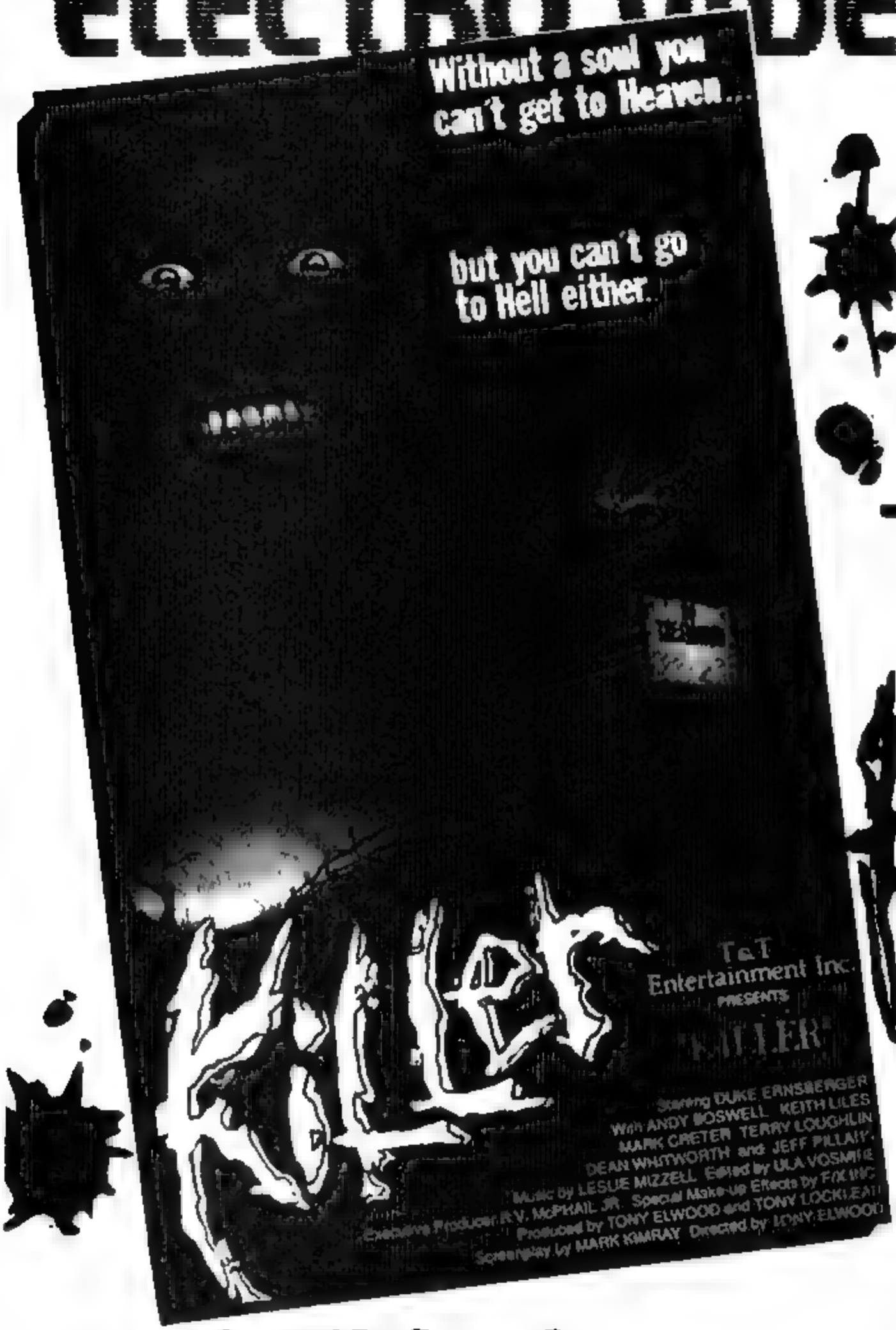
**NOTE: All sexual depictions in this film were simulated. No live donkey was harmed or abused in any way.**

**© 1989 Animal Attraction Prods. approx 17 min.**

**SPECIAL PRICE FOR FILM THREAT READERS**

# ELECTRO VIDEO

SPECIAL OFFER!




★★★★

Four stars. Joe Bob says check it out.

VARIETY

■ In the same genre as the current cult hit "Henry" comes "Killer."

T&T Entertainment Inc.

PRESENTS

# Killer

'KILLER' (VHS only)

Enter the mind of a serial killer, as he goes from state to state, leaving in his path a trail of blood.
Three reluctant college students witness some of the KILLERS handy work, and become involved in a night of terror. The explosive climax of KILLER is sure to keep you on the edge of your seat.
Starring DUKE ERNSBERGER, (DRACULA'S WIDOW, KING KONG LIVES) as Burke the KILLER, and ANDY BOSWELL, as Ash.
KILLER features Spectacular Make-up Effects from the minds of the people who brought you Effects from such films as, CAT'S EYE, DRACULA'S WIDOW & EVIL DEAD 2.
© 1989 T&T ENTERTAINMENT, INC.
RUNNING TIME 83 Mins. COLOR

## Available Soon

Marley's REVENGE
The Monster Movie

THE DEAD NEXT DOOR

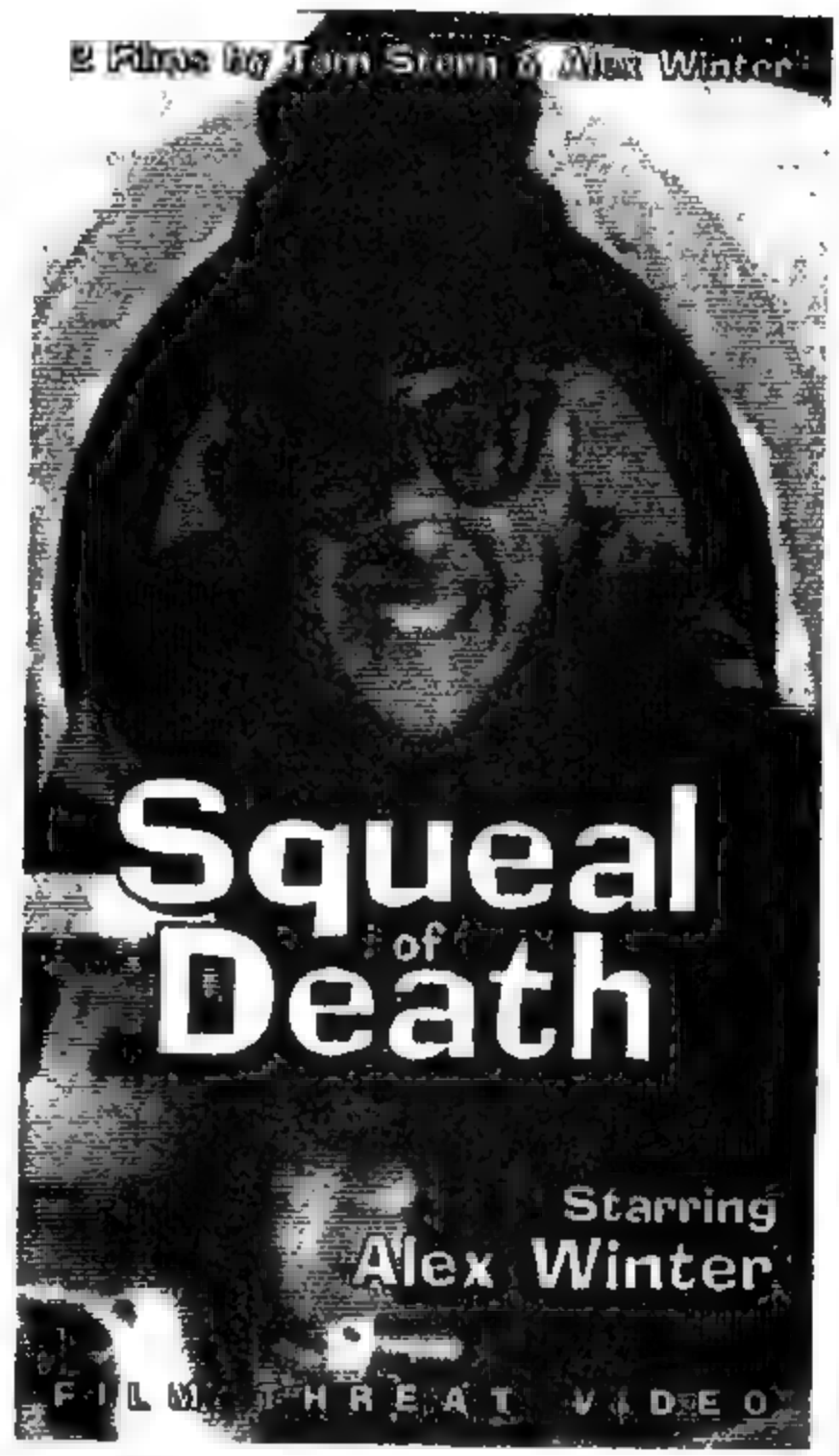
# $29.95

FILM THREAT VIDEO

# IT'S A CULT HIT!

## Squeal of Death

## Now on Video!




CULT HIT usually means a low-budget, direct-to video film, but not with SQUEAL OF DEATH!

This short by Tom Stern and Alex (BILL & TED'S EXCELLENT ADVENTURE) Winter is sixteen relentless minutes of Tex Avery meets Monty Python guaranteed to cause high blood pressure and hideous birth defects!!!

**SEE:**

Hot nurses in white stockings tucking in sheets of sin!
He-man gangsters reduced to bug-eyed lust mongers!
Helpless children scalded with red-hot fire pokers!

All this and more in an epic tale of one man's struggle for revenge against the 'straight society' that beat him down and forced him to eat GREEN SLOP!

**WARNING**

**Not for the faint of heart!**

**PLUS:**

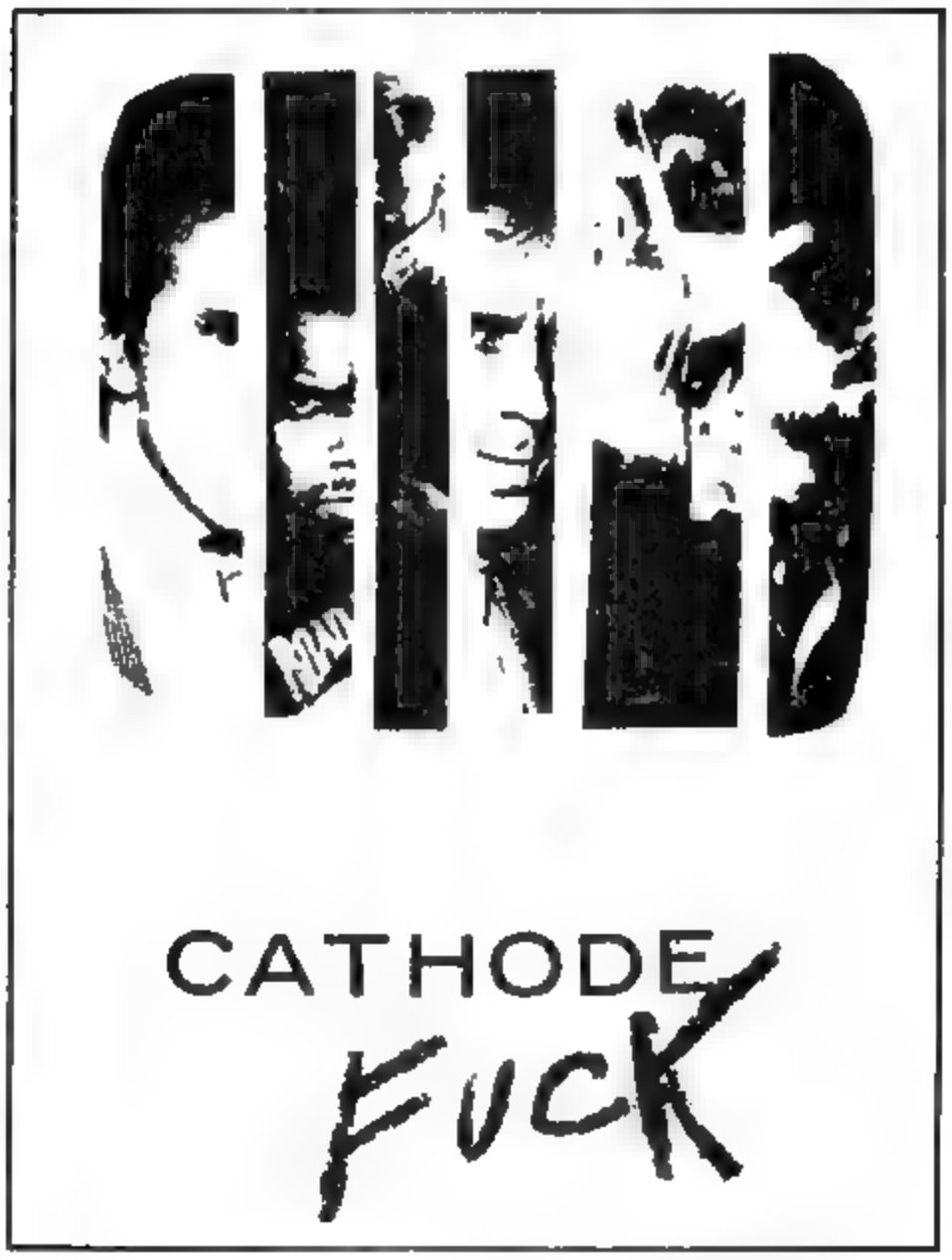
**ENTERING TEXAS**

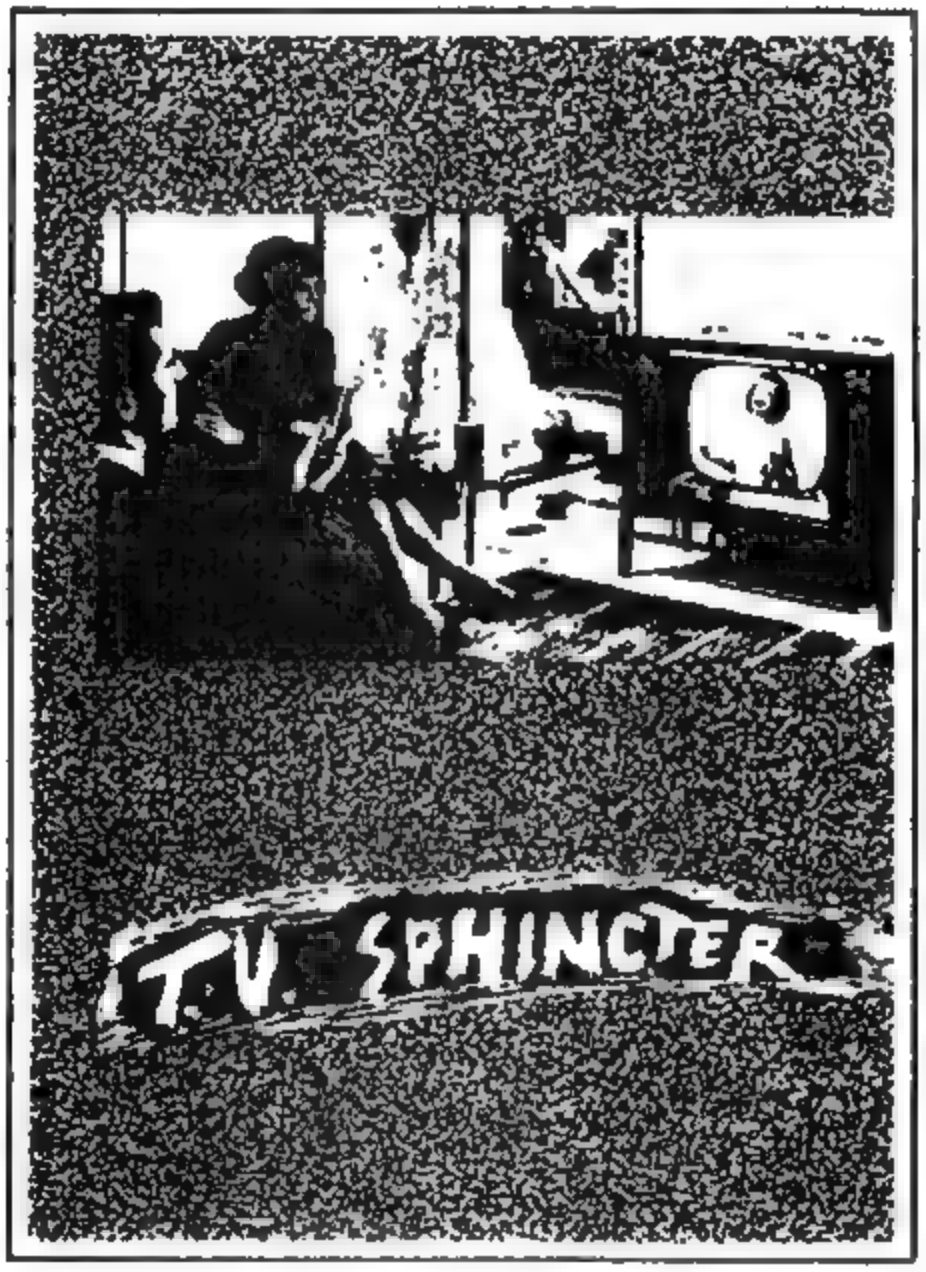
A depraved eleven minute film starring the
**Butthole Surfers**

***"The most original splatter movie since the first Nightmare on Elm Street."***
**–New York Daily News, Aug '89**

**2 GREAT FILMS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!**
**ONLY $15**

# VIDEO CUT-UPS




**CATHODE FUCK**

Entertainment and politics through the cathode rays. Assorted video cuts such as Public Image Limited's only appearance on American Bandstand, the Hail Mary premiere in Detroit, a McDonald's corporation training film on courtesy, Neo-Nazis, The Clash, Phil Donahue with Parent's of Punkers, John Lydon interviewed on the Tomorrow Show and more funny news footage. appx 120 min.

**TV SPHINCTER**

Sexual harassment in the work place, a gooey gynecological exam, a medical training tape on catheter tube insertion, Pennsylvania State treasurer shoots himself in the head, a rattlesnake convention in Texas, and murder in Detroit. Recommended to those with a cast-iron stomach. appx 120 min.

**STOLEN, STRANGE & RARE FOOTAGE!**

**$24.95 each or both tapes for $39.95!**

**SHOCKING!**
**SINISTER!**
**SURREAL!**

FILM THREAT VIDEO

**YOU WILL BE DISGUSTED & ENTERTAINED ALL AT ONCE!!!**

# THIS VIDEO IS PAINLESS

CHRISTIAN GORE'S FIRST WATCHABLE FILM!

OUCH is a weird tale about a nerd whose fear of needles leads him to be a guinea pig in a medical experiment that promises to end pain.

**IT'S PURE HORROR WITH A DEMENTED SENSE OF HUMOR!**

**& IT'S CHEAP! ONLY $9.95**

OUCH

It's Painless.

Starring Glenn Barr as Scott
with Arleen Imus, Bruce Rogge & Micki Weidner
Special Effects Make-up by Roger White
Music by Richard Feren
written & directed by Christian Gore

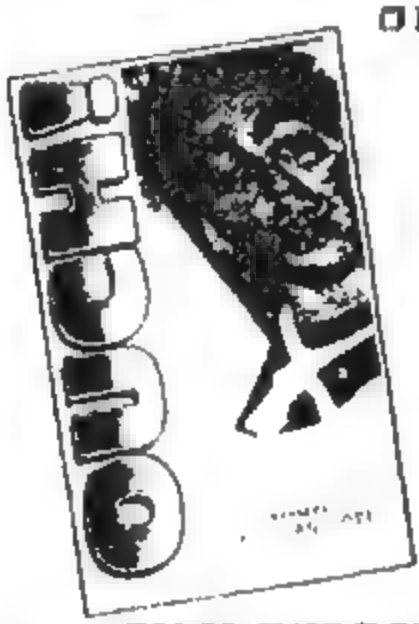
FILM THREAT VIDEO

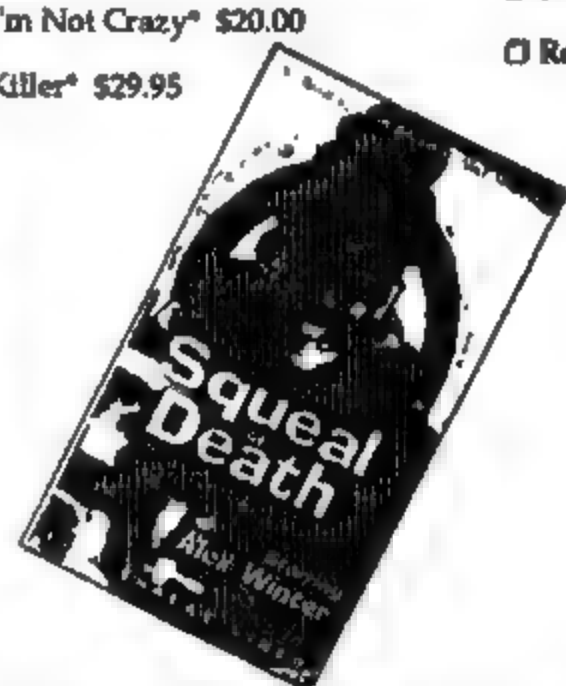
# ORDER FORM

FILM THREAT VIDEO is for those filmmakers or small video distributors who cannot afford to place ads in every issue of FILM THREAT. Therefore, we provide the space and take a small percentage of the selling price, acting as a sub-distributor. This deal gives you, our valued video consumer, the chance to purchase new films and videos that are rare, collector's items or difficult to find. Sounds simple? It is. And every tape is guaranteed quality or your money back. Just use the form below and your tapes will be sent promptly.

## LOOK FOR THE FILM THREAT VIDEO LOGO

- ❒ Akira: Production Report $29.95
- ❒ Animal Attraction* $20.00
- ❒ Dark Romances Vol. I* $24.95
- ❒ Dark Romances Vol. II* $24.95
- ❒ Dark Romances Vol. I* & II* $39.95
- ❒ I'm Not Crazy* $20.00
- ❒ Killer* $29.95
- ❒ Ouch! $9.95
- ❒ Ozone Attack of the Redneck Zombies $29.95
- ❒ Rampaging Women* $29.95
- ❒ Red & Rosey* $15.00
- ❒ Squeal of Death $15.00
- ❒ Twisted Issues* $15.00
- ❒ Cathode Fuck* $24.95
- ❒ TV Sphincter* $24.95
- ❒ Cathode Fuck* & TV Sphincter* $39.95
- ❒ Erotic Tattooing & Body Piercing* $59.95
- ❒ Weird Bike Week* $39.95
- ❒ Weird San Francisco* $49.95
- ❒ Weird Spring Break* $39.95



** You must be 18 or over to purchase these tapes. Please sign at the bottom of the order form.*

Mail to: **FILM THREAT VIDEO, P.O. BOX 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170 USA**

Send check or money order made out to FILM THREAT VIDEO. Your tapes will be sent as soon as your check clears but please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Xerox this form if you do not want to destroy your magazine.

DISCOUNTS AVAILABLE IN QUANTITY. DISTRIBUTORS–CALL US!

If you have a film or video that you think people would actually pay money to see, write and ask for details regarding distribution.

❒ SEND ME YOUR **FREE FILM THREAT VIDEO CATALOG!**

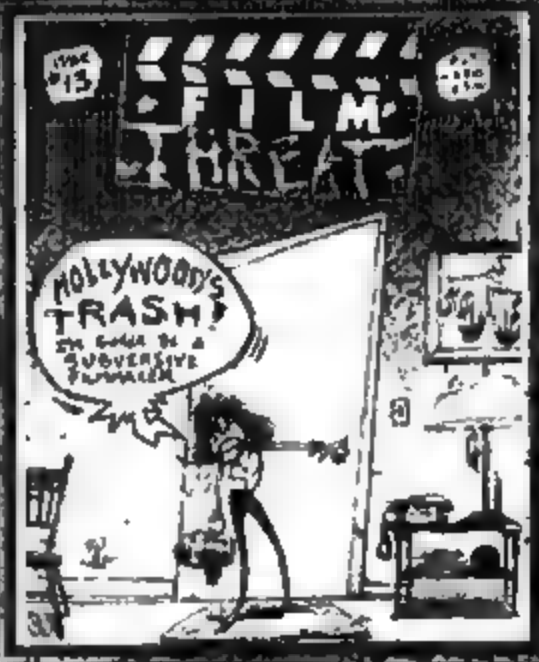
| VIDEO | PRICE | QTY | TOTAL |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |

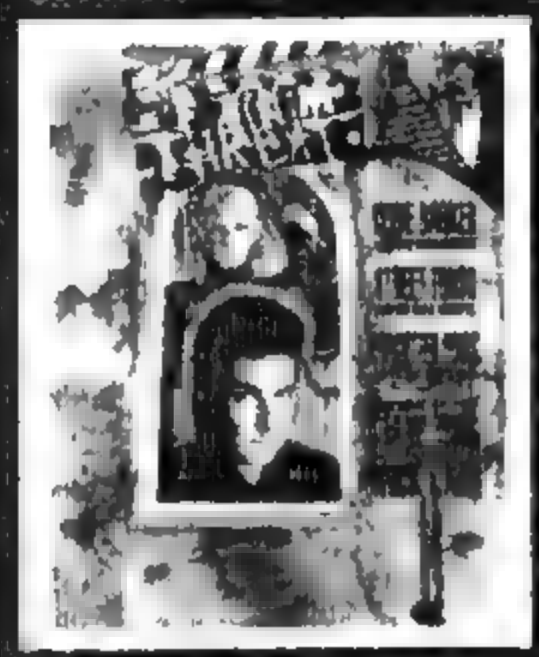
| SHIPPING | |
|---|---|
| 1 tape | $2.40 |
| 2-3 tapes | $3.60 |
| 4-6 tapes | $4.80 |
| Over 6 tapes | $6.00 |

| | |
|---|---|
| California orders add 6.75% sales tax | |
| Canadian orders add $3.00 | |
| SHIPPING | |
| TOTAL | |

X _____
*signature*

❒ *I certify that I am over 18 years of age.





# BACK ISSUE BLOW OUT!

#9 TERRY GILLIAM, SAM RAIMI, SCOTT SPIEGEL

#10 NICK ZEDD, STALLONE CONTEST, POLITICS, COMICS

#12 ALAN MOORE, EMILE DE ANTONIO, LYDIA LUNCH, RICHARD KERN, LUNG LEG

#13 CHARLES BUKOWSKI, ROSA VON PRAUNHEIM, GEORGE STOVER, SAM RAIMI, BRUCE CAMPBELL

#14 JOHN WATERS, KENNETH ANGER, JELLO BIAFRA, HONEYMOON KILLERS

#15 RUSS MEYER, DIVINE, NICK ZEDD, JELLO BIAFRA, ALPHAVILLE, BETAVILLE

#16 FASSBINDER, GEORGE ROMERO, CHARLES MANSON, ROCKETS REDGLARE, JEAN HILL

#17 JAMES DEAN ISSUE, GEORGE KUCHAR, ELVIRA

#18 BATMAN, CRONENBERG, TOM WAITS, MINK STOLE, CALIFORNIA RUNS

#19 CLIVE BARKER, NICK CAVE, SRL, GREG BROWN, BRION JAMES

#20 KAREN CARPENTER, DR. CALIGARI, THE REVENGE OF ANNE FRANK, IRVING KLAW, BAD SEED

#21 TORONTO FILM FEST, TRACI LORDS, JOHN WATERS, DARK BROS, XMAS HORROR

**EVERYTHING MUST GO!!!**

**ONLY $3.00 EACH!**

CANADIAN & FOREIGN ORDERS ADD $1.00 PER ISSUE
SEND CHECK OR M.O.: FILM THREAT BACK ISSUES,
PO BOX 3170, LOS ANGELES, CA 90078-3170 USA

☐9 ☐10 ☐12 ☐13 ☐14 ☐15
☐16 ☐17 ☐18 ☐19 ☐20 ☐21

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

| | |
|---|---|
| TOTAL COST OF BOOKS | |
| ADD 75¢ S/H PER ISSUE | |
| **TOTAL** | |

# OUR SHIRTS WILL LEAVE YOU BREATHLESS

# FILM THREAT SHIRTS

**ALL SHIRTS QUALITY 100% COTTON.**

**$10** each QTY. ___ DESIGN **A** OR **B** SIZE **S - M - L - XL**

**$12** each QTY. ___ DESIGN **C** SIZE **S - M - L - XL**

**$15** each QTY. ___ DESIGN **D** SIZE **S - M - L - XL**
**(DESIGN D–FULL COLOR, ANY COVER OF FILM THREAT, PLEASE INDICATE ISSUE NUMBER _____ )**

**TOTAL ENCLOSED** _____

**ATTENTION DEALERS–WRITE OR CALL US FOR WHOLESALE PRICES ON SHIRTS–ORDERS OVER 10**
CANADIAN ORDERS ADD $3.00 FOREIGN ORDERS ADD $5.00

**NAME** _____

**ADDRESS** _____

**CITY** _____

**STATE** _____

**ZIP** _____

**FILM THREAT SHIRTS**
**PO BOX 3170**
**LOS ANGELES, CA 90078-3170**

# CLASSIFIEDS

NEW RATES–$15 for the first 10 words. $5 each add'l 10 words. Display classifieds are $50 per column inch. Check or M.O. to FILM THREAT, INC. Send it now! FT CLASSIFIEDS, PO Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170, USA. Indicate section: MAGAZINES, VIDEO, SERVICES, EVENTS, MISC., etc...

## MAGAZINES

**BANG #20** is available with Russ Meyer, Alyce Wittenstein, Barbara Dare & more. This issue is dedicated to Sybil Danning!!! Also available: BANG! #21 with: GWAR, "Kitten" Natividad, Fred Olan Ray, Diane Franklin & Sex. Send $1 + 2 stamps per copy to: BANG! 77 Newbern Ave., Medford, MA 02155

**CITY MORGUE**–new splatter zine for fans by fans. Issues #1 & 2 available at $1.50 each ppd. from: Arpad Jasko, Jr, 376 Hayes, Holland, MI 49424

**FOR SALE:** Movie/TV Memorabilia–books, magazines, photos, etc. Send wants with SASE to: Bongiovanni, PO Box 10013, Fullerton, CA 92635

**MOVIE MAGAZINES (1920s–1970s)** New, bigger indexed catalog, $3.00 (refundable). Murray J. Summers, 10670 Cliff Mills Road, Marshall, VA 22115

**MOVIESOUND NEWSLETTER** Film audio tracks in theaters and homes. $2 buys two samples. PO Box 7304, suite 269T, No. Hollywood, CA 91603

**FOREIGN NATURIST VIDEOS/MAGAZINES**, $2.00, S.A.S.E., NATPLUS–FT, Box 9296, Newark, DE 19714-9296

## VIDEO

**NEKROMANTIK** - out & out sleaze from Berlin. Subtitled, high quality originals on PAL/VHS only, £25 (add £5 outside Europe). Contact: On Vision, BCM:EM/COMM., London WCIN 3XX, England. Money orders payable to P. Webber.

**RARE VIDEOS!** Rob Lowe–X, 13 Ghosts/glasses, Rocky Horror, Divine, Unreleased pilots. SASE Rees, 21334 Park Mount, Katy, TX 77450

**SAVANNAH ELECTRIC:** Independent Sci-Fi video from "...an extraordinary, intelligent and innovative Canadian filmmaker." VHS/Beta, $22 Can. Funds only. PM Stratychuk, PO Box 20262, Winnipeg, Manitoba, CANADA, R3K 2E6

**RARE VIDEOS:** Dean, Monroe, Garland, Liza, Lucy. Final Appearances. Unreleased performances. Send SASE: Rees, 21334 Park Mount, Katy, TX 77450

**NOW AVAILABLE TO THE PUBLIC:** A sixty-minute videotape containing 2 potent "PUNK" movies from the heart of Middleboro, MASS back in 1986. "The Decline of Middleboro Civilization" features interviews with Police Lt. Arnold Salley, Spyke (female vocalist for the now-defunct Spyke Smegma & The Kuntphartz), & more! "13 O'clock" is a short horror epic with a cameo appearance by Satan Liberace as a zombie! DO NOT MISS! $18 to Majestic Turd Video (MTV), PO Box 4304, Portland, ME 04101.

**VIDEOS–MUSIC & MORE!** Signal 30 (Highway Crashes), Body piercing, S & M, early Bowie, Cramps, Wiseblood, Neubauten, No Means No, Throbbing Gristle, Whitehouse, T. Vamp & more! Video Transferring also– PAL & NTSC. CONTACT: F.T. Dematta, 8 Haddon Rd, Hewitt, NJ 07421 USA PH # (201) 853-4420.

**ATTN: FELLOW OLGA OGLERS.** Does anybody out there have pirate tapes of Olga's Girls, Olga's House of Shame, and Olga's Massage Parlor? Why aren't those suckers on tape? Lydia Lunch is OK but Olga's tops. Olga Ogler from way back would love to have copies of her movies. Olga Ogler, P.O. Box 242, Planetarium Sta., New York 10024-0242.

**VIDEO SEARCH**– We obtain hard-to-find films on video, no matter how obscure. We are expensive, but good. 5 searches for $5 & S.A.S.E. Video Finders, P.O. Box 4351-453th, L.A., CA 90028

**10,000 HORROR TITLES!** All legal factory originals. Satanic Rites of Dracula, Blood Moon (Naschy), Return of the Evil Dead, Mansion of the Doomed, HG Lewis' The Psychic, All $34 ea. Mention FILM THREAT and we pay postage, otherwise $1.50 per tape, buster! Send wants/orders to: VIDEOMANIA, 2520 N. Lincoln, suite 129, Chicago, IL 60614. Payable to H. Wortell.

**KIRK-O-MATIC CLUB FX** - 2 hrs VHS mos tape from the wild producer of Cheap Peeks, 7 Plastic Yaks & Cobalt Surge & Surfer Logic. Send checks $50 to Kirk Hunter, P.O. Box 163773, Austin, TX 78716–It Rox!

**1,000,000 VIDEOMOVIES/SOUNDTRACK–BROADWAY LPS!** Video Catalogue–$1.00. Big descriptive–$7.95. Soundtracks-Casts–$1.00. RTS/FT, Box 750579, Petaluma, CA 94975

## SERVICES

**DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY** available to shoot your next weird film. Flexible, workable, negotiable, able. Call for rates/reel. Darren Leno–(504) 833-5340.

**SUPER 8–24 FPS TRANSFERS** Scene by scene color correction via CCD telecine, Sony 700 Color Corrector w/hue, phase, gamma compensation, neg/pos reversing, B & W tinting, wipes, video/audio fade & mix, Tascam & Dolby C. $1 a min. for 1/2". $2 a min. for 3/4". $3 for 3/4" SP available. Call Gerard Yates, THE EYE BANK 3 Canterbury Green, Stamfrod, CT 06901 (203) 359-[illegible]292

**VIDEO TRANSFER:** NTSC to PAL or PAL to NTSC. $30 Per hour plus tape. Also available underground/alternative music videos and shows. Contact P. DeMattia, 8 Haddon Road, Hewitt, NJ 07421 (201) 853-4420.

## MISCELLANEOUS

**NUDE PHOTOS OF FEMALE DIRECTOR** when you send funds to finish her latest SLASHER. In the name of God help her finish this film! Send check or money order (over $5) to: Lisa Houle, Blessed Elysium Prod., 100 Sullivan St. #2A, NY, NY 10012

**BEST OF NYC UNDERGROUND:** Zedd, Scott & Beth B, Survival Research, Eric Mitchell, Charlie Ahearn, Frank Moore, Tina L'Hotsky, Glenn O'Brien's TV Party, Perf Art, Artist Interviews (Eisner, Beuys, Branca Mekas). Others; most titles exclusive. $1 gets cat. to: M/W/F c/o Moore, 73 East Houston St., NYC, NY 10012 (212) 219-0765.

**VAMPIRE FANS UNITE**–International Vampire Association dedicated to writers & artists. For application send SASE to Loyalists of the Vampire Realm, PO Box 1354–Dept. P, NY, NY 10028-0001. Please state age.

**FILM CRASH** seeks films for L.A. screening of independent productions. Contact Alison Dickey (213) 939-8422 or FILM CRASH WEST c/o Alison Dickey, 644 Ridgeley Dr. #1, Los Angeles, CA 90036.

**WANTED:** "Traci Lords 1990 16 month Calendar" Published, distributed by OSP Publishing. 12 X 12 square. State condition, price desired. W.C.N., 5412 McGann Dr., San Diego, CA 92105-5509.

**AIRPLANE GLUE ECSTACY** Editor seeks relevant data, graphics, media hysteria, personal experiences. VILLA DELIRIUM, 3951 Fremont N. Sea. Wa. 98103

## EVENTS

FREE listings for festivals and events. Send a release exactly as you want it printed. 50 words max.

**FAIR VISION RATIO**, a national open screening and exchange program of new works in film and video, is seeking submissions. Send tapes in 3/4", VHS, or Super 8, 16mm film with stamped return mailer to: Fair Vision Ratio, 911 Contemporary Arts, 518 Jones Bldg, 1331 Third Ave, Seattle, WA 98101. Contact Alan Pruzan at (206) 682-6552.

**EVENTS (CONT.)**

**FANTACON '90:** Sept 8 & 9 Empire State Plaza Convention Center, Albany, NY. The East Coast's Largest Horror & Comic con. Guests: Dario Argento, Basil Gogos, TMNT creators Eastman & Laird. Huge dealers room, FX demonstrations, giveaways and lunacy! Admission: $10/day or $14/2 days in advance. $12/day or $16/2 days at the door. Info: Fantacon c/o Fantaco, 21 Central Ave., Albany, NY 12210 (518) 463-1400

**SUBMIT VIDEO & FILM** to ATV for airing nationwide on the Alternative Television Network's Ego Threat & Joy Farm: PO Box 11574, Milwaukee, WI 53211 (414) 264-4592

**ARTISTS**–Any medium that can be exhibited on videotape ART MAGGOT HYSTERIA needs you. What: A 30 minute video party. Where: Aired in L.A., N.Y.C., S.F., D.C., & S.D. For information: Black Heat Records Productions, PO Box 7687, San Diego, CA 92107 Ph# (619) 222-1642 Attn: Jonathan X.

The already infamous **IMMINENT DISSOLVES** film series seeks your seizures in sizes 16, 8 & S8 for exhibition in TAMPA. The perfect compliment to any threatening filmmaker's Resume. I.D. 1234 S. Howard, Tampa, FL 33606.

**SEND FILMS OR VIDEOS** no matter how inane or serious; rough or slick, I'll put them on Public Access in Lexington. Working toward a Nationwide Public Access Network. George Maranville, 208 Zandale Drive, Lexington, KY 40503 (606) 277-3426

**OPEN SUBMISSIONS** - If you are interested in presenting your work at Chicago Filmmakers, please contact us about submitting your films or tapes for screening or submitting a performance proposal. We want to see your work! 1229 W. Belmont, Chicago, IL 60657 (312) 281-8788

**TRAUMA TV** is now accepting works by independent film/video directors for its new showcase "TV DINNER". Work can be sent on 3/4, VHS or 8mm. TRAUMA TV, P.O. Box 42405, San Francisco, CA 94142-2405. To be put on our mailing list please send an obscene postcard with all the details.

## EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES! with FILM THREAT Magazine

*Hate Classic Rock? Cringe at reruns of the Donna Reed show? Puke when you see people who wear bell-bottoms and think it's cool?* FILM THREAT Magazine is looking for ambitious people to participate in our expansion in 1991. We're sick of the Baby Boomers hogging the media and we want to create our own identity. Be part of this new generation of writers, filmmakers and artists. C'mon, we don't want to be hypocritical bullshitters like our parents. If you want to have a fun job, some of these positions may interest you. Send resume and daytime phone number–put job title on envelope. Send to:
**FILM THREAT JOBS, PO Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170.**
Mail before November 30th, 1990, but the sooner, the better.

**EDITOR,** strong writing, research and interviewing skills. Must not be intimidated by celebrities. Macintosh computer experience, knowledge of Quark is a plus. Ability to delegate assignments and manage freelance writers. Send salary requirements and writing samples. Must live in Los Angeles area or be willing to re-locate.

**ADVERTISING DIRECTOR,** ability to manage regional ad reps and orchestrate all advertising for magazine. Experience with magazine launches and large ad accounts. Earn salary and commission bonuses. Send salary requirements. Should look corporate (but you don't have to act like it). Must live in Los Angeles area or willing to re-locate.

**REGIONAL ADVERTISING SALES REPS,** commission only. Flexible hours with opportunity for fun and easy money once you've established a large client base. Regional reps needed in Los Angeles or New York area.

**ART DIRECTOR,** part-time position with flexible hours. Must have experience with Macintosh computers and the following programs: Quark, MS Word, Typestyler, Freehand, Adobe Illustrator, and other art-oriented programs. Send salary requirements. Must live in Los Angeles area or be willing to re-locate.

**FREELANCE ARTISTS,** send art sample so we can keep you on file.

**FREELANCE WRITERS,** send writing samples and we'll send you our writing requirements.

**NEW YORK BUREAU CHIEF,** writing and interviewing skills. Work out of home, access to a fax and Macintosh computer. Paid on a freelance basis but will have credit on masthead.

**EUROPEAN BUREAU CHIEF,** writing and interviewing skills. Work out of home, access to a fax. Paid on a freelance basis but will have credit on masthead.

**PICK-A-BUREAU CHIEF,** person in any region who can keep us up-to-date on what's happening in their neck of the woods. Writing and interviewing skills. Work out of home, access to a fax and Macintosh computer. Paid on a freelance basis but will have credit on masthead.

## FILM THREAT VIDEO MAGAZINE

**Send to: FILM THREAT VIDEO, PO Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170.**

**HAVE YOU GOT A VIDEO CAMERA?** FILM THREAT VIDEO MAGAZINE will pay you $10 per minute of footage used. Anything unusual or demented and too weird for America's Funniest Home Videos. Send it to us! Make sure to include model releases, address and phone number–enclose an SASE if you wish to have your tape returned, otherwise we may end up using it to record the lost episodes of Family Ties.

**WE WANT SHORT FILMS!** FILM THREAT VIDEO MAGAZINE will pay you $10 per minute. Send it to us! Make sure to include model releases, address and phone number–enclose an SASE if you wish to have your tape returned.

## INTERNSHIPS

Get credit for school. You won't make any money but think of the experience! Talk with your school counselor about a work-study programs. Send to:
**FILM THREAT INTERN, PO Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170.**
These positions are available:

**EDITORIAL ASSISTANT,** must not mind doing menial tasks, errands, going to movies for free, or big Hollywood parties. May also be required to write reviews and do interviews. Must also be willing to travel to film sets for

**FILMMAKERS** needed to DIRECT & PRODUCE film and video segments for FILM THREAT VIDEO MAGAZINE. Why use your own money on a project when you can fuck up with our money? It's fun and you get to travel to exotic locales. Send us your reel (on VHS) or a letter describing a proposed project. Enclose an SASE if you wish to have your material returned.


In 1991 over 100,000 people will be reading *FILM THREAT.*

Write or call for our new ad rate card.

(213) 467-4673

BRAND NEW IN '91

# FILM THREAT

# FREE VIDEO!

## IF YOU SUBSCRIBE NOW!

You can pay $15 for FILM THREAT VIDEO MAGAZINE VOL. I or get it FREE by subscribing now!

NEW SUBSCRIBERS: Get the video with your first issue!

CURRENT SUBSCRIBERS: *DON'T BE LEFT OUT!* To get FILM THREAT VIDEO MAGAZINE for FREE all you have to do is buy a limited edition, 100% cotton, black t-shirt with the cool FILM THREAT logo!

## SEND NO MONEY!

### START MY SUB & SEND MY FREE VIDEO!

☐ I'M A NEW SUBSCRIBER, BILL ME LATER!

☐ I'M A CURRENT SUBSCRIBER, BILL ME FOR THE T-SHIRT & SEND THE FREE VIDEO!

SEND TO: FILM THREAT SUBS, PO BOX 3170, LOS ANGELES, CA, 90078 USA
(OFFER EXPIRES DEC. 31ST, 1990.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

**FILM THREAT VIDEO MAGAZINE IS FREE!**
Weird short films, on the set of major films, irreverent interviews, & rare footage packed into one hour.

# THE MPAA NEVER APPROVED THIS KIND OF HORROR!!!

Video is free from the restrictions placed on mainstream movies. That's why DARK ROMANCES won't be coming to your local theater and it will never be on tv! It can only be seen on tape!

*"If you enjoy horror anthology movies and TV shows like Monsters, but find them too tame (or too silly), these low budget tapes offer sex, drugs, and violence."*
–Michael Weldon, Psychotronic Video

*"Astounding."*
–Clive Barker

*"Hitchcock through the eyes of a woman."*
–Forry Ackerman

*"Go out and get a cheeseburger, this one's worth it!"*
–Stephen King

*"Most superb production values I've ever seen in a video feature."*
–LA Weekly

**TWO VOLUMES OF TERROR!**
**Either volume–$24.95 or get both volumes for only $39.95.**

NIGHTFALL PRODUCTIONS, INC

Featuring Brinke Stevens

Produced by Mark Shepard & Patricia Miller

**VOLUME I (103 minutes)**

**THE BLACK VEIL** - Grand Guignol in Paris turn of the century turns from the stage to the audience.

**LISTEN TO MIDNIGHT** - Teenage vampires on their first night out. Wild imagery with girls that get "real" friendly.

**VOLUME II (100 minutes)**

**SHE'S BAD, SHE'S BLONDE, SHE'S LUNCH** - Late great Fox (Repo Man) Harris and his monster/girlfriend in a tale of a heist gone wrong at lover's lane.

**CARDINAL SIN** - When Marley gets caught reading "dirty" magazines he is driven to murder.

**PET SHOP OF DEATH** - Comic episode of a pet and its owner's bloody revenge on his dominatrix wife.

**LAST LOVE** - Directed by Tales From the Darkside's John Strysik, a psychiatrist longs to have sex with her dead boyfriend with terrifying results.

**WHAT GOES AROUND...** - A femme fatale seeks out artists to rid them of their talents in grisly ways.

AVAILABLE ONLY THROUGH

# TAKE **SYLVESTER STALLONE** HOME WITH YOU TONIGHT–***AND LAUGH?!***

**WARNING!**
THIS MOVIE CONTAINS SCENES OF EXPLICIT PACIFISM WHICH MAY BE UNSUITABLE FOR VIEWERS EXPECTING MASS QUANTITIES OF MINDLESS VIOLENCE.

OFFICIAL RAINBO SCRATCH 'N' SNIFF

**SEE!** HIM SEARCH FOR THE MEANING OF LIFE!

**SEE!** HIM SEARCH FOR SOME CHEAP THRILLS!

**SEE!** HIM SEARCH FOR A WAY OUT OF THIS MOVIE!

SEE SYLVESTER STALLONE IN HIS FIRST–AND WORST–STARRING ROLE,* AS

# A MAN CALLED...
# RAINBO™

YES! It really is HIM! SYLVESTER STALLONE Re-cut and Redubbed–WITHOUT his permission–into the weirdest comedy spoof you'll ever see. ORDER NOW and get you own copy of this award winning, stereo, HiFi, Full Length Feature in the Limited Edition oversize clamshell case. PLUS you FREE official "RAINBO" Fan Club Peace Pin.

Only $19.95 (3.95 shipping and handling). CA. Residents include 6 3/4% sales tax.

SECTION EIGHT VIDEO • P.O. Box 931897 • Los Angeles, CA. 90093-1897

Picture © 1989 RSP Inc. ART © SECTION EIGHT VIDEO